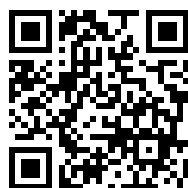


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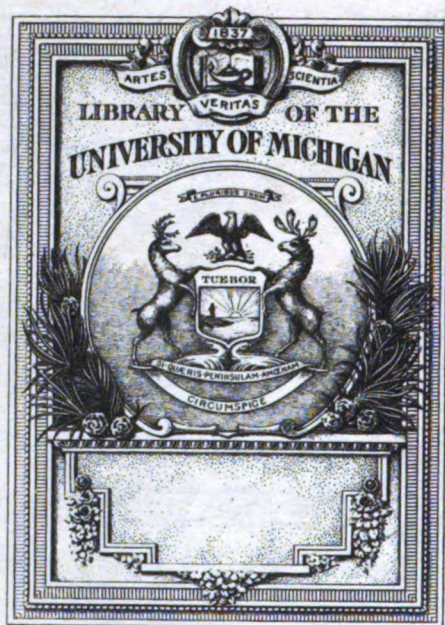
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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

## VOLUME 36



EDITED BY  
FRANZ BOAS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS



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AA . . . . .	American Anthropologist.
Bolte u. Polfvka . . . . .	J. Bolte u. G. Polfvka, Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm.
Dorsey-Riggs . . . . .	Contributions to North American Ethnology, Vol. VII.
FM . . . . .	Publications of the Field Museum of Natural History.
JAFL . . . . .	Journal of American Folk-Lore.
MAAA . . . . .	Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association.
MAFLS . . . . .	Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.
PaAM . . . . .	Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History.
RBAE . . . . .	Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

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JOURNAL OF  
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EDITED BY  
FRANZ BOAS.

*Associate Editors.*

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE.  
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(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER.)

# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 36.—JANUARY-MARCH, 1923.—No. 139.

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## SIGNS AND SUPERSTITIONS COLLECTED FROM AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRLS.

BY MARTHA WARREN BECKWITH.

FOR purposes of comparison, I have collected signs and superstitions familiar to or used by forty-five college girls from literate American families. Fourteen come from New York State; eleven from New England; eight from Illinois; six from Pennsylvania; two each from New Jersey and Ohio; two from Canada; and one each from Minnesota, Indiana, Missouri, West Virginia, Maryland, and California. Five claim a Dutch ancestor; eleven, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh; one each, Danish, German, and French. Care was taken to ascertain the childhood home, and a girl who has had two homes was assigned to both localities. One girl who was brought up in Burmah, carefully excluded from her list the sayings which she knew came from that locality. Other precautions have been taken to keep the group homogeneous. Some superstitions are definitely assignable. No. 58 was learned from a French-Canadian guide; No. 101 was reported by an Irish-American; Nos. 128, 129, by a German-American.

The superstitions recorded by the group show a very distinct line of interest. Eighty are signs referring to various forms of good or bad luck. Fifty-six refer to love and marriage. Twelve methods of wishing are elaborated. Certain classes of signs very common among primitive groups are here almost negligible; such as body-signs, dreams, and the lore of spitting. Little interest exists in maxims regarding the weather, bodily ills, or nature; here modern science has eliminated folk-lore. Supernatural beings, like witches, are mentioned but once. In the good or bad luck signs, a tendency to generalize shows that the sign is losing its hold upon the interest. The proportion of general to specific among the eighty is about as three to two. Some signs, like Nos. 1, 3, 5, often thought of as signs of death, are here ascribed to general bad luck. Such well-known signs as seeing the moon over the left shoulder vary between good and bad luck. On the other hand, means of averting bad luck are reported in detail.

Of good-luck signs, the majority are specifically assigned to such objects as particularly relate to the interest of the group; such as company, letters, riches, or a ride. An individual instance (Nos. 66-68) refers to good luck in examinations. It is interesting here to see that the process of thought employed to frame this set of superstitions is identical with that upon which much primitive exorcism depends. There is also a tendency to centre old superstitions about fresh objects of interest. Rings, horse-shoes, flower-petals, as useful objects for exorcism, are superseded by such modern innovations as pie and freight-cars, although neither of these things has any claim to such utilization other than as it is arbitrarily imposed for purposes of play.

It is, in fact, as a species of play that we must interpret these almost two hundred signs and superstitions still in use among young girls brought up in literate American homes. In the play spirit a number of old signs are still repeated, especially those which have been put into rhyme form. Besides these, a number of imitative signs arise based upon old traditional forms. Others are invented or encouraged in the nursery as a way of escaping difficulties, as in Nos. 41 and 103, or as a means of breaking up bad habits, as in Nos. 12, 14, 16, 21, 115. The play extends to mature folk in social life, because of the charm that lingers in the observance of such traditional portents as are contained in Nos. 46, 37, 58, 130, 133, 134, 135, 137, 142, and many of those relating to brides, love and marriage, and to the lore of wishes. Hence, even when the faith is lost, the form remains, and a fresh stock of similar forms are fashioned like them, but differing in content and direction according to the particular tastes and interests of the group by which they are cultivated.

#### BAD-LUCK SIGNS.<sup>1</sup>

##### *(General.)*

- \*\*1. Breaking a mirror —
  - (a) Brings seven years' bad luck.
  - (b) You will not be married for seven years.
  - (c) Some one in the household will die within the year.
- 2. A falling picture brings bad luck.
- \*\*3. (a) It brings bad luck to open an umbrella in the house.
  - (b) Some one will die in the household.
  - (c) It will rain the next day.
- \*\*4. Passing under a ladder is bad luck.
- \*5. (a) Thirteen at table brings bad luck.
  - (b) One of the thirteen will die within the year.

<sup>1</sup> Two asterisks signify that the sign has been recorded more than five times; a single asterisk, more than once and less than five.

6. Opals bring bad luck.
- \*7. Friday is an unlucky day. Never start anything on Friday.
8. It is bad luck to start on a journey on Monday.
9. It is bad luck to kill a cat.
10. To frighten a bird from its nest is unlucky.
- \*11. (a) It brings bad luck to kill a spider.  
(b) It brings rain to kill a spider.
12. Darning a stocking on your feet brings bad luck.
13. To put on the left stocking first means bad luck all day.
14. It is bad luck to put your shoes on the table.
15. Never light three cigarettes off one match.
16. Stepping over a person lying on the floor brings that person bad luck for seven years.
- \*17. (a) It is bad luck to watch a person out of sight.  
(b) If you watch a person out of sight, you will never see him again.
- \*\*18. It is bad luck to change a garment that you have put on by accident wrong side out.
19. (a) Looking at the moon through trees brings bad luck.  
(b) Looking at the moon, the first time you see it, through trees.  
(c) It brings bad luck for a month.

*(Specific.)*

- \*20. Sing before breakfast, cry before supper.
- \*21. Whistling girls and crowing hens  
Always come to some bad end.
- \*\*22. (a) Step on a crack,  
Break your mother's back.  
(b) Step on a crack,  
Break your father's back;  
Don't step on a crack,  
Break your mother's back.
23. If you look into a mirror during a flash of lightning, you will become blind.
24. If you sleep with the moon shining in your face, you may wake up mad.
- \*25. If you sew on Sunday, you will have to take out every stitch with your nose when you get to heaven.
26. It is bad luck to step on the new boards in a board side-walk:  
you will marry a negro.

*(Death.)*

27. (a) There will be a death in the family if a dog howls, an owl hoots, or a shutter slams.

- (b) If a dog barks three times outside the house, there will be a death in the family.
- (c) It is bad luck to hear the coyotes howling at night in the mountains.
- 28. When a horse standing before a house neighs, and paws the ground, there will be a death soon in that house.
- \*29. (a) If a bird flies into the room, it means death to some member of the family.
  - (b) "If a bird flies into a room, a soul will fly out."
  - (c) If a bat flies in, it means death.
  - (d) The death will happen one year from that date.
- \*30. Counting the carriages in a funeral-procession will mean a death in your own family.
- 31. Dream of a wedding, and there will be a funeral in the family.
- 32. Pointing at a shooting-star means a death in the family.
- 33. Hanging your hat on the door-knob is a sign of a death in the family.

*(To avert bad luck.)*

- \*\*34. (a) It is bad luck if a black cat crosses your path.
  - (b) If it crosses from the left, it is very bad luck.
  - (c) It may be averted by stroking the cat: "we used to get out of the pony-cart to stroke a black cat that had crossed our path."
  - (d) It may be averted by spitting.
- 35. If you shake hands twice in saying good-by, do it a third time to avoid bad luck.
- \*36. (a) If you give a friend a knife, he must give you a present or it will cut your friendship in two.
  - (b) He must give you a penny.
  - (c) You must give him a penny.
- 37. (a) If you spill salt at the table, you must throw some over your left shoulder to avert a quarrel with the person next you.
  - (b) Each one must throw it over.
- \*38. If two wipe their hands at the same time on the same towel, it means a quarrel; but you can avoid it —
  - (a) By saying "bread and butter."
  - (b) By twisting the towel.
- \*\*39. It is bad luck when walking together to let any object come between you; say "bread and butter" to avert the evil.
  - (a) It means a quarrel.
- \*40. If you stumble on the street-curb or over any other object, go back and walk over it properly to avert bad luck.
- 41. If you have to go back for anything after starting out, you must get out of the carriage or car to prevent bad luck.

- \*42. It is bad luck, the first time you go to a house, to go out by any door but the one you entered by.
- 43. Sneezing brings bad luck unless some one says "God bless you!" to avert the evil.
- 44. (a) If you are unlucky at cards, walk around your chair to change your luck.  
(b) Walk around it three times.
- 45. (a) Always get out of bed on the same side you got in.  
(b) "On the right side."
- \*\*46. (a) If you speak of having had good luck in a certain way, knock on wood to keep your luck from changing.  
(b) Knock on wood three times.

GOOD-LUCK SIGNS.

*(General.)*

- \*\*47. Three and seven are lucky numbers.
- \*48. A rabbit's foot worn about the neck will bring good luck.
- 49. A bunny crossing your path brings good luck.
- \*50. It is good luck to see a red-haired girl driving a white horse.
- \*51. Bayberry candles burned to the end on Christmas Day bring good luck throughout the year.
- 52. Picking up a horse-shoe brings good luck.
- \*53. (a) If a horse-shoe is hung with the open end up, it will bring good luck.  
(b) "The witches will ride on it."  
(c) "The luck won't run out."
- 54. Bow to the moon for luck.
- \*\*55. (a) Look at the new moon over your left shoulder, and your luck will be good for the month.  
(b) Some say it means bad luck.

*(Specific.)*

- \*56. If you look at the new moon for the first time over your left shoulder with some money in your hand (or in your pocket), and do not look at it again all the evening, you will be rich.
- \*57. (a) When you see a shooting-star, if you say "money" three times before it goes out of sight, it will make you rich.  
(b) You must have money in your pocket at the time.  
(c) You must say "shooting-star" three times.
- \*58. Bubbles on a cup bring money,—  
(a) If you drink them before they reach the side of the cup.  
(b) If you get them into a spoon and drink them before they break.

59. If you cut your hair in the new moon, it will grow in as fine as silk; if in the old moon, it will grow in coarse.
- \*60. (a) If you say "hares" as your last word on the last day of the month, and "rabbits" for the first word of the next day, you will receive a present.
- \* (b) It is good luck to say "rabbits" before you open your eyes on the first day of the month.
- \*61. (a) If an inch-worm crawls on your dress, you are to have a new dress.
- (b) If a spider crawls on your dress.
- (c) If a lady-bug crawls on your dress.
62. If your dress is turned up at the hem, and you kiss it before turning it down, you get a new dress.
63. If you walk all the way home from school on the "really red bricks" of a brick side-walk, you will have a favorite dish for lunch.
- \*64. (a) You will receive mail from the direction in which your pie is pointing when it is set down at your place at the table.
- (b) A piece of pie set with the point toward you means a letter; with the point to one side, a package; if directly away from you, it means nothing.
65. Roses are for luck: "I always took them to examination."
66. It is lucky to sit in the same seat in class as the one a bright person sat in the year before.
67. Wearing or using at an examination something that belongs to some one else who is or has been considered a good student in the course, will bring you luck.
68. If you sit in the same seat in examination as you did when an examination went well with you, it will go well again.
69. If there are crumbs in the bottom of the cup when you finish drinking, you will dine at a strange table.
70. If a pointed article like a pair of scissors falls to the floor and sticks into it, you will have visitors.
71. (a) If a piece of silver falls to the floor from the dining-table, it means that some one is coming hungry.
- \* (b) If you drop a spoon, a child is coming; fork, a woman; knife, a man.
- (c) Knife, a woman; fork, a man.
- (d) Spoon, a stranger.
72. If you drop a dish-cloth, a stranger is coming.
73. A long thin tea-leaf in a cup of tea means a stranger is coming to see you. If you put it on the back of your hand and stamp it with your other fist for each day of the week, you

can tell when he is coming (by the day at which the leaf adheres to the fist).

74. A scratch on the arm foretells a ride. The length of the ride depends upon the length of the scratch.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

- \*75. (a) It is good luck to find a four-leafed clover; bad luck, if you give it away.  
\* (b) It is bad luck to take a four-leafed clover that some one else has found; good luck, to take a five-leafed clover.  
76. It is bad luck to find a five-leafed clover, but can be averted if you give it away.  
77. Accidentally bumping the right elbow is a sign of good luck; left, of bad.  
\*78. A pin on the floor or side-walk, point to, means good luck; head to, bad luck; side to, a ride; but you must pick the pin up and stick it into wood.  
\*\*79. (a) See a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck;  
See a pin and let it lay,  
Bad luck you'll have all day.  
(b) See a pin and let it lie,  
You'll have bad luck till you die.  
\*80. (a) Lose a hair-pin, lose a friend; find a hair-pin, find a friend.  
(b) If you find a hair-pin on the ground and stick it into a tree, you will get a letter.

BODY-SIGNS.

81. If your palm itches, money is coming.  
82. If your foot itches, some one is coming to see you.  
\*83. If your ears burn, some one is talking about you,—right, good; left, evil.  
\*84. If your nose itches,—  
(a) It means "kiss a fool or meet a stranger."  
(b) It means company is coming.  
(c) It means a letter.

WEATHER-SIGNS.

- \*\*85. (a) Stepping on an ant brings rain.  
(b) Stepping on a spider.  
86. If there is a ring around the moon, it will rain the next day.  
\*\* 87. (a) Red sky at night, sailors' delight,  
Red sky at morning, sailors take warning.

- (b) When the evening's red and the morning gray,  
It's a sign of a bonny, bonny day;  
When the evening's gray and the morning red,  
The ewe and the lamb will go wet to bed.

\*88. Rain before seven,  
Clear before eleven.

89. If the moon of the first quarter is tipped so that water would pour out of the curve, it means a rainy month.  
\*90. If it rains on St. Swithin's Day, there will be rain for forty days.  
\*91. If the ground-hog can see his shadow on the second day of February, there will be six weeks more of winter.

#### DREAMS.

92. If you tell a dream before seven in the morning, it won't come true.  
93. Dreams dreamt three nights in succession, come true.  
94. Dreams go by opposites.  
95. Dreaming of death means a marriage; dreaming of a marriage means a death.

#### BODILY ILLS.

96. Warts come from handling frogs.  
97. To cure warts, rub a stolen piece of meat on the wart.  
98. To cure warts, rub the wart with a half-potato, then take the potato away and bury it.  
99. A pimple on your tongue means you have told a lie.  
100. "Grandfather used to say, if I carried a tiny chip from a wild-cherry tree in my pocket, my nose would never bleed."  
101. If any one is wounded by iron of any sort, the piece of iron must be kept from rusting, and, if it is winter, must be kept warm, or the wound will not heal.  
\*102. If you lose one of your first teeth when it comes out, a dog will get it and a dog's tooth will grow in its place. To prevent this, bury the tooth under a tree. "There is a large tree in front of my grandmother's house where all of the children put their first teeth."  
103. (a) If you pull out a tooth and put it under the carpet for three nights, it will turn into money.  
(b) If you lose a tooth, put it into your shoe at night, and in the morning you will find a ten-cent piece; for a mouse has bought it.  
\*104. If you can keep your tongue out of the place where a tooth has come out, a golden one will grow.

BELIEFS ABOUT NATURE.

- \*105. No matter what time of day you kill a snake, it won't die or stop wriggling until after sunset.
- 106. If you put a horse-hair into water, it will turn into a snake.
- 107. Children melt slugs in the garden with salt so that the Earth will have butter in her larder.
- 108. If you bury a dead bird, its songs will make music in heaven.
- 109. A shooting-star means that another soul is passing into heaven.
- 110. Snow is "an old lady in the sky picking geese."

MISCELLANEOUS.

- \*111. If a dandelion (or buttercup) placed under your chin throws a yellow light, you "love butter."
- 112. Blow on a dandelion that has gone to seed to find out (by the number of times you have to blow to clear the stalk) when your mother wants you home.
- 113. Blow on a dandelion gone to seed, and the number of little stalks left tells the time of day.
- 114. When you lose something, throw another like it, and it will roll to the same place.
- \*115. If you make an ugly face, if the wind should happen to change at that minute, your face would freeze that way.
- \*\*116. If you cross your fingers, you can lie and it won't count.
- 117. If your skirt is turned up at the bottom, you love your father better than your mother.
- 118. A twig sticking to the bottom of your skirt means that some one is thinking of you.
- 119. If you say a person's name by mistake, that person is thinking of you.
- 120. A pause in conversation, in company, that occurs twenty minutes before or after the hour, means that an angel is passing.
- 121. If an accident happens on a journey, two more are sure to happen; for misfortune always comes in threes.
- 122. Put sugar on the window-sill to make a new baby come.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

*(Brides.)*

- 123. Happy the bride the sun shines on; blessed are the dead the rain rains on.
- 124. Marry in May,  
Regret the day.

125. Change the name and not the letter,  
You change for the worse and not the better.
126. It is bad luck to postpone a wedding.
127. The wedding should be on a half-hour, and not on an hour.
128. If a bride trips on the way to the altar, it means an unhappy marriage.
129. A bride should be carried,—  
(a) Into her home, feet first, for luck.  
(b) Over the threshold, lest she trip upon it.
- \*\*130.** Brides should wear at the wedding,—  
"Something old, something new,  
Something borrowed, and something blue."
131. For the bride' dress:  
"Married in yellow, love your fellow;  
Married in green, trouble foreseen;  
Married in red, disaster ahead;  
Married in blue, your love will be true."
- \*132. It is lucky for a bride to put a dime in the corner of her slipper.
133. It is good luck to throw old shoes and rice after a bride.  
*(To determine your fate.)*
- \*\*134.** If you find in the bride-cake the ring, you are to marry; the thimble, you will be an old maid; the dime, you will be rich.
- \*\*135.** The one who catches the bride's bouquet at a wedding is the next to be married.
- \*136. Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.
- \*\*137.** Taking the last piece of bread or cake on a plate means an old maid if you take it unoffered; a handsome husband if you take it when it is offered.
138. If you eat the end of your piece of pie first, you will be an old maid.
- \*139. Blowing out the candles on a birthday cake will tell you how many years it will be before you are married,—  
(a) By the number of times you have to blow to put them all out.  
(b) By the number of candles left lighted after the first blow.
140. Falling upstairs means,—  
(a) You will not be married within the year.  
(b) Not for seven years.
141. Sit on the table,  
You'll be married before you're able.
- \*142. If four people shake hands across (by accident), it means a wedding within a year.

- 143. If plates are passed up and down a table at the same time, the person at whom they cross will be married soon.
- 144. If you have a nose-bleed every day in the week, it is a sign you are in love.
- 145. If your shoe is untied, your lover is thinking of you.
- 146. If the hem of your skirt is turned up, your lover is thinking of you.
- 147. If a man wears a blue neck-tie when he comes to see you, he is in love with you.
- 148. The white spots on your finger-nails indicate the number of suitors you have.

*(To determine your future husband.)*

- \*149. If you go down the cellar stairs backward with a mirror in one hand and a candle in the other, the man's face you see in the mirror will be that of your future husband.
- \*150. If you put a piece of wedding-cake under your pillow for seven successive nights, on the seventh you will dream of your future husband.
- \*151. To sleep on wedding-cake: Have a friend write on separate slips the names of seven eligible men, and place these slips with the cake under your pillow; each morning draw out a slip and throw it away unopened; the last one will have the name of your future husband.
- \*152. Stand a lump of sugar in a spoon of coffee; name the corners; the one that falls first is the one you will marry.
- 153. (a) If you sleep in a bed for the first time, have a friend name the bed-posts; the one you see first in the morning bears the name of your future husband.  
(b) Name the corners of the room in the same way.
- 154. Let some one name the three corners of your piece of pie; the corner you eat last will tell which man you will marry.
- \*\*155. Pare an apple in a single long strip, and throw the peel over your left shoulder; the peel will take the shape of the first letter in the name of the man you are to marry.
- \*156. Burn a match clear to the end, and see what initial it resembles. It is bad luck if the match breaks or crumbles off.
- 157. If there are alphabet noodles in the soup, the last three left in your plate are the initials of your future husband.
- \*158. If you make a rhyme unconsciously, count the words in the rhyme down the alphabet, a letter for each word, and the letter on which the last word falls is the initial of your future husband.
- 159. Count one hundred white horses, and the next man you see with a red tie will look like your future husband.

160. If you count seven stars nine nights in succession, the first man with whom you next shake hands you will marry.
- \*161. Count the number of cars on a freight-train, then count the number of men you meet. The man upon whom the number falls is to be your husband.
- \*162. If you turn twenty-five rings with colored stones in them, you will marry the first man you see whose neck-tie corresponds to the color of the twenty-fifth stone.
163. Walk nine rails on a railroad-track without falling off, and the next man you meet you will marry.
164. If you find a four-leafed clover, you will marry the next man you meet.
165. Hang a wish-bone on the front door, and the first person who enters afterward you are sure to marry.
166. If you place a pea-pod with thirteen peas in it over the front door, you will marry the first man who comes in at the door.

*(To see if your lover loves you.)*

- \*\*167. Pull the petals from a daisy, counting them with the words, "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me," etc.
168. Count the cars on passing freight-trains with the words, "He loves me," etc.
- \*\*169. Count the seeds in your apple after the formula,—

"One I love, two I love,  
Three I love, I say,  
Four I love with all my heart,  
And five I cast away.  
Six, he loves,  
Seven, she loves,  
Eight, they both love,  
Nine, he comes,  
Ten, he tarries,  
Eleven, he courts,  
Twelve, he marries."

170. If you have hiccoughs, say,—

"Hiccoughs, hiccoughs, I have got them,  
To my lover I will send them;  
If he loves me, he will keep them;  
If he doesn't, he will send them."

171. Burst a rose-petal, and if it cracks, he loves you; if it does not, he doesn't.

*(To see what the profession will be of the man you marry.)*

**\*\*172.** Count the buttons on your frock with the formula,—

“Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,  
Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor.”

*(To see what material your wedding-dress will be made of.)*

**173.** Count the buttons on your frock with the formula,—

“Silk, satin, calico, rags.”

*(Kissing.)*

**174.** It is proper to kiss a girl,—

- \* (a) Under the mistletoe, from Dec. 25 to Jan. 1.
- (b) When she finds a red ear of corn at a husking-bee.
- (c) When she remarks upon a shooting-star.
- \* (d) If she is wearing the boy's hat who kisses her.
- (e) If she is making faces at him.

WISHING.

**\*\*175.** Wishes may be made on stars.

When you see the first star at night, say,—

(a) “Starlight, starbright,  
First star I see to-night,  
Wish I may, wish I might,  
Have the wish I wish to-night.”

or

(b) “Starlight, starbright,  
Very first star I see to-night,  
Tell me, tell me all I wish to know.  
Does the one whom I adore  
Love me less or love me more?  
Starlight, starbright,  
Tell me, is it so?”

After wishing on the star,—

- (a) Do not look at it again.
- (b) Do not look at it again until you see another.
- (c) Do not look at it again until you see three others.
- (d) Do not look at it again until you see seven others.
- (e) Kiss your finger to it, and do not look at it again until you see another.
- (f) Throw kisses to three other stars before speaking.

(g) Do not speak until a question is asked you which you can answer by "yes."

Your wish will come true if it is wished on seven stars for seven consecutive nights.

**\*\*176.** On simultaneous speech.

When two people say the same thing simultaneously, they should link little fingers, make a wish, and say "Thumbs."

(a) Then each names a poet; and one asks, the other answers, as follows:—

"What color is the grass?"—"Green."

"What color is the sky?"—"Blue."

"What comes out of the chimney?"—"Smoke."

(Together)

"Hope your wish and mine never will be broke!"

(b) One says "Needles;" the other says, "Pins;" and the one who says first, "My wish wins," gets her wish.

(c) They bite their thumbs while wishing; when ready, press thumbs, and say, "Thumbs, Shakespear, wish together!" and each says the other's name. Then they do not speak until a question is asked to which the answer is "Yes."

(1) They say, "Shakespear of thumbs."

(2) They say, "Thumbs and fingers."

(3) Neither must speak until she is spoken to.

**\*177.** On a load of hay.

When you see a hay-wagon coming toward you, say,—

"Hay, hay, load of hay,  
Make a wish and turn away."

or,

"Heigh, hay, go away,  
Make my wish come true to-day."

Then

(a) Do not look at it again.

(b) Look back when it has passed; and if it has disappeared from you, you will have your wish.

**\*178.** On a wish-bone.

When two people hold each an end of the wish-bone of a fowl and pull it apart, the one who gets the bigger part gets his wish.

**\*179.** On an eye-lash.

(a) Put the eye-lash on the back of your left hand, make a wish, and hit the palm with your right fist. If the eye-lash flies off, you get your wish.

- (b) Put the eye-lash between finger and thumb. Two wish, one choosing "finger" the other "thumb." The one to which it sticks determines who gains the wish.
- (c) Stamp the eye-lash down on the back of your hand, make a wish and blow; if you blow it off, you will have your wish.

**\*180. On white horses.**

- (a) When a white horse appears, lick your thumb, press it in the palm of your other hand, stamp the place with your fist, and say,—

"Criss-cross,  
White hoss,  
Money for the week's done."

If you stamp a hundred white horses, you get your wish in a month.

- (b) When you see a white horse, wish on it; and if you then count seven red-headed girls in the same day, your wish will come true.

**\*181. On rings.**

Wish a ring on to a person's finger, at the same time stating the length of time it is to stay on. If the ring is not removed during that time, the wish comes true.

**182. On pins.**

If you find a pin, pick it up and stick it into wood, wishing as you do so.

**183. On the turned-up hem of a skirt.**

If the hem of your skirt turns up, make a wish as you turn it down, and the wish will come true.

**184. On a covered bridge.**

If you wish when you enter a covered bridge, and hold your breath all the way, you get your wish.

**185. On a birthday cake.**

If all the candles on your birthday cake go out at a breath, your wish will come true.

**186. On a pie.**

If you cut off the end of your piece of pie and put it back of your piece and eat it last, you can have any wish you want.

## SUPERSTITIONS AND MAXIMS FROM DUTCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK.

EDITED BY GERTRUDE BARNES.

THE class in folk-lore at Vassar College has collected the following superstitions and maxims, still current in Dutchess County. Old residents were interviewed, and frequently responded with such interest, that, after a visit, they carried on the work of collecting among neighbors and relatives. The accumulated material was then communicated on subsequent visits. The following persons were interviewed. In Rinebeck, Mrs. Sheak, now over ninety years old, is an early Dutch resident, still "right up to snuff," as her neighbors say. Mr. Pells is another old Dutch settler. Mr. Traver is of German-American extraction. In Fishkill, Miss Dean, of Dutch-English ancestry, gave help. Mrs. Mann, near Pleasant Valley, remembered things her French-Dutch father had told her. In Mabbettsville, the material came from Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Merritt, descendants of Dutch-English Quakers; and Miss Annie Haight and her brother, who collected most of the material from workmen on the farm or from their neighbors. Anything not otherwise stated belongs to their contribution.

### I. WEATHER-SIGNS.

1. (a) A lily swaying in the wind is a sign of rain.  
(b) A grape-leaf swaying in the wind.  
(c) Poplar-leaves fluttering.
2. Cobwebs on the grass mean a fine day.
3. A dog eating grass means rain.
4. If the swallows fly low, it is going to rain.
5. The creeks rise before a storm.
6. If the Indian can hang his powder-horn on the moon, it will be a rainy month.
7. The breast-bone of a goose is usually of a darker color at one end than at the other. If the fore-part is dark, the first part of the month will be colder than the last; if the fore-part is light, it will be warmer than the last part.
8. When the geese fly north in the spring, the weather begins to get warm; when they come down in the fall, it will get cold.
9. "The man who worked for us said that, if a rooster crowed after six, it would rain the next day."
10. "He could predict weather for six months according to the point from which the wind blew at the equinoxes."

11. If a cat lies with its back to the fire, the weather is going to be cold.
12. Thin corn-husks indicate a mild winter; and thick, a cold one.
13. If snow-birds in the winter fly low and look white, they mean more snow.
14. Rain before seven, clear before eleven.
15. The whistling of a quail means rain: "More wet."
16. A tree-toad calling is a sign of rain.
17. After you hear the first katydid, there are six weeks to frost.
18. The last three days of February rule the spring, one for each of the months of March, April, and May; for instance, the weather of the last day of February is a forecast of that for May.<sup>1</sup>
19. "There's some think Friday the fairest or foulest day of the week. If it starts to rain on Friday, it's generally a mussy time for two or three days."<sup>2</sup>
20. If it rains on Pfingster (Whitsunday), it will rain every Sunday for seven weeks.
21. If it rains on Ascension Day, it will rain for forty days.

Sun sets clear on Friday night,  
Rain before Monday night.

Rainbow at night, a sailor's delight,  
Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning.<sup>3</sup>

## II. PLANTING AND FARMYARD MAXIMS.

24. Anything that grows above ground is planted in the new of the moon; anything below ground, in the old of the moon.<sup>4</sup>
25. Plant radishes in the old of the moon; if you plant them in the growing of the moon, the radish will all grow up to leaves.
26. Plant lima beans at the time when hickory-leaves are the size of a squirrel's feet.<sup>5</sup>
27. (a) Plant corn when apple-trees are dropping.  
(b) Plant corn when oak-leaves are the size of a rabbit's foot.
28. Plant cucumbers when the sign (in the almanac) is in the twins.
29. Saturday is a good day for planting flower-seeds.
30. (a) Plant potatoes in full moon.  
(b) Plant potatoes in the old of the moon in June.  
(c) The old of the moon in April is the time for early potatoes; and the old of the moon in May, for late potatoes; and "Never had a poor crop yet."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pells.

<sup>2</sup> The following material is from Mr. Traver.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Roosa.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Merritt.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Traver.

<sup>6</sup> Old Mr. Woolly of Wassaic.

31. (a) There is a superstition that a water-witch can go about and localize water with a peach-twigg. Take one with a crotch in it, hold the two ends, and go along. At a spring the twig will turn down.<sup>1</sup>  
 (b) The water-witch uses the twig of any stone fruit for locating water (peach, plum, etc.). One could tell the depth one must dig to get water by measuring from the first place the twig began to bend to the most sensitive point. This gave the depth to dig.<sup>2</sup>
32. Put a clump of sod in a plum-tree at the first joint to ward off the black knot.<sup>3</sup>
33. A hot horse-shoe should be put into the churn, if the butter does not come, to drive away the witches.<sup>4</sup>
34. If you move a cat to a new home, grease its feet, so that it will not return to the old home.<sup>5</sup>
35. Kill pork when the moon is waning, and the pork will shrink in the pot; when the moon is growing, and it will grow in the pot.<sup>6</sup>
36. Swarm of bees in May,  
 Worth a load of hay;  
 Swarm of bees in June,  
 Worth a silver spoon;  
 Swarm of bees in July,  
 Not worth a fly.<sup>7</sup>

### III. GOOD AND BAD LUCK SIGNS.

37. A new-born baby should be carried up-stairs before it is carried down, to make good in life.
38. If a baby loses its shoe, the baby will later be rich.
39. Bubbles on a tea-cup mean money, if you catch and swallow them before they break.
40. When you move, it is good luck to take a dog with you, but bad luck to take a cat.
41. It is good luck to have a cat come to you, especially a black cat.
42. If you are riding along the road, and a four-footed animal crosses your path to the right, you will have good luck; if to the left, you will have bad luck; "and I almost believe it myself."
43. A picture falling from the wall means good luck; a mirror, bad luck.
44. If you see the new moon over your right shoulder, and make a wish, it will come true.

<sup>1</sup> Approximately the same from Mrs. Mann.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Merritt.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Traver, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Pells.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, and Miss Haight.

<sup>7</sup> Miss Dean.

45. It is good luck to see the new moon over the right shoulder; bad luck, over the left.<sup>1</sup>
46. If you put on your clothes wrong side out, and make a wish before doing so, it will come true.
47. The bed should be placed north and south. "It's something about electric currents."
48. "Drop a spoon, company soon." A knife indicates a woman; a fork, a man. The direction toward which the knife or fork points tells the direction from which the company will come.<sup>2</sup>
49. A rooster crowing in front of the door means company.
50. Tea-dregs on the edge of a cup mean visitors, — tough, a man; tender, a woman.
51. To drop a dish-rag means that company is coming.<sup>3</sup>
52. Sneezing with food in the mouth means company to come.
53. If your right hand itches, it is a sign that you are going to shake hands with a stranger.
54. A hair-pin falling out of your hair means some one is thinking of you.
55. A shoe-lace untied means some one is thinking of you.
56. A button dropping off of your coat means that you will have no friends at all.
57. You mustn't thank any one when given a knife or a pin or anything sharp: it will cut friendship.<sup>4</sup>
58. If your slipper falls off, you are going to lose your best friend.
59. If you spill salt, throw a little on the stove, and let it simmer, else there's sure to be a quarrel.
60. If your right ear burns, some one is saying something good about you; if the left, something bad.
61. If the thread knots up when you are sewing, some one is telling an untruth about you.
62. If you burn yourself while trying to work, you will be a good cook.
63. Corns hurt before a storm.
64. If you want your hair to grow, cut it in the new of the moon.<sup>5</sup>
65. If the hem of your dress turns up, you will have a new dress.
66. Dreaming of white horses forebodes sickness.<sup>6</sup>
67. Sign of death:
  - (a) Three lighted lamps that happen to be set in a row.
  - (b) A bird flying through the house.
  - (c) A swallow flying across a room.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miss Dean.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Haight, Mr. Traver, Miss Dean.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Dean.

<sup>4</sup> Miss Dean.

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Merritt.

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. Merritt.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Traver.

- (d) A dog howling.
- (e) Breaking looking-glass.<sup>1</sup>
- (f) An umbrella raised in the house.<sup>2</sup>
- 68. Crowing hens should be killed, else they will bring misfortune or death.<sup>3</sup>
- 69. If there is a death, turn the looking-glass to the wall, or there will be another death.<sup>4</sup>
- 70. Cover up ornaments at the time of a death to show that something is different and to make things more solemn-looking.<sup>5</sup>
- 71. If there is a death, pin a sheet around the looking-glass, or one may see the dead in it.<sup>6</sup>
- 72. A green Christmas means a fat graveyard.
- 73. Killing a cat brings seven years' bad luck.
- 74. It is bad luck to —
  - (a) Walk under a ladder.<sup>7</sup>
  - (b) Raise an umbrella over the head in a house.
  - (c) Break a mirror.<sup>8</sup>
- 75. "Some people wouldn't start a job on Friday for anything. It was called 'Hangman's Day' because criminals used to be hanged on Friday. There was no way of warding off ill luck if you started a job on that day: you had to take what was coming to you."<sup>9</sup>
- 76. (a) Carry a horse-chestnut in your pocket to ward off rheumatism.<sup>10</sup>
  - (b) A rabbit's foot.<sup>11</sup>
- 77. "The boys say some people are more unstable in the full of the moon. They call it 'moony.'"
- 78. If a ring falls off your hand when you shake your hand, you will never be married.
- 79. If your stocking comes down, it is the sign of an old maid.
- 80. A bride should not leave home in a carriage drawn by white horses.<sup>12</sup>
- 81. May is an unlucky month for a marriage.<sup>13</sup>
- 82. The old Dutch custom was to have the eldest daughter married first.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miss Dean.<sup>2</sup> Miss Dean, Miss Haight.<sup>3</sup> Miss Dean.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Mann.<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>7</sup> Mrs. Mann, Miss Dean.<sup>8</sup> Mr. Traver. Same superstition from Miss Haight.<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>10</sup> Miss Dean.<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>12</sup> Mrs. Merritt.<sup>13</sup> Mrs. Mann.<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*

83. (a) "Blest is the bride the sun shines on."<sup>1</sup>  
(b) "Happy is the bride the sun shines on."<sup>2</sup>

IV. RHYMES OF FORTUNE.

84. The spots on your finger-nails, counting from thumb to little finger, mean,—

Friend,  
Foe,  
Present,  
Beau,  
Journey to go.

85. Fortune told on daisy-petals:

- (a) One, my love,  
Two, my love,  
Three, my heart's desire,  
Four, I'll take and never forsake,  
Five, I'll throw in the fire,  
Six, she loves,  
Seven, he loves,  
Eight, they both love,  
Nine, he comes,  
Ten, he tarries,  
Eleven, he courts,  
Twelve, he marries,  
(b) Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

86. A bride should wear,—

- (a) Something old, something new,  
Something borrowed, something blue,  
A piece of silver in her shoe.<sup>3</sup>  
(b) A gold-piece in her shoe.<sup>4</sup>

87. A whistling girl and a flock of sheep  
Are the best property a man can keep.

88. Wear the shoe on the side,  
A rich man's bride.  
Wear the shoe at the toe,  
You spend as you go.  
Wear the shoe at the ball,  
You spend all.  
Wear the shoe at the heel,  
You spend a good deal.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Merritt.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

## MAXIMS.

89. See a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck;  
See a pin and let it lay,  
Bad luck you'll have all day.
90. When the sun is in the west,  
Lazy folk always work the best.
91. Little head, little wit,  
Big head, not a bit.
92. Speak when you're spoken to,  
Do as you're bid,  
Shut the door after you  
And you'll never be chid.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Merritt.

## TWO CHINESE FOLK-TALES.

BY EDWARD SAPIR and HSÜ TSAN HWA

THE following Chinese folk-tales were written down by my friend, Mr. Hsü Tsan Hwa, Secretary of the Chinese Consulate in Canada, and corrected by myself. Mr. Hsü heard them in his native Manchuria, and considers them very typical of the tales current among the folk. "Wang Pao Ch'uan" offers points of similarity to our own romantic tales. "Min Tzū Chien" is especially characteristic of the Chinese mentality. Filial piety has always been considered one of the cardinal virtues in China.

E. S.

### I. WANG PAO CH'UAN.

One thousand years ago, at the end of the Tang Dynasty, there lived in Shansi Province a beautiful maiden of good morals and of high ideals. She was the third daughter of a prime minister named Wang, and her own name was Wang Pao Ch'uan.

Lady Wang was a well-educated girl possessing good morals and great knowledge, and, besides, she was one of the most famous beauties in the capital city of the Tang Dynasty. When she was twenty years old, there arose the question of marriage. In regard to this there was a difference of opinion between the father and his daughter. The cruel father desired to have a powerful and noble relative to help him to maintain his political power, and intended to engage his daughter to any young man of noble birth, whether his daughter liked him or not. The wise girl despised those coxcombs, and desired to have a hero for her husband, whether he was rich or poor at the time. The dispute between the father and the daughter was settled by the mother, who suggested that her daughter should have full liberty to choose a husband. She was to throw a ball to her preferred boy among a crowd of suitors gathered in the private park.

A declaration was made. It was announced that on the second day of February Lady Wang was to choose a husband by throwing a ball to her preferred boy from a high gallery, and that all unmarried young men who wished to try their luck might attend the meeting held in Minister Wang's private park.

Three days before the date set, a gallery in the private park was renewed and beautified, an embroidered ball was sewed, and everything prepared for the meeting. Meanwhile Miss Wang was very sad, because she could not know who among them was the future hero.

There was a poor young beggar whose parents had died without

leaving him anything. He was a tall, strong man, and took so much food at every meal that whoever employed him suffered a loss. So there was no work done by him anywhere. He could not help being a beggar. He begged food from house to house, and slept under the gate of any house that he came to. The day before the second of February the beggar came to Minister Wang's palace to beg for something to eat, and at night he fell asleep under the rear gate of the palace.

At midnight Lady Wang was surprised to see a bright light filling the window of her room. She opened this window, and saw a tiger in the air above the rear gate, light raying out from his whole body. It disappeared immediately. Lady Wang awakened her maid, and ordered her to go to the rear gate to see what was there. After a little while the maid came back, and said, "There is nothing but a beggar sound asleep outside of the gate." In ancient times the Chinese, as we know, generally believed that an emperor was the reincarnation of a dragon; the general of an army, of a tiger. When Lady Wang saw the soul of the beggar appearing in the shape of a tiger, she believed that he would be a general, and resolved to marry him. So she brought out thirty taels of silver, and went secretly to the beggar.

She awakened the beggar, and saw that he was a very tall, strong man, with a long, red face and big, bright eyes. She asked him, "What is your name? Why have you become a beggar when you are so strongly built?" The beggar answered, "My name is Hsüeh Ping Kuei. As I take too much food at a meal, none of my employers liked me. So I cannot help being a beggar."

Lady Wang said, "You do not look like a beggar. I believe you are destined to be a hero. I wish to be your wife. Will you marry me?"

The beggar was surprised to hear these words, because he had never dreamed that so beautiful a lady could wish to be a poor beggar's wife. He said, "If you are not deceiving me, what can I say to thank you?"

Lady Wang said, "I shall tell you. To-morrow I will choose a husband by throwing a ball to my choice among a crowd of suitors gathered in my private park. Now, you are my only chosen one. Please come, and I will throw you the ball. Here are thirty taels of silver for you. Go to a shop to-morrow morning to get new clothes, so that you may get into my private park without hindrance."

The beggar, thanking her heartily, and unable to find words to express his gratitude, took the silver and went away.

On the day set, thousands of young men of noble family attended the meeting. As Lady Wang was one of the most famous beauties in the capital city, every young man wished to get the ball. They rivalled one another in wearing costly and beautiful garments, so as to indicate the official rank and financial condition of their families.

After leaving Lady Wang, the beggar thought that food was more necessary to him than dress; so he kept the silver for food. He still wore his torn and dirty clothes, and went to the park. When he arrived at the door of the park, he was stopped by the porter.

"You are a frog thinking to get the flesh of a high-flying crane," said the porter, glancing at his dirty clothes.

The beggar replied, "Although I am poor, I may have good fortune. You cannot know what I shall be by my poor dress." The porter was moved by his words, and went to ask his master. The master said "No" as soon as he was informed. Fortunately, Lady Wang was there in the presence of her father. She opposed him strongly, and held that all young men, rich or poor, superior or inferior, were equal, and that she would choose her husband, not for wealth, but for his merit. The mother loved her daughter better than her husband, so she helped her daughter, and ordered the porter to permit the beggar to come in.

When the young men had ceased to arrive, Lady Wang with her two maids went up the gallery. She saw a very large crowd of young men. All of them were well dressed and handsome except the poor beggar, who could be easily found by his dirty face and torn clothes. But she paid no attention to those rich youths. She threw the ball down to the beggar. Many youths fought him for the ball; but he was so strong that none could conquer him, and he won the ball.

The beggar brought the ball and went to see his father-in-law and mother-in-law. As soon as Premier Wang learned that a beggar was chosen for his son-in-law, he was incensed at his daughter. He said to her, "Every other suitor was handsome, and richer than a beggar, but you prefer a beggar. Heaven destined you to be a beggar's wife! I do not want you in my noble house, and I would not see you again henceforth. Go away quickly to enjoy your beggar life!"

His daughter answered, "That is my wish. I shall never come to see you except when I have become noble and wealthy. I swear that I shall never beg you for food."

When both the daughter and the beggar were driven out of Premier Wang's house, they had no home. They lived in a deserted kiln. The thirty taels of silver kept by the husband were spent for food in a few days, and then they were beggars. Hsüeh Ping Kuei had a large appetite, so they could not get sufficient food to eat: they were always hungry.

During that time there was a baron in Kansu Province who had revolted and made himself a king. He called his country "Si-Liang." Si-Liang would send an army to fight against the Tang Emperor. There was in the Si-Liang army a famous horse named Hung-Chung-Ma ("Red-Hair-Horse"), which ran wonderfully fast and helped the

army to win every battle. The general of the Tang army informed his Emperor that they could never win the war unless they caught the horse of red hair. Then the Tang Emperor announced that the one who caught the wonderful horse was to be rewarded with the command of a rear army.

This announcement was spread throughout the Tang Kingdom. The beggar, Hsüeh Ping Kuei, thought it was time to show his ability. So he said good-by to his wife, and entered the army as a soldier. In one battle he caught the horse of red hair. The general reported this to the Emperor, and the Emperor appointed Hsüeh Ping Kuei commander of a rear army. We remember that Minister Wang was a cruel man. He hated both his daughter and Hsüeh Ping Kuei. When he learned that Hsüeh Ping Kuei had been made a commander for catching Red-Hair-Horse, he became jealous. He slandered the general before the Emperor, saying that there was no Red-Hair-Horse in the enemy's army, and that the general had lied for the purpose of getting a reward and promoting his relative. Then the angry Emperor discharged Hsüeh Ping Kuei, and sent him to the front army as a captain in order to give him an opportunity to win merit and have his punishment lessened.

As the army of Si-Liang was very strong, it was supposed by all soldiers of the Tang army that whoever fought in the front line would be killed. Hsüeh Ping Kuei, before starting out for the front line, went to the kiln to say good-by to his wife. Wang Pao Ch'uan did not wish her husband to run the danger, but Hsüeh Ping Kuei was confident that his strength was great enough to protect him from all danger. Then they departed.

In one battle Hsüeh Ping Kuei was caught by the Princess of Si-Liang, named Princess of Tai-Tsan. She was the bravest general of the Si-Liang army. The King of Si-Liang took a fancy to him, made him swear to be faithful to Si-Liang, and then married his daughter to him.

After many years the King of Si-Liang died. He had no son, and Hsüeh Ping Kuei was put on the throne.

Lady Wang was left alone to beg for food when her husband had gone to fight in the front line. She hoped for her husband's return day after day, but there was no news of him. There were many rumors which told of how Hsüeh Ping Kuei had been killed by the enemy. Lady Wang doubted this, and she made up her mind to wait for him. She begged for food from house to house, and dug wild vegetables herself.

One day her mother went to see her, and wanted her to come back to her house. Wang Pao Ch'uan refused, and said, "However hungry and cold I am, I shall never go back to your house except when I

have become rich and noble." Her mother replied, "If you do not come back, I shall live in the kiln with you."

Then Wang Pao Ch'uan pretended that she wished to go back, and let her mother go out of the kiln first. As soon as her mother had gone out, she shut the door, and said, "Mother, please go back! I wish to live in the kiln. Nobody can persuade me to go back. Thank you for your kindness."

Her mother had no way of getting her out, and threw her money through the window; but she threw it back to her mother. Her mother returned with great sorrow.

Wang Pao Ch'uan had a widowed brother-in-law named Wei Hu, her eldest sister's husband, who was desirous of marrying her. Wei Hu was a wicked official, and he made every attempt to tempt her. Wang Pao Ch'uan always refused.

Since her husband's leave-taking she had been alone for eighteen years. She had never received a single letter from him. Some one informed her that her husband had been made King of Si-Liang. But it was a long distance from the Tang Kingdom to Si-Liang, and Wang Pao Ch'uan could not get to him. Moreover, there was no communication between these two countries because of the war. No letter could be sent from one country to the other.

Wang Pao Ch'uan learned that her husband had become a king, but she was very sad that she could not reach him or write to him. One day, while she was digging roots near Wu-Chia-P'o, the village in which she lived, a wild goose flew down and cried to her, looking as though it were hungry and were begging for the roots. Wang Pao Ch'uan said to the wild goose, "Wild goose, wild goose, you are hungry and beg me for the roots; but this is all I have to fill my empty stomach. But if you can fly to Si-Liang to carry a letter for me to the King, I will give you the wild roots to satisfy your hunger. If you understand what I ask and will do this, please cry three times." As soon as she had finished the words, the wild goose cried out to her three times as if it understood. Wang Pao Ch'uan repeated her words, and again the wild goose cried out three times. Then she believed that the goose could carry a letter to her husband, and fed her the roots. She tore off one piece of her dirty white skirt, bit her finger, and wrote on it a few words with blood. She tied the letter to the wild goose's leg, and it flew away.

One day Hsüeh Ping Kuei, the King of Si-Liang, was deliberating with his ministers, when he saw a wild goose fly down and light on a tree in front of his great parlor, crying loudly in a peculiar way. Hsüeh Ping Kuei thought it was a bird of ill omen, and shot it with an arrow. It fell from the tree. He found the letter that his wife had written with blood. He knew that she was still waiting for him. He escaped from the Princess of Tai-Tsan, and left for his home.

No sooner did the princess learn that Hsüeh Ping Kuei had escaped, than she despatched many soldiers to pursue him. He was brought to the presence of the princess. She asked him, "Why did you escape? Are you returning to your country to do me harm?"

Hsüeh Ping Kuei replied, "I shall tell you the truth, my dear princess." Then he told her the story of Wang Pao Ch'uan, and said to the princess, "However displeased you may be, I would rather go home to Wang Pao Ch'uan than sit on the throne."

The Princess of Tai-Tsan, having heard the story of Wang Pao Ch'uan, was moved by her faithfulness, and said, "Wang Pao Ch'uan is such a wonderful lady, that you could not forget her unless you had lost your conscience. I will let you go to her. But I have been your wife for eighteen years. I am as fond of you as Wang Pao Ch'uan. How will you treat me?"

"After several years I shall come back to see you," answered Hsüeh Ping Kuei, having looked around for a while.

The princess said, "That is uncertain; and, even if you could do so, Wang Pao Ch'uan would again be left alone. That is not what I want. What I want is to send a strong army to ruin the Tang Dynasty and make you emperor, Wang Pao Ch'uan empress, and myself a future empress. Now go back, and do something to help me. When we capture the Tang capital, we meet again." Then Hsüeh Ping Kuei bade her farewell and left for home.

When he came near to Wu Chia P'o, he saw a woman that looked like his wife, Wang Pao Ch'uan; but he was not sure, because he could not remember Wang Pao Ch'uan's face after the lapse of eighteen years. The woman was digging roots. Hsüeh Ping Kuei dismounted from his horse, bowed to the woman, and asked, "Do you know where is the house of Hsüeh Ping Kuei?"—"Yes, I know," answered Wang Pao Ch'uan, who did not recognize Hsüeh Ping Kuei. "What do you want with him?" Hsüeh Ping Kuei asked again, "Do you know Wang Pao Ch'uan?" She answered, "I am Wang Pao Ch'uan."—"Oh, yes! that is what I want to know," said Hsüeh Ping Kuei, intending to make a pleasantry with his wife. "I will tell you. I am Hsüeh's friend from Si-Liang with a letter from him for you."

Wang Pao Ch'uan was very glad to hear these words, and said, "Thank you for your service. Please let me see the letter at once."—"Wait a minute," said Hsüeh Ping Kuei insolently, as he went to embrace Wang Pao Ch'uan. She refused him. "I have something to talk over with you first. Your husband could not come back to bring you to Si-Liang. He trusted me to care for you. Will you come with me and live in my house?" Then, without waiting for her answer, he pulled Wang Pao Ch'uan to him to compel her to ride on the horse's back. Wang Pao Ch'uan found that he was a bad man,

took up a handful of dust, and thrust it into his eyes. While he was blinded by the dust, she ran away.

Wiping his eyes, Hsüeh Ping Kuei followed Wang Pao Ch'uan to the kiln, but he was shut out. He knocked at the door, but she considered him no friend of hers. She did not answer him. Then Hsüeh Ping Kuei told her the truth, finding that his wife remained faithful to him. "My dear wife, I am Hsüeh Ping Kuei. I have lied to tease you."

Wang Pao Ch'uan, looking at Hsüeh Ping Kuei's face through a little hole in the door, said, "You are not Hsüeh Ping Kuei. Go away at once!"

Hsüeh Ping Kuei said, "Now let me tell you my whole story, then you will believe me. When you were twenty years old, you declared that you were to choose a husband by throwing a ball on the second day of February. At that time I was a beggar; but you liked me, and threw the ball to me. Your father was angered, and drove us out of his house. Then we lived in the kiln and begged for food. During that time Si-Liang sent an army to attack Tang; and, as I had caught the Red-Hair-Horse, I was made the commander of the rear army. But your jealous father slandered me, and the Emperor of Tang dismissed me. I was sent to the front line, and in one battle I was caught by Tai-Tsan, Princess of Si-Liang. The King of Si-Liang took a fancy to me, and forced me to marry the Princess. After several years the King of Si-Liang died, and I was made his successor. One day I received from a wild goose your letter to me, and so I knew that you were still waiting for me. Then I left for home to see you. When I met you near the village, I made fun with you. Please excuse me, and let me come in!"

Wang Pao Ch'uan replied, "Hsüeh Ping Kuei has a little wart on his neck. Let me touch it." Then she touched his neck, and felt the wart. She opened the door at once, and told him her story with great happiness.

At that time Premier Wang had already killed the Emperor of Tang, and made himself Emperor in his place. Hsüeh Ping Kuei knew that most of the ministers and generals of Tang were not faithful to him because of his usurpation. So he sent a letter to the Princess of Si-Liang to advise her that it was time to ruin Tang, and to tell her that he would help her army as best he could.

Then the Princess of Si-Liang sent a strong army to invade Tang. As the soldiers of Tang hated the usurper and did not fight for him, Si-Liang's army easily captured the capital of Tang with the aid of Hsüeh Ping Kuei. Then Premier Wang was killed by the Princess, and Hsüeh Ping Kuei was made Emperor, and Wang Pao Ch'uan Empress. The princess herself was content to be but a future empress.

2. MIN TZŪ CHIEN.<sup>1</sup>

Two thousand years ago there was a son in Shantung Province who was famous for his filial piety. His name was Min Tzŭ Chien, and he was one of the seventy-two disciples of Confucius. His mother died when he was very young. His father married another woman, and two other sons were born to him. The step-mother loved her own sons, and used to give them the best of everything, but the worst to him. This was the evil custom all over China in ancient days.

In China the winter coat was generally made with a layer of cotton batting inside the lining. One winter his father bought enough cotton to make coats for his three sons, and handed it to her. But she put all the cotton in the garments of her own sons, and the dried flowers of rushes in Min Tzŭ Chien's coat.

Neither he nor his father knew this. He always felt cold without understanding why. One day, when there had been a great fall of snow, his father went out for a pleasure-drive with his son, who drove the car. He could not stand such cold weather when he had on but a poor coat of rush flowers. His body shook, and his hand was too cold to hold the reins. After a while the reins fell to the ground, and the horses ran on at a dangerous speed. His father thought that he was lazy, was angered, and took the whip from his hand and beat him with it. His coat was torn by the whip, and the rush flowers were seen by his father. So his father knew that his step-mother had made him a coat out of old cloth and the flowers of rushes. He wept, and said, "That is my mistake; I have made your life miserable by marrying a second wife."

Then Min Tzŭ Chien's father went home, intending to divorce his wife. Min Tzŭ Chien kneeled to the ground, and advised his father with a full heart. He said, "As we three brothers would need a mother to bring us up, you would marry another woman if you divorce her. Therefore there would be three sons cold; if you do not, there would be only one son cold. Which way is better?" His father believed his words, and did not divorce his wife. When the step-mother learned the words spoken by Min Tzŭ Chien, she was moved, and after this treated him as kindly as her own sons.

The people of his city learned that he was a wise and good man, and elected him magistrate of the city, but he declined. During that time the Premier of Li (a small country in Shantung Province) was planning to usurp the throne. If Min Tzŭ Chien became the magistrate, he would be compelled to help him. This was why he refused to be the magistrate of his city.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY,  
OTTAWA, ONT.

<sup>1</sup> One of the twenty-four most famous Chinese stories of filial piety.

## HUMOR OF THE CHINESE FOLK.

BY EDWARD SAPIR and HSÜ TSAN HWA

My friend, Mr. Hsü Tsan Hwa, of Manchuria, desires to perfect himself in the use of our English tongue. I wish to learn something of the phonetic slant of Chinese. We get together Saturday evenings, and he makes me listen to Chinese tones. I say, "Write some English for me, something that the Chinese folk tells to while away the time, if there is time to while away."—"Well, we have thousands of tales and songs and proverbs of the folk,—things that are not written in books, but that travel down the generations from mouth to mouth."

Here are a few whimsies which Mr. Hsü has written for me. My task has been the humble one of trimming words and showing them their places. I suspect there is a great folk-Rabelais in China.

E. S.

### I. TWO LIARS.

In a city there were two liars. One was known as the "greater liar," and the other as the "lesser liar." One day the lesser liar called on the greater liar, and asked, "You are called the greater liar. I cannot see that you lie any better than I do. If you can make a tiger believe your words, I will pay respect to you and call you my teacher."

The greater liar replied, "It is very easy. If you do not believe me, I can go at once and look for a tiger, and fool him to convince you." Then they went to great mountains and looked for the tiger's den. When they reached a certain place, the lesser liar said to the greater liar, "This is the place where the tigers and the panthers pass through. You wait for the tiger here. I will go up to the summit of the mountain and see how you cheat the tiger." Then the greater liar sat down, leaning against a small tree. After a little while a big tiger came and roared very loudly. The greater liar pulled up the tree that he was leaning against, and lied to the tiger:—

"Just a little while ago I had devoured a panther, but my hunger was not satisfied yet. Then I ate a tiger besides. My teeth are filled with tough flesh of the old tiger. Now I am cleaning them with the little tree." Then he pretended to clean his teeth with the tree. As soon as the tiger heard these words, he ran back to his den as fast as he could.

When the tiger got home, he met a monkey, and said, "I have met a strong man who ate a panther and a tiger, and was cleaning his teeth with a tree. I was very much afraid of him, and ran home

with great speed." The monkey replied, "You are too cowardly. I want to go with you to see what kind of man he really is." The tiger said, "You are so cunning. I fear you may intend to betray me. If you really want to go to see him with me, I would tie you on my back." The monkey agreed. Then the tiger tied a rope around the monkey's neck, put her on his back, and twined the rope around his own body.

The monkey rode on the tiger's back, and came into the presence of the greater liar. As soon as he saw the monkey, he cried out, "Cunning monkey! You lied to me. Yesterday I caught you, and was to eat you as a kind of refreshment. You promised to give me this morning two tigers and two panthers for my breakfast. I released you. I find it an unlooked for thing that you, in order to deceive me, are presenting me with one thin cat when it is already afternoon."

As soon as the tiger heard these words, he thought that he had been betrayed by the monkey. So he ran away as fast as his legs were able to carry him. The monkey wanted to jump down from the tiger's back. Unfortunately her body was cut off from her head by the branch of a tree. Only the monkey's head was left on the tiger's back.

When the tiger had escaped to his den and taken a rest, he found that the monkey was gone. He looked for her, and saw only a monkey's head tied by a rope. Then he was surprised, and said, "Although I ran so fast, yet the lower part of the monkey was eaten by him as a refreshment."

## 2. MISTAKEN BOOTS.

There was a man who went to a meeting with his servant. Walking on the street, he felt that one of his legs was shorter than the other. Then he looked upon his feet, and found that his boots were not of a pair. So he told his servant to return to the house and bring the right boot. The servant went back, and immediately returned to his master, saying, "I think it is not necessary for you to change the boots, for the boots at home which I have seen are just as different from each other as the ones you have on."

## 3. A VILLAGE TEACHER.

There was a country teacher who was very fond of drinking. Unfortunately every servant that he hired, one after the other, was fond of drinking too, and stole his wine. He was very sad, and resolved to hire a good servant who could not drink, so that his wine might not be stolen. Again he thought that all men could drink except those who did not know wine, so he resolved to hire a man

who did not know wine. One day his friend recommended a servant to him. He showed him the "Yellow Wine," and asked, "Do you know what this is?" The servant replied, "It is Yellow Wine." The teacher thought that knowing the name of the wine, for a certainty he could drink. He refused to take him as his servant.

Another day his friend recommended a servant. He showed the same kind of wine, and asked, "Do you know what this is?" The servant replied, "It is Chen San." The teacher thought that, knowing even the other name of "Yellow Wine," he drank for a certainty, and heavily. He refused him too.

His friend recommended another servant; and he showed him the same kind of wine, and asked, "Do you know what this is?" The servant did not know what it was. Then he showed him "Burning Wine." Again the servant did not know. The country teacher was very glad, thinking that this servant could not drink and would not steal his wine, so he hired him.

One day the teacher was about to go out, and left the servant alone to look after the house. He said to his servant, "There is a ham hung on the kitchen wall; there is a chicken in the garden. Both of these you should look after carefully. There are two bottles of poisonous drugs in my room; the white one is white arsenic, and the red one is red arsenic. Don't touch them! If you drink them, you will die." The teacher repeated his orders, and went out.

When the teacher had gone, the servant killed the chicken, boiled the ham, and drank the two bottles of wine. He fell drunk to the ground.

When the teacher returned, he saw his servant stretched on the ground, and the odor of wine filled his room. Moreover, he found that both the ham and the chicken had disappeared. He became very angry, and gave several heavy kicks to the drunken servant. When the servant was awakened, he questioned him very strictly. The servant wept, and said,—

"After you left I watched everything carefully. Suddenly came a cat which carried away the ham, and a dog which drove the chicken to the neighboring house. I was so sad, that I did not want to remain alive to see you again. I remembered that the white and the red arsenic could make me dead; so I drank all of the white arsenic first, but it was useless. Then I drank all of the red too. The result is that I am in a condition of semi-consciousness."

The teacher said, "You are the most faithful servant I have ever had."

#### 4. A DEER AND A DREAM.

In ancient days there was a wood-cutter who cut the wood in wild country. He met a frightened deer running out of a private park.

He killed it with his axe, and put plantain-leaves over its body in a large dried pond, so that he might keep it hidden. He was so glad that he hid the deer in a great hurry, and forgot after a little while where he had put it away. He looked for it carefully and patiently; but the pond was too large for every bit of it to be gone over, and at last he thought that it was all a dream. He went home.

As he was walking along the road, he murmured, "I dreamed that I killed a frightened deer, and that I hid it in the pond; but I cannot find it. Strange, strange!" Another one, walking behind him, heard his words, went to the pond, and found the deer.

This one went home, and said to his wife, "I met a wood-cutter who dreamed that he had killed a deer but could not find it. I followed his words, and got it. Is not what the wood-cutter dreamed a real thing?"

His wife answered, "I suppose there was no such wood-cutter, but that you dreamed him. However, you have really got a deer now. Therefore I think that what you dreamed is a real thing."

The husband said, "I did get the deer, and it is in my possession now. What is the need of finding out whether the wood-cutter dreamed or I?"

When the wood-cutter reached home, he was not satisfied that his deer was lost, and he thought again and again of what had happened. That night he dreamed where he had hidden it, and how another man had got it. Next morning he went to find the man who had taken the deer according to his dream, and they disputed about it. They went to court.

The judge said to the wood-cutter, "In the beginning you really got a deer, but you thought that it was all a dream. Afterwards you really dreamed of the deer which you had got, but you think that what you dreamed is a real thing."

The judge said to the man who had the deer, "You really took the wood-cutter's deer; but you think that you dreamed of him, and that what you dreamed is a real thing. There is no way to distinguish a dream from reality," continued the judge, "so I cannot see who is to have possession of the deer. However, I shall divide it into two parts. Each of you shall have one of them. That is the just way to settle this dispute."

This case was brought to the notice of the King of Cheng. The King said, "Oh, there is no such thing! Did the judge not dream that he had divided a deer to settle a dispute?" The King asked the Premier. The Premier said, "I cannot distinguish a dream from reality. Only the Yellow Emperor and Confucius can distinguish them, but they died a long time ago."

5. ONE WHO FOUND A GOLDEN HAIRPIN.

A man found a lady's golden hairpin under his pillow when he got up in the morning. He showed it to his friend, and said, "Am I not lucky?" His friend answered, "It is either yours or your wife's. How, then, are you lucky?" He said, "But it is neither mine nor my wife's. That is why I am lucky."

6. ONE WHO SOLD A FLEA-DRUG.

There was a druggist who sold a drug for killing fleas. Over his door he put a sign, "The best flea-killing drug." One man bought the drug, and asked him how to use it. The druggist repeated, "You have to catch the flea and put the drug in its mouth, and then it is surely killed."

7. ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

There were three men sleeping together in one bed. One of them felt an itching, and unconsciously scratched the leg of the second one. He still felt the itch, scratched with great strength, and tore the skin of the other's leg. The second one awakened, felt the blood on his leg, and thought that the third had wet the bed. Then he woke the third one, and told him to go outside. The third one got up and went outside. It was raining. As long as he heard the noise of the rain-drops, he thought that he had not finished with his water, and stood outside until the break of day.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY,  
OTTAWA, ONT.

BELIEFS AND TALES OF THE CANADIAN DAKOTA.<sup>1</sup>

BY WILSON D. WALLIS.

THE following material was collected at Portage la Prairie and at Griswold, Manitoba, in the summer of 1914. Most of the information was given by Wahpeton Dakota.

Nature philosophy should attempt to describe the world as it is apprehended by the individual. The Dakota's world, like our own, is as much one of his creation as it is one of his finding; what we may call his "illusion" is for him the reality deeper than appearance. To give the orientation of the individual in this social, psychic, and quasi-scientific world requires a complete description of that world, its laws and the interrelations of its phenomena. He is no less blind than adventurous who hopes to achieve this; but I am fain to believe that it is a good chart to steer by.

What we present is only by way of outline—a skeleton that should be filled with the sinews and life-blood of the supplementary details that transfuse the Dakota's world with meanings and values not easily grasped by us.<sup>2</sup>

## COSMOGONY.

My father's grandfather said that before the earth was made there was water everywhere; no land was to be seen. The Great Power (*Wakȣtȣka*) made the earth and then made man and woman. From them the Dakota were born. There was then no white man on the earth. After the Great Power had made the Dakota they had nothing to eat. They were told to procure various kinds of fish from the waters of lakes, rivers, and creeks. Of the fish there were four kinds they must never eat except when sick; these were: *ȣahui'* (mullet?),<sup>3</sup> *hoä'säpa* (described as having horns something like those on a lizard),<sup>4</sup> *ta'mähä* (jack fish),<sup>5</sup> and *ho'äsa'pa*,<sup>6</sup> (said to be similar to the jack-fish). If one who is not sick eats of these he will feel pain from a punishment visited upon him for this violation, for a long time after the punishment itself is given; for example, should he have an arm broken he would suffer pain in that arm for two or three years after the misfortune.

The Great Power then made all those animals that have fur and swim in the water. These we were to eat.

<sup>1</sup> Published by permission of the Geological Survey of Canada.

<sup>2</sup> Some of these details the writer hopes to present in a future publication.

<sup>3</sup> Dorsey-Riggs *ȣahui'* sturgeon.

<sup>4</sup> *ho* fish, *säpa* black (?).

<sup>5</sup> *ta'mahe* pike.

<sup>6</sup> Claimed to be different from *hoä'säpa*.

He then made the wild animals that live on the land, causing them to be fit for food. This was the beginning of everything.

The earth was made first. A rainstorm came causing mud spots or puddles. The sun came out and dried these until they became harder and harder and finally were stone and rock. A certain medicine-man heard the Stone say it was useful for everything. The Indians use it when praying and the white man for building houses since it is stronger and lasts longer than any other substance. The Indians pray to the stone, asking it to give them long life. To such a prayer it must make some reply. If it intends to grant their request it tells them what to do. If they fail to obey they will not live long. A medicine-man said he heard a stone say it was going to be the leader and would make all sorts of stones of different shapes and colors, just as people and trees are of different shapes, colors and sizes. One stone said they would be useful in every way. They do not wish to be wonderful (*waka*) since the white man will grind them up and put them to all sorts of uses.

The Great Power said he was going to make mountains. He made a pile of stones as high as he could pile them, then blew dust upon them. Thus he made the *he'paha*<sup>1</sup> or mountains.

Valleys were made by the waters which wore them out after the flood which came soon after the earth was made.

The springs in the mountains (*miniapa'npada*,<sup>2</sup> lit. "mountain water") are sent out by some secret power (*waka*). This is the reason they do not freeze in the winter—they are something wonderful. Sick people were taken to such springs that they might drink of their water.

At first there were but one man and one woman upon the earth. The Dakota say that they and the white man must be closely related, since they tell nearly the same story about the creation.

The Great Power told the Indians to pray to the water. They filled their pipes and prayed to the water, asking it to grant that they should never die of thirst, to be always near them so that they could obtain drink whenever they needed it; to give them of whatever was in the water so that they might eat and be strong.

They then prayed to the earth, filling their pipe and telling the earth they wished to walk about on it as long as possible, to eat of anything that was growing on it and be thereby made strong and healthy, asking it for strength to walk about until they were old, should they not be killed by some other intervention. This order was followed because in the beginning there was no land and offerings were made first of all to the water, then, after its appearance, to the earth.

<sup>1</sup> Correctly: *ze hill, paha' hill*.

<sup>2</sup> *mini water*.

Next they offer it to the stone. They tell the stone that it seems to be stronger than all else. From it they ask strength that they may live until aged.

These offerings are made whenever a man feels so disposed. He does it entirely alone. In the old days a man never smoked without having first offered the pipe to one or more of the above mentioned beings or to the black spider, it, also, being a power. If he happened to see a stone when not disposed to smoke, or should he come up to a body of water when thirsty he would offer a pipe-full of tobacco to some one of these four. He would put a little tobacco on the water, or on the ground, or on the stone. No matter where Spider is, whether visible or not, he hears the words of the man who offers him tobacco. A Dakota may not kill a spider of any species.

Spider knows all one's thoughts whether spoken or unuttered. If one thinks of offering it tobacco and does not do it, the man will be sick; Spider knows he intended to offer it and is angry at the failure to perform what is in effect a promise. Should a person kill a spider some one in that person's family will die, or the offender will be sick. Spider is the cleverest of all creatures. Whatever he plans or contemplates is always exactly right. Spider told people he was the first creature in existence. Some did not believe him. Spider said: "If you do not believe it, I will prove it; when there was no land I was living on the water; wherefore I can go anyplace." He then went from the land on to the water and walked on the water just as if he were on land. He walked about over the water in a circle, then came back to the land. He told them he had power to do anything at all.

I used to offer tobacco to these beings and never was sick. Later I stopped doing it, and since then I often become sick. Nowadays, people do not make these offerings; this is another reason why so many are sick and have short lives,—they do not keep the old ways.

Spider knows where water is to be found; in fact he knows everything. You seldom see Spider, yet if you wish to encounter and kill game, fill your pipe, offer it to Spider, and pray to him to allow you to find and kill the game you want; if thirsty, offer him tobacco and ask him to direct your footsteps to water. Before hunting I used always to offer my pipe full of tobacco to Spider, after which I would smoke it. Sometimes before I had finished smoking that same pipe-full, a moose, a deer or an elk would come right up to the place where I was sitting. That happened many times; thus I know it is very true. Every time, after offering tobacco to Spider, I killed something. One says: "Spider, I offer you this tobacco; help me to get a deer;" or "help me to get a moose." In olden days it was usual to offer the pipe-full of tobacco to Spider every time one smoked.

Spider sees everywhere and always gets the better of any other

creature. When the Indians are putting up a tipi, Spider is always the first thing they see walking about. Then always they offer him tobacco. One man told Spider he was merely a wee little speck of a thing, of no account whatever, and killed him. A few weeks later something bit this man on the leg. The sore grew worse day by day. He was ill. Medicine-men treated him. Spider told one of these medicine-men what the man had done and how he (Spider) had punished him. "He tried to kill me, but I am alive again," said Spider. Spider told this medicine-man to tell the sick man that though the latter wished to kill him he could not do it, for he (Spider) was still alive. "He is not willing to believe anything I say," complained Spider. Spider told the medicine-man that if he (Spider) had wished this man to die then, die he would; yet he did not wish this. However, the man should be lame the remainder of his life as a reminder that Spider had power to do anything. This is the only instance I ever heard of a man's killing Spider or of Spider's injuring a man. I never heard of anyone after this killing a Spider; instead we offer him tobacco; we know he is wonderful.

According to a Wahpeton informant at Griswold, Spider made a black stone in the shape of an arrowhead and this served as a model to the Indians in making arrow-heads. Another time Spider made an oblong stone with a groove about the middle; this served as a model for the stone used for a war-club.

Whenever a person tells a lie, the misdeed is known to Spider.

Spider is always trying to deceive someone. He can deceive anything. He will go among people and remain among them in human form. He knows also if anyone is entertaining evil designs. Owing to his habits of deception a liar is, by the Dakota, referred to as a "spider." Spider befools everything living on earth, in the water, and above the earth in the air.

Immediately after sunset, when all is quiet and still, we can hear Spider working at the stones above referred to. You may go in the direction of the sound and search ever so long but you will never find him, whether you search at night or on the day following the evening when you have heard him working. Very few people are able to find these stones. There is a saying that one who finds such stones is a liar, and because of his propensities he comes upon these stones. When my son found one of these I told him he must be a liar.

The Great Power made the earth; no one knows how. People not medicine-men are made out of earth and know only earthly things—what they see and learn here.

At first all the people spoke the same language and could understand one another. They did something that displeased the Great Power, whereupon he made different tribes, putting them here and there over

the entire earth and making each speak a different language so that they could not understand one another.

#### COSMOLOGY.

*The heavens.*—All that vast region above us which we call the heavens, the Dakota call *ma'hpi*,<sup>1</sup> and believe it to be a better land than this earth of ours. There everything is wonderful. Only medicine-men can cross its portals. They have come from there and can go back to it, but no other earthly mortal can do this.

*The sun.*—A medicine-man declared the Great Power told him why the sun was made,—it was made to furnish light for the whole earth. It comes from the east and sets in the west. During the darkness he travels around by the north to his home in the east. While on his journey home, night comes. The world does not move,—it is the sun that moves.

The moon was made for a similar purpose,—to give light at night (*huētowi* = moon; *aupe'towi*, sun; = night-*wi* and day-*wi*<sup>2</sup>). It travels over the same course as the sun. Men travel about at night, but women are afraid to travel about then; hence the sun is female, the moon male.

An eclipse of the sun, some say, betokens the approach of the end of the world; some say it means war soon in some part of the world. After one eclipse news came that there was war in Mexico and soon, after another eclipse, came news of the great European War. The only explanation given of eclipses is that the sun and moon being friendly toward the Dakota give them this warning to prepare them for the catastrophe. In case the sun does not exhibit the warning sign, the moon will show it, eclipses of the moon meaning the same as those of the sun.

*The moon.*—The moon is called "night sun."

The following phases of the waxing moon are recognized:

*wile' Atca*,<sup>3</sup> 'new moon,'

*wiitca'ga*,<sup>4</sup> 'growing moon' (quarter moon),

*wimib'e*,<sup>5</sup> 'full grown moon' (full moon).

The waning moon is called:

*wiyespa'bi*, 'diminishing moon' (last quarter).

In autumn when the moon is seen resting on one crescent, cold weather is boded. When one is cold one doubles up in order to keep warm; the moon is doubling up because it is cold. At this time of

<sup>1</sup> Dorsey-Riggs *max pi'ya*.

<sup>2</sup> *wi* moon, *qpetu* day, *hayetu* night.

<sup>3</sup> *wi te'tca* new moon.    <sup>4</sup> *wi itca'ga* growing moon.    <sup>5</sup> *wi mibe'* round moon.

the year the Dakota watch the new moon closely. When it spreads itself out, warm weather may be expected, for that is what a person does when warm. (These opinions are based on the belief that the horns of the crescents sometimes move closer together or get farther apart.)

A circle about the moon indicates bad weather—wind or rain.

*The sun and the moon.* — The sun was once a woman and the moon a man. Hence women were born out of the sun and men out of the moon. One time a party of Indians were encamped at a certain place. One of the men married, left the camp and went out to hunt. One day, after the birth of his boy and girl, he went out to hunt and failed for several days to return home. His family were without food. The wife told the children to remain at home while she went out to look for their father. She started in the direction he had taken. He had shot a deer while on the hunt, removed the intestines, and carried the meat along on his back. While making for home, he attempted to go under a leaning tree, but did not stoop low enough to avoid a projecting sharp limb which entered his skull, penetrated the brain, and killed him. He did not fall, however, but remained there in stooping posture. The mother had told the children to remain sitting while she sought their father. After finding the place where he had shot the deer and removed its intestines, she continued to follow his tracks until, half way home, she found the body. She transferred the deer meat from his body to her own and returned home. When she arrived home she told the children she had found their father dead. She told the girl, who was the older of the children, to keep watch over her brother and when hungry to cook for him a piece of the venison; she would return and bring back their father. It was then early in the winter. Instead of going back to him, she went to another camp.

She stopped at a creek mid-way to wash herself. The dirt from her face and hands settled in the stream, damming the waters. After this ablution, she was again a young woman. In the camp to which she was going was a handsome young man whom she married.

Meanwhile, the children left at home had eaten all the food. The girl placed her brother on her back and started to look for their mother. At the creek they found the dirt which the mother had washed off her body. The girl carried it along in her hands.

When they arrived at the camp whither the mother had gone, the girl went to a tipi in which an old woman was living by herself. She told her that their mother had gone off to look for their father and had not returned and asked if she had seen her. The old woman replied that a few days ago a handsome young woman had arrived and married a handsome young man of the camp, indicating the tipi in which they

were living. "Go there and see if she be your mother." When they came to the tipi they found their mother, a handsome young woman sitting within. The girl told her that the boy was longing for her and had been crying to see her. She replied that she did not know them and that they had no right to address her as "mother." When the girl heard these words from her mother, she was angry and threw upon her mother's breast the dirt which she had carried from the creek in her hand. Forthwith the mother turned into one of the oldest women in the camp. Her husband was angry at this and told all the others to move away and leave the children there.

Accordingly they drove four sticks into the ground for each child, and to each of them they tied a hand or foot of the child, doing thus to both of them, and moved away. The old woman was the last one to move. To the end of her walking stick she tied a sharp-edged stone. The others called back to her not to linger for the purpose of soothing the children, but to hasten on. She replied that she was reviling and stabbing them. Instead, she was really cutting all the thongs that bound them.

She directed them, when the others were out of sight, to go to her tipi, where they would find food sufficient for several days. When all had disappeared they rose, went to the old woman's tipi, and lived there. While they were alone in this deserted camp, a young man came every night to see the girl. The children had consumed almost all their food.

The boy asked his sister who the young man was who came every night to see her. She said she did not know who he was. The little boy continued, "We are nearly out of food; ask him to live here and procure food for us." That night he came as usual to see the girl. When about to leave, the girl caught hold of him and asked him to remain with them. When day came the boy and girl found him to be a very handsome man, such as they had never seen before. They told him they were nearly starved and asked him to get food for them. He went out to hunt.

Every day he procured several moose, elk, deer, and bears. They were well supplied with food. The party which had moved from the camp was starving. While the man was out hunting, he saw an eagle. He called the eagle to his house and gave it a piece of meat, with directions to take it to the starving people. The eagle took the meat and dropped it into the midst of the camp. The other Indians wondered why it had done so.

The old men held council over the matter, but failed to learn the meaning of this action. One of them called Spider into the council. He came. The old people asked Spider why the eagle had dropped the meat into the midst of the camp. Spider replied that the boy

and girl whom they had treated cruelly had an abundance of food and were willing to assist those who were starving. Spider said the man had sent the eagle to the camp with this food to show the people that these children were in plenty and wished to give of their supply. All set out for the former camping ground. The children saw them approaching and went out to meet them. Their mother was the first whom they met. The girl carried a piece of dried liver. She gave it to her mother to eat. The mother ate too greedily and, as a result, died that same night. To the old woman who had cared for them they gave all the choice parts of the meat. When night came, the man who had provided for them told the girl he wished to kill all the people. With a stick he struck the ground in front of every tent. All were consumed by fire in their own tipis.

When he had done this he said he would go away and leave them awhile as it was now time for him to do the other work allotted to him. He promised, however, to watch over them through the day. If they wished to know where he was, they were to look to the west the following day and they would see him. When the girl and her brother looked to the west the following day, they saw the Moon.

On the following day the girl learned she had been married to the Moon. For several days there is no moon. This is the period during which he is visiting the girl and staying on earth with her. When he told her he was going to do his other work, he meant he was going back to the heavens. "This is why at the present time all Indian men say they do not have time during the day to visit their sweethearts and can go only at night. The custom of visiting them at night they learned from the Moon."

The Sun and Moon quarreled as to which rendered people the greater service on earth. The Moon declared he had more power than the Sun; the Sun declared she had more power than the Moon. The Moon asked the Sun in what way she possessed more power. The Sun said she gave forth a very bright light all day so that everyone could see what he was about and could see the path when travelling. "Should I, on some days, give them heat all the time they would be sick; on the other hand, too much cold air will make them sick and so I give them a little heat one day, allow it to be a bit cooler the following day, and warm again another day, preserving this alternation of temperatures so that the people may be strong and healthy. The moon does nothing. Those nights while he is full everyone likes him." The Sun told the Moon he could do nothing more than shine at times; he could not furnish abundant light every night as the Sun did every day, neither could he furnish cold or warm days. The Sun declared further that she had more power since no one could look upon her; that the Moon has no power, since everyone can look on him with full

gaze. Thus the Sun triumphed over the Moon, for the Moon had no reply to make.

*The Rainbow.*—A medicine-man said the Thunders told him that a rainbow in the east indicates that the rain will soon be over. It contains the colors which the Dakota like and make use of. When seen in the west it means the end of the world is near. For this reason it seldom appears in the west. Its name is *wihimo'hie*,<sup>1</sup> 'Sign-from the sun.' If seen in the south it indicates a rainy summer; in the north, cold weather; in the east, clear weather.

*The Stars.*—A man saw some shooting stars fall on top of a hill. When he went to the place he found that the fragments were several stones. These he took home and carefully kept as being wonderful.

According to another informant, the falling of a larger star will be seen by some and not by others, though all have equal opportunity. It means bad luck for him who sees it, indicating that a death may be expected in his family or among his relatives. If a small star is seen falling, the direction taken by it heralds a wind going in that same direction. If all in the party see the falling star, some kind of fever will visit the people.

*Bado'za* (a bird) and Beaver disputed as to which could dive deeper. Everything clothed in fur and all flying creatures can swim. All of these gathered together for a contest as to which could dive deepest. All dived. Bubbles came up from them. These bubbles are now the Milky Way. The beaver dived deeper than any other.

A man went out to hunt. He died suddenly, and his body was found. Four men picked him up. These four are now the four corners of the Dipper (*Ursa Major*). Of the other three in the group, the first is his wife, the next two are his children. The constellation is called 'carrying-the-dead-man' (*witca'kiaha'pi*).

A man was erecting a tipi. He made a small round tipi out of eight small poles. Inside were stones. Two men sat within singing. These now make a group of eight stars. They are seen plainly in the summer to the south and west. They change position continually and are not visible in winter. The constellation is called 'Sweat tipi' (*i'nī tipi*).<sup>2</sup>

A constellation known as *ta'maopa'*, resembling a kite, is seen overhead in winter. From mid-winter until June it is not visible.

The morning star appears in April. An old medicine-man said, before dying, that after death he would appear in the heavens early in the morning; that he had come thence and would return in order to prove to the people that he would live there forever. While he was ill he told them to look to the east early on the fourth morning after his

<sup>1</sup> *wi'hmyke*, from *hmyka* to set a trap.

<sup>2</sup> *ini'ti* sweat lodge.

death, and there they would see him as he rose, for he would appear in a manner visible to them. He would have with him a large light that would produce all the colors (of dawn). On the day designated, they saw the star appearing in the east. Now everyone believes that story because the star came as the man promised. We call it 'Largest Star' (*wilca'pita'ka*).<sup>1</sup> Four stars are called by this name and are said to be brothers, each having prophesied before death his reappearance in the heavens. One of these is the evening star; there is one to the south, and the fourth is seen in the south-east preceding the dawn.

The above are said to be the only stars or constellations with which myths are associated.

Another version is to the effect that the morning star has more power than either the Sun or the Moon, having once been a medicine-man on earth and hence knowing more about human affairs. It is called *wakanopa*. It travels from east to west. When it is seen with a long "tail" (i. e. as a comet) it indicates war and means that the Dakota will kill Cree. It makes a slight sound resembling thunder. When it travels toward the south, all pray to it and offer it thanks, knowing they will defeat the Cree. If it is in the west and travels east the Dakota will be beaten. On such occasions they pray to it saying they wish to live, and asking it to assist them in the coming fight. They fill pipes with tobacco and offer it these.

*Thunder and Lightning.* — The Thunders made the clouds to give warning of their approach, and to produce rain and lightning. A medicine-man said the Thunders told him that the Great Power had given them the fire and instructed them not to tell or show anyone where they kept it, but to keep this information to themselves. Therefore, no one knows where or how they keep the lightning. This medicine-man had asked the Thunders for fire. The Thunders told him that the Great Power had given them the fire with which to set fire to anything they might select, and had given them water also. The Great Power told them no man could water the fields, for the earth was too big for men to keep it supplied with water, hence the Thunders were given water for the fields, the woods, and everything.

In the summer of 1914 some Dakota at Portage la Prairie made me a canvas tipi which was put up with the door facing toward the west, and painted. A great deal of stormy rainy weather prevailed during the painting of it. The people said the Thunders were coming to see it; that if the door had been toward the east all would have been well, but that being toward the west and having eagle feather decorations in that direction, the Thunders persisted in coming to see it. The people who had made it were preparing to sleep in it one evening while I was present. Scarcely had their things been taken into it before a

<sup>1</sup> *wilcazpi tq'ka*.

threatening storm appeared. They removed their belongings, fearing that the Thunders might be angry and strike the tipi. On the following day while it was standing, another windstorm and threatening clouds arose. My interpreter, who was painting the tipi, believing that it was the cause of the bad weather, took it down and carried it into a house. A few minutes thereafter, the clouds began to pass and soon left a clear sky about the village.

Before a thunderstorm, ground hemlock or birch bark is burned as a protection, the occupants of the tipi asking the Thunders not to injure them. It is believed that then they will not injure anyone in that tipi. To those in the room it may seem that the smoke is spreading about over the whole room, but the medicine man sees it going straight up in a column to the Thunders.

*Winds.* — The north, east, south, and west winds are known respectively, as *wazi'eta*,<sup>1</sup> *wiwu'iapeta*,<sup>2</sup> *itokaka'taha*<sup>3</sup> and *wiokpe'taha*.<sup>4</sup> Other winds are not named.

A medicine-man said there was a spirit nearly as powerful as the Thunders which makes a wind. Anything which it wishes to carry away it carries away; it blows down what it wishes to blow down. Sometimes it is beneficent and furnishes fresh air to men. The Wind is called *tate'apa*.<sup>5</sup>

When a south wind blows it blows for two or three days as a sign that bad weather is coming. When from the east, there will be a mild storm, a little rain or snow in three or four days. In winter a north wind heralds a big snowstorm; in summer good weather. A west wind is uncertain: it may bring a thunder-storm or it may bring good weather.

*Omens.* — A flood is looked upon as a bad omen. Two occurred at Portage la Prairie during the past thirty years. Within a year after the first one, sixteen Dakota in the settlement died; a few months after the second flood eighteen Dakota died.

When wolves howl or the bark of a fox is heard, bad weather is predicted. If clouds retard the break of day, it will rain that day. A circle about the sun or moon bodes rain.

When the sun comes up "dull" with the wind blowing from the south, rain may be expected that day or on the following day.

To sneeze indicates that someone of one's close relations is talking about the one who sneezes. Those sitting around remark: "I suppose some one is talking about you."

Hiccough means you will have a better meal than usual.

A "drumming" in the right ear indicates good news, probably in a letter; in the left ear, bad news. The informant had had a drumming

<sup>1</sup> *wasi'yata* in the north.

<sup>2</sup> *ito'kagatqhq* from the south.

<sup>5</sup> *tate'apa*, from *tate'* air in motion.

<sup>3</sup> *wiyo'hiyqata* the east.

<sup>4</sup> *wiyo'xpeyatqhq* from the west.

in the left ear for a day and a half. "Finally I said to my father, 'I do not like this continual drumming in my ear.'—'I suppose you will hear bad news,' said he. Four days after that we received news that my brother had been shot down in the States." Another man reported a similar story, his brother dying shortly after an experience of the kind indicated. Another man who had a drumming in the left ear received news two or three days later that his father, while out in the field, had shot himself.

An old woman had a drumming in the left ear. Early in the morning, her husband went to the lake to fish. "I went to her house about dark. She remarked that she did not like the continual drumming in her ear. Other squaws said, 'You may receive bad news from the States or from Griswold.' Two days later her husband's body was found in the lake. He was probably drowned the day that she experienced the drumming."

Another man had the same drumming in the left ear. Four days later his wife, who was visiting at another reservation, died. Another heard about a week subsequently that his brother had been murdered in the States. One who was away from home and wished to return, upon receiving this ill omen heard in a few days that his daughter was dead.

A twitching of the right eye-lid indicates that you will see some of your relations in two or three days; of the left eye indicates you will see some good friend not a relation. This, of course, applies only to those who live in another locality. If a man in Portage La Prairie is contemplating a trip to Griswold, he may have a twitching in both eyes all of the day preceding his visit—likewise if one is coming from afar to his reservation.

A twitching under both eyes indicates either that the person will see a corpse or that he will weep. Every time the informant had experienced this twitching, he had subsequently seen a corpse. It may accompany the drumming in the left ear.

When twitching is felt in either leg or in the foot or hip, the person is going to run or walk a long distance. If in the right arm, he will be arrested; in the left arm, some one else will be arrested; in the finger, he will suffer injury to a finger of that hand; if a thumb twitches, it will be the recipient of the injury. Twitching in the nose indicates nose-bleeding; over the right ribs, sickness; over the left ribs, some of your relatives will be sick; at the back of the neck, you will suffer pain there; in the palm of the right hand, you will shake hands with friends; in the left hand, with strangers.

*Spirits.*—The will-o'-the-wisp is sometimes seen over a bog that crosses a road near the settlement at Portage La Prairie. To the Wahpeton, it is a spirit of the dead. If you run from it, it will follow

you and grow larger the while. Men do not pursue it or attempt to fight it.

A man now dead was pursued by a spirit (i.e. the will-o'-the-wisp) for about a mile. He ran into his father's house in a state of exhaustion that passed into unconsciousness and was followed by more than a month's sickness. An old medicine woman told him that he should not have run from it, and it would have done him no harm; but that when he started to run it had followed him merely for the fun of it. The increasing size is said to be due to the fact that the spirit is showing itself more plainly all the time.

When a man sees a will-o'-the-wisp and is not frightened by it, he is looking at his own spirit which has temporarily left the body, as it will do permanently at death. This seems to bode neither good nor bad fortune.

In 1910 a young man was chased by a will-o'-the-wisp. He reached his grandfather's house in a completely exhausted condition, entered, and fell down unconscious. "When I regained consciousness the rattle was going and an old medicine-woman was singing. I recovered. My grandfather gave me a medicine which I carry in my pocket as protection against spirits, ghosts, or anything or anyone that may be abroad during the night. Now I am not afraid to go anywhere at night and I have never been troubled since." After finding that he could procure more of this from his grandfather, he sold me his charm, a piece of the root of a weed that grows in lakes and ponds, wrapped in the red dyed feathers of the wild goose.

The spirit of the dead may hover about his or her last abode for an indefinite time. On one of the reservations was a deserted house where a murder had occurred three years previously. The house had not been entered since, nothing in it had been disturbed, the wood pile remained as it was, the outbuildings were falling to pieces, and even the murdered woman's road vehicle still stood by the house where no hand would dare to interfere with it for fear of vengeance from the spirit of the deceased.

*An encounter with spirits.* — This is a story about a man and a spirit.

There was a Dakota encampment. A man felt lonesome, had no appetite and could not decide what to do. One day he decided to go somewhere. He prepared some food and without telling anyone, started off. He travelled west for two days, arriving then at a Dakota camp. There he remained some time.

One day he stated that he felt restored and was going to return. People gave him food for the journey and he started away. On the return trip he sat down on the open prairie. Not far from that place was a bush and there he decided to build a fire and eat his meal. Close by was a pool from which he procured water to quench his thirst. He poured water into a dish and prepared his food.

Before partaking of the food, he said to the spirits, "Come and eat of this before I eat it." A voice made answer: "Oh! I am thankful!"

He was frightened and looked about, but could not see anyone. The spirit bade the man have no fear as he himself was a Dakota. "There are many of us Dakota here, but though people travel past here and all of us are hungry, no one thinks of giving us food. We are very thankful. I am not the only one here, though none are visible. I am not going to eat this food alone but shall invite my friends to come and eat with me." The man then saw the spirit, naked except for his War Dance clothing and beads, and his large feather head-gear. All the spirits came and each one said that he was very grateful for the food. He could see only the one spirit which had addressed him first.

Long before this incident the Cree and the Dakota had had a fight at this place. These were the spirits of those Dakota who had been killed in that fight. All said they had had enough food and expressed their gratitude. The man could hear all the voices, though he could not see the spirits. When they had finished their meal, the spirit which had first addressed him said: "We are thankful for your offering and will give you some useful information: As you are returning, night will overtake you and something will happen that will frighten you. If you are ingenious enough, I shall save your life." The spirits were going along with him to try their utmost to rescue him, though they did not declare their intentions to the man. "From this party I shall select four of the ablest to guard you on the way home."

The man looked around, but could see no one except the spirit which was addressing him.

The spirit told him he would see a large herd of buffalo and that if he succeeded in killing one he must offer the spirits an evening meal also.

When the man had finished eating, he continued his journey. After sunset he stopped, deciding to remain there for the night. Seeing a large herd of buffalo he shot and killed one, removed the hide and took the best pieces of meat. These he cooked and, when the food was prepared, invited the spirits to partake of it. "Come and eat this food which I offer you." The spirits came around. He could hear them talking, though he could not see any of them save only the one that had previously spoken with him. This spirit said, "When we have had our supper, or shortly thereafter, something will happen which will frighten you." The man was apprehensive. They finished their supper.

Twice he heard a song. It was the voice of the grizzly bear. Looking around him, he espied the bear a short distance away in the woods. The man climbed up a large tree, leaving his blanket and other possessions at the foot of it, taking his bow and arrows, tomahawk and gun. He looked toward the place whence the sounds had come. The wind was blowing from that quarter, and he could smell the bear as well as see it approaching. The bear also could smell the man. It came to the tree, sniffed at the blankets and other possessions of the man, then threw them aside and looked up into the tree where it saw the man. He called to it defiantly to come up the tree and kill him if it could. The bear was angry and started to climb up.

When it was within reach of the man, he swung his tomahawk and cut all the claws off one of its fore-paws. As the bear put forward the other paw by which to hold on to the branch, he cut off the claws of this paw also. The bear fell to the ground. There was no one around save the spirits. He could hear all of them laughing. This was a male bear. It went back in the direction whence it had come, whereupon a female bear appeared.

She came up to the tree, stopping to examine the clothing which had been left at the foot of it.

He shouted to her that though she was not larger than the other bear she wished to climb the tree and be injured also. The bear was angry and climbed up. As before he cut off the claws of both forepaws. She fell to the ground and ran back to the retreat. All the spirits laughed at this bear too. The spirits told the man he would have been killed by these bears had he not offered the spirits food.

Because he had offered them food they came to his assistance and saved his life. They told him to follow the bears; to take his gun and kill both of them.

Though he was up in the tree, it seemed their voices came not from the ground but as though they were somewhere in the tree with him. He climbed down and jumped to the ground, followed the bears, found their den where they lay helpless, and shot and killed both of them. The man spent the night there, starting for home on the following morning.

When he ate his mid-day meal he again offered food to the spirits and was told that on the evening of that day he would kill a buffalo cow, and that he should take the best of the meat, cook it and again offer food to the spirits, who would protect him until he reached home. About sunset he killed a buffalo, took the best parts of the meat and cooked it. Again he offered it to the spirits. He was told that he would have another adventure that night and must again do his best to save his life. (The spirits caused all these things to happen; they were not mere chance occurrences.) When he had finished his evening meal he heard a strange sound resembling the yelling of a man. Looking in the direction whence it came, he saw a wild buffalo.<sup>1</sup> The man was uncertain where to go. Finding the den of a timber-wolf he went into it with his bow and arrows. The buffalo came along tearing up the earth with its horns and pitching clods high into the air. When it arrived at the fire which the man had built, it tore the soil and followed the man's tracks. When it came to the den where the man had taken refuge, the buffalo began to tear it to pieces with his horns.

The man shot one of the buffalo's legs, breaking it, then another, and so on until he had broken all of them. Though the buffalo was thrown to the ground it was still savagely tearing up the ground with its horns. Finally it moved its head away from the entrance and the man jumped out. With his tomahawk he gave it two blows between the horns and despatched it. While this was happening all the spirits were laughing at the buffalo. In this manner he killed the buffalo and again saved his life.

He slept there that night. The third night the spirits told him that on

<sup>1</sup> The wild buffalo is a species apart from the others. Being impervious to bullets, it can be killed only by cutting off its head with an axe.

the following day about noon he would see eight men; that on the following morning when he rose he must braid his hair and paint his face as he would meet eight men, Cree, who were out hunting for Dakota. He would see an open space lying between two clusters of bushes. Between these he was not to go but must pass them by a detour to the north. "If they pursue you, do not look back, but keep on until they have fired four shots. Then turn your horse about and ride for them. If you do that, making a dash for them, we will come to your assistance; not a shot fired by them shall injure you in the least, while you will take home eight scalps."

When the man rose the next morning he painted his face, braided his hair and started for home. On the journey he came to the bushes which had been described to him, with the intervening open space. He made a detour to the north of them.

While proceeding on his way, he heard a noise behind, but continued his journey without looking back to see what had caused it, as though he had heard nothing. When the fourth shot had been fired at him, he turned his horse's head and started toward his pursuers. They were shooting at him, but none of their bullets harmed him. He shot them one by one and took the scalps of eight Cree. When evening came the spirits told him he would arrive home the following day about noon; that nothing would befall him that night; henceforth he was safe, and accordingly they would go back to the place whence they had come. On the following morning the spirits, before returning home, told him that when he came in sight of his camp about noon on that day, he should stop, put up eight poles with a scalp on the top of each and run his horse around these. That morning he started. About noon he came to a large camp of Dakota. He put up eight poles and a scalp on the top of each. When all had been put up he ran his horse around them. When they saw that, they thought it a strange sight. The braves mounted their ponies and rode toward him. When they were close he told them to halt, that he himself was a Dakota. He hung the scalps on a hoop saying that all must shoot and try to put an arrow through one of them.<sup>1</sup> This they did. He then took the scalps and returned with the warriors to the camp. All the people rejoiced when they saw him returning with eight scalps in his possession.

*Punishment by wonderful beings.* — The following tales illustrate belief in the punishment of offenders:

Two men died very easily. The first one was not sick at all; he had no pain, he was healthy, large and strong. One morning he rose and went out for a pail of water; while he was returning with it a little bird flew past whispering in his ear that he would die that day.

The man did not know what kind of bird it was; he did not even see its color. Reaching home he felt badly about this; he had no appetite, neither ate nor spoke, merely brooding about his death. Noon came, then evening. All this while he had neither spoken nor eaten. He packed all his belongings into bundles and prepared as if for a journey. They asked what was wrong; he told them what the bird had said. Some of his friends came

<sup>1</sup> Such was the custom when a man came to a camp with scalps.

about him and shook his hand in farewell. About sunset he went out to fill his pipe. While whittling a little stick with which to clean out the stem and the bowl of his pipe, he cut, slightly, the end of his finger. He washed the wound with warm water and tied a rag about it. The finger swelled, the swelling extending up his arm even to his body. About dusk he died. Some said the man must have been told by one of the wonderful beings to do a certain thing and had failed to do it; that his death was in punishment for his disobedience; that one of these beings might have sent a bird to tell him of his approaching death, for a bird had been seen flying past with unusual rapidity. They could not learn the cause of so sudden a death.<sup>1</sup> That disposes of this man.

The rope or cord that is used in hanging or strangling a dog, whether for ceremonial purposes or merely as a riddance, must be thrown away in the woods, or in some other place where no woman will step over it or come into contact with it. Should such contact ensue, the man who had used the rope will be visited with sickness or some misfortune. It not infrequently happens that when a man feels a choking sensation or has difficulty in getting his breath, this is due to the fact that he has not disposed with sufficient care of the rope used by him in strangling or hanging a dog, leaving it so that a woman has stepped over it or handled it.

A little boy was once running about playing. He came into the tipi, picked up a large knife and, while playing with it, fell down, sticking it into his mouth, nearly half of the blade going into the roof of his mouth. Hearing him cry, his father went to him and picked him up. The wound bled profusely and he died. The father mourned for his child as he wandered aimlessly through the woods.

One afternoon after returning home and eating the evening meal he went out alone to fight the Cree.

He told his wife he was longing for the boy and was going out to hunt, but she should not tell anyone.

She said, "All right." The man prepared and departed. He travelled for two days. The second night he arrived at a Cree camp. When it was getting dark he went to the nearest tipi and looked within.

He saw a man and his wife sitting inside and decided to return later and kill them. He returned later when all were asleep, entered the tipi, stabbed the woman in the heart. She gave one scream before she died. Then he stabbed her husband. He quickly removed the scalps of both. Then he went out. The Cree had gotten up and were running about looking for him.

On the floor of the tipi was a large hide. Getting under this he lay concealed there until all had gone away, then ran through the camp, taking a different direction from that of the searching Cree. He returned home with two scalps.

He invited all his brothers and cousins. He stretched the scalps over a hoop and told them to shoot their arrows at them. A great War Dance was held, but the man did not attend it.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably blood-poisoning.

Another day he was mourning his boy again. He told his wife he was going out to hunt, but she should not let anyone know of it. He started. While walking through the woods he met two Cree. He killed both of them, took their scalps and returned home. He dried the scalps, stretched them on a hoop and told his brothers and cousins to come and shoot at them with their arrows. Another great War Dance was held.

The man was grieving over his boy, and decided to go away again. He told his wife what he intended to do, and bade her let no one know where he had gone. He took his gun and started. While walking about in the woods he met two Cree. He killed both of them, and started home. He arrived at the camp, dried the scalps and told his brothers and cousins to shoot at them. Then they held a War Dance. He said that when each of his brothers and cousins had a feather for his head he would stop. The man said he wished to go out to hunt again. His brothers and cousins asked permission to accompany him. He replied that he would go alone; he wished to be alone. They were piqued by his refusal, but he did not heed this.

He started off in the morning alone and wandered about until he came upon a family of Cree. He killed all of them except a small boy who was about the age of his dead child. The scalps of the others he took with him. After arriving at the camp he told the people he was now happy as he had brought home his own boy who had been killed.

This lad was accustomed to the man who had brought him home. Others wished to see him and hold him. He cried when they took him, for they were strangers to him. The man told his brothers that this was his little boy; he had brought him home and wished all to be kind to him; he would keep him as long as he lived; he had gone for him and wished to procure him unaided; now, at last, he had the lad; next time he went to fight he would announce his plans to all and they might all go with him.

He said he had been directed to perform a certain thing and had waited too long before doing it, with the result that his little boy had been killed by falling on the knife. Had he performed it when told, he said, this misfortune would not have happened. He told all the men he had done what he was directed to do and was ready to go out on a war-party, asking them to prepare. On the next day they started, all being well supplied with moccasins. When they had camped for the first night, the leader told them they would kill some Cree the next morning; they were not to move from their hiding place but keep a watch upon the Cree and allow them to make the first move.

They sat there, waiting, until they saw five Cree going into the woods. They pursued and killed most of them. The leader was pleased at this, but when he found his brother had been killed he wept and grieved for him. In the first place the Thunders had desired the man to do a certain thing and he had not done it; in consequence his little boy had been killed in his place as a warning that he must obey. He had been told to do what had been asked when his boy had grown, but he had waited too long before obeying. Again he was to perform a certain thing and did not obey wherefore his brother was killed.

One night he dreamed that a thunder-storm came. The next morning another thunder-storm passed by. During the storm he was told to give a Sun Dance. When the storm had passed by he announced that he had been told to give a Sun Dance, and asked the men to prepare the tipi and erect the pole, as he wished to comply with the order. The next morning they procured the pole and prepared the tipi. About sunrise he opened the ceremony. At noon he stopped dancing for a few minutes, telling them the sun had sent down four hoops with scalps attached; that they were to get four Cree, which fact was symbolised by the sun sending down the four scalps. These Cree, he said, might be close to the camp; he bade the young men go out in the woods and look about carefully. He resumed the dance.

About sunset he heard a voice from above saying that as soon as he finished the dance he was to go out to fight. He invited the men, telling them what the voice had said, and bidding them prepare food and moccasins. On the following day they started. He announced that no harm would befall the Dakota party and all were then willing to go with him. They travelled two days and nights. On the third day they encountered the Cree and killed four of them. This was what the sun had symbolised by sending down four scalps on the hoop, he said, and he had been mistaken when he told them there might be Cree near the camp while they were dancing; instead of killing the Cree then, they had met them after the dance was finished. He had killed a great many Cree after the death of his little boy.

He was a medicine-man. If his boy had not died he would not have killed so many Cree as he did. He began to attack the Cree immediately after the death of his boy and developed a habit of killing Cree every time he saw them. This story had been coming along in the way I have told it. This man was a medicine-man. If he had done promptly what he was told to do, he would not have lost his little boy and his brother. He delayed performance too long and as a result his boy was killed by falling on a knife and his youngest brother was later shot while on a war-party. That is the end.

*Dreams.*—The Dakota have dreams inspired by current events, sometimes like those of the white man, often with tinges of the system of belief peculiar to themselves. One man who had belonged to a volunteer regiment, after hearing that Canadian troops might be called upon to enlist for service in England's struggle against Germany, dreamed that his regiment was called upon to assemble in the armory. They were told that of about 500 men present 50 would be chosen for service.

"I stood back in one corner trying to get out of sight. The roll was called but I did not answer to my name. Later they found me there and said I would have to serve as one of the fifty because I had failed to answer to my name. I felt badly about this. As I went out I saw my father and my uncle who asked me if I had to go. I told them I had, because I had failed to answer to my name when the roll was called. As I was about to walk away with them, I awoke."

The following night, after seeing a picture of the British lion guarding her territory and hearing the nature of the conflict between Germany and England explained, an old man had a dream in which he saw two animals, one similar to a wild boar but larger, the other similar to an otter but larger, go stealthily up to attack a sleeping lion. As they drew near, the lion roused up, rose, looked toward the north, and began a fight with the attacking animals, killing both. This the old man considered portentous of a victory for the British, though he said he would wait to see if the dream were a true one. The gazing of the lion first toward the north betokened good, for the powers come from that point of the compass, and its victory was symbolical of the victory of the country which it represented.

*Trees.* — The birch is wonderful and potent as a medicine. The Dakotas cut it only when they have a definite need for its wood or bark. The Thunders said they own the oak and the Dakota. Four trees, said the Thunders, would be useful: the birch, the maple, the oak, and the *tcq'hasatca*,<sup>1</sup> an unidentified tree found south of Canada in the old habitat of this band. It is probably a species of maple, as from its sap the Dakota procured sugar and syrup.

When water is far off it may be procured by cutting the bark of the birch and catching what exudes. When the Thunders are coming it is well to burn small pieces of birch bark, one after another. The Thunders, seeing this, are restrained in their violence. A roll of birch-bark is to be seen in many of the houses and tipis where it is kept for use on such occasions.

From the oak medicine is procured. It is effective for diarrhoea. Some of the bark is boiled until the water is colored slightly, if the attack be a mild one, or until the water is darkened, if the attack be a severe one.

*Animals.* — The Eagle is wonderful. When the Dakota kill this bird they retain the feathers and respect the body. The Great Power gave the Dakota this bird. When they kill an enemy they are to wear its feathers on the head by way of showing how many men they have killed, using one feather for each enemy killed, and to show that they are braves. After plucking out the long wing and tail feathers, they take the body of the eagle with them on the next war party, or perhaps at some other time, and leave it in the woods where no woman and no dog will find it. Only men may touch an eagle or eagle-feathers. If they have one close to a tipi or a house they tie it up in a tree so that it will not fall and be eaten by dogs. Every time a man kills an eagle he prays to the sun, asking it to grant him a long life and allow him to have eagle feathers on his head as long as he lives. Eagle,

<sup>1</sup> *tcq'ha'* bark (tree-skin); *sq* yellowish; *tcq'ha'sq* sugar maple.

knowing that all the Dakota are trying to kill him in order to procure his feathers, keeps away, staying where they cannot find him. Eagle seems not to figure at all in dreams.

A medicine-man said Owl was going to stay near where the Indians live, and so he remains with them. Owl likes tobacco. If the Indians offer him tobacco he will guard them during the night. If any danger approaches he will try to ward it off. Offerings are seldom made now except when an owl is heard hooting. At the present time the young people kill Owl, but the old people never do so, knowing that they receive protection from him.

The following is reported as actually seen: Muskrat had a fight with Buffalo on a narrow strip of land between two lakes across which Buffalo was going. He was carrying his head so low that Muskrat fastened his teeth in Buffalo's nose. Buffalo tried to kill muskrat with his horns, but failed to do so as he could not strike him. Finally Muskrat released his grip. He then caught Buffalo by the shank. Buffalo kicked but failed to injure Muskrat, who was clinging to his leg. Buffalo failed altogether in his attempt to injure Muskrat.

Though Muskrat is small, he is the cleverest of all animals. He lives in the water and dives down to get roots and weeds that grow there, making of them a small house,—though he is but a small animal. Sometimes he lives in the ground.

When Muskrat puts things on the water, they do not sink. He may put weeds on the water and add to them until he has a larger and larger pile and finally has built a large house. When the outside of the structure is completed, he gives his attention to the interior. He then reinforces it with a wall and makes on it a high place where he may sit as on a nest.

He procures all sorts of food, bringing it near to the house. He has also another home in the ground where he builds a cosy nest in which he stores food for his use during the winter. Sometimes he stays in one house, sometimes in the other. So Muskrat, though a small animal, is clever. He lives in his house on the water as long as the water is not frozen. When the water turns to ice, his house becomes cold and the ice comes up into his nest so that the place is too cold for habitation; then he goes into his earth lodge and there abides until the ice breaks up. When it is warm enough to return to his other house, he goes back to it. No other animal is as clever as Muskrat. Muskrat is ready to fight any animal he may meet, and any people who confront him.

#### TALES.

'Fairy tales,' that is, those stories which are recognized as not true but valued for the pleasure of the tale, may not be told in summer lest

a snake come in the night to the sleeper and coil itself around him. In the winter when the ground is hard and frozen or covered with snow they cannot do so. One of my acquaintances told stories one night in the summer and slept out in the tent just to show the belief had no foundation. That night he woke up and found a snake close by and crawling toward him. He ran into the house and cannot be prevailed upon to tell these stories again in the summer.

The Indian boys at the school at Portage la Prairie used to make up stories before going to sleep, to tell one another. When my informant was among them, there was only one boy who would not tell such stories, saying always that he forgot those he had made up. This practice seems not to have been known in the old days. The elements of these stories are taken from old Indian tales heard by the boys, and follow the lines of the older narratives. For example, one boy told the following:

One day a man had been out hunting. On his way home, when close to the tipi, he turned around and saw a bear coming after him. The bear killed him. After this his wife and children moved to another place. One day the mother went away from camp and did not come back. Next day her boy said he was going to look for his mother and ask her what was the matter. He went off, found her tracks and followed them. The boy did not return and his oldest sister went to look for her mother and brother. She went away, found their tracks, and followed them. She did not return. On the following day the two remaining girls started out to search for their mother, brother and sister. They found their tracks, followed them, and came to a tipi in which the missing members of the family were. So they were now all together again.

## I. THE SPIDER CYCLE.

### INTRODUCTORY.

The Thunders are the head of everything above, even of Spider, just as Spider is the head of everything on earth. Spider is afraid of the Thunders, whose will is supreme. The Thunders, whose power is derived from the Great Power (*wakȕ tȕka*) are head also of everything that flies in the air. Medicine-men are instructed by the Thunders, who in turn received instructions with regard to everything from the Great Power.

If Spider wishes a person to be injured, he is certain to be injured in exactly the manner desired by Spider.

Whatever he wishes comes to pass. If the desired misfortune does not come, Spider will go to the person in question and scratch him. The member thus injured must be removed or the person will die as a result of the injury.

White men may laugh at this but it comes true for the Indians.

If an Indian says a certain thing is more powerful than Spider, no matter what that thing may be, Spider is determined to show his superiority over it. He can change himself into a tiny speck of a thing when he wants to; at other times he makes himself big. Some medicine-men found Spider changing his size. He has many different ways of fooling creatures. If he hears that some creeping things can do what he cannot do, he challenges them to a contest and invariably gets the better of them. If they were skilful enough they would do their peculiar acts and surpass Spider; nevertheless, Spider always contrives to perform his tricks and then challenges the others to duplicate them. After this they are forced to acknowledge his superiority. If they were knowing enough to do nothing but their own tricks they could outdo him; but they are not clever enough to pursue such tactics.

All creeping things are aware that they can not outwit Spider and, therefore, say nothing to him.

In the old days, accordingly, when the Dakota heard about all that Spider could do they never killed him, knowing that if a person did so, some one in the offender's family would die. This is what Spider said to all creeping things and to all animals: that if anyone killed him, someone in that person's family would die. In that way he was sure to surpass everyone.

Moose is as nothing compared to Spider. Buffalo is the fiercest of all the four-footed beasts; Eagle is the strongest of all the fowl of the air; Beaver is the strongest of all the animals that swim in or on the water; Stone is the strongest thing on earth; yet Spider surpassed all of them and had even fooled the Thunders.

A certain medicine-man told the Indians that the Great Power made Spider and that everyone must pray to him; there were other things to pray to, yet they must pray most of all to Spider, neither hurt nor kill him but allow him to go his own way. He looks small, yet he is potent when prayed to and the Indians never think of hitting or killing him, because he derives all his power from the Great Power.

Whatever he wishes to happen happens. The white man would not think he had power to do harm, since he is so small.

There are all sizes of spiders, yet he is considered to be merely one in these many forms. He lives anywhere, among the grass, in the ground, or up in trees.

Spider's thread for his own particular use was given him by the Great Power to employ in any way he liked. By means of it he invariably gets the better of every creature. It is not known how he makes this thread. He winds it round and round, making his web, until it is large enough to contain the eggs. Neither is it known what kind of food Spider uses. (The Dakota seem to be unaware that the Spider feeds largely on insects caught in his web.)

A certain medicine-man, before he was born, had a talk with Spider. The latter told him that after he was born, before going out to hunt, he should draw a figure of Spider on the stem of his pipe. "Whenever you go to hunt, fill this pipe and offer it to me. If you are the leader of a war-party of Dakota I shall, in every instance, give you the victory. I shall let you have my power. I shall get the Cree and bring them toward the place where you are ready to fight. If you do exactly as I tell you, you will win." Before every undertaking this man would offer tobacco to Spider. Spider told him that when any of this medicine-man's friends were sick he would be there to help him cure them. No matter what he might need, Spider would assist him. Every time he saw Spider he offered him tobacco; he did all that Spider directed him to do. He was a medicine-man and when treating the sick always offered tobacco to Spider with a request that he help him cure the patient. He cured everyone whom he treated.

He is the only man who ever got especial help from Spider all the time. Women never get help from Spider—only men.

It is said that people like to hear the stories about Spider, this being perhaps the favourite theme with them.

#### I. SPIDER AND STONE.

Spider and Stone had a contention as to which of them was born first. Stone wanted Spider to be his younger brother not his older brother. Spider wanted Stone to be his younger brother. Stone said he was the first thing made on earth. Spider said he was the oldest brother of everything, even the earth itself, as he was born before everything else, at a time when there was nothing but water. Spider asked Stone how he (Stone) could walk about on the water. Stone could make no reply. Spider told Stone he was first born on the water and could walk around on the water wherever he liked. Spider had become angry and said he would show Stone that he could walk on the water, as a true sign he was born first. Accordingly, he walked some distance on the water, then came back. When he returned he told Stone to go the same distance he had gone. Stone went to the edge of the water, saw he was sinking, told Spider he was too heavy to walk on the water and was sinking; adding: "I will let you proclaim everywhere that you were born first. I will be content to come after and to have you for my older brother."

Stone said he liked tobacco. Spider said he liked tobacco. They had a quarrel about this. Neither could triumph over the other. They agreed to make peace, saying both would partake of tobacco, since they were brothers. Therefore, tobacco is now offered to both

Spider and Stone, though it is more often offered to Spider since he is older than Stone. Thus Spider always triumphs over his rivals.

After Spider had triumphed over Stone he told Stone he would have power to grant to man anything for which he asked when the request was accompanied with an offering of tobacco; Stone should be second to him; he would give Stone power, though when Stone wished to do anything he was to ask Spider for power.

All the men on earth say that Spider is oldest and they offer him tobacco at any time they feel so disposed. Anything they ask of Spider after offering him tobacco is granted. Some people, when about to make an offering to Stone, mention Spider first, then Stone. If they mentioned only Stone, making no mention of Spider, Spider might become angry because he had not been mentioned; with the result that the request would not be granted because Spider would withhold the power from Stone. If the request is for water, Spider will withhold all the water from Stone; if for game he will withhold the game from Stone. Spider must be supplicated every time one wants to have a request granted, or a prayer answered.

## 2. SPIDER AND EAGLE.

When Spider saw Eagle in the air, Spider called him down to earth and asked him what he was. Eagle replied that he was Eagle. Spider then asked him what power he had. Eagle said the Thunders gave him power to fly around in the air and be head of everything; that he was the servant of the Thunders to look after everything above the earth, as Stone was the servant of Spider to look after everything on earth. Spider was trying to assert his superiority over Eagle. Spider told Eagle that he (Eagle) had no power up above. Eagle was angry, declaring his power was given him by the Thunders. Spider told Eagle that he himself had power to do anything up above that he liked, that he could stay up above with the birds. Eagle asked why, then, he remained on earth. Spider said he preferred to stay on earth. Eagle asked him to stay up above with him.

Spider said he was born first, before the earth or anything else. Should he go up above, Stone, or some other, might supplant him here; he was head and did not want any one to take his place here. While talking to Eagle, Spider was deftly winding his net about Eagle's leg. Eagle asked Spider how he could fly up above. Spider said he had power to do anything; that Eagle need not think he was the servant of the Thunders with power to do everything. Spider was angry.

He told Eagle to watch; he had no wings yet he could fly up in the air by walking on it as on earth. Eagle told him to go if indeed he had the power. Spider took hold of his thread which was under his arm. This he threw up into the air. Eagle, however, did not see it. He

walked upon this just as if he were walking on earth. He went up so high that Eagle could not see him.

Eagle then tried to get away but could not, for he was tied. Again he struggled to get loose, but could not. Spider then came down. He told Eagle that he, Eagle, could not walk down either head first or backwards; that he could fly only head first. He asked Eagle if he had seen him while up in the air. Eagle said that he could not see him. Spider said that no one could kill him while up in the air, whereas Eagle was so large that anyone on earth could see him flying about and could easily kill him. Spider assured Eagle that everyone on earth was afraid to kill him (Spider)—all were afraid. Were he up above perhaps no one would be afraid to kill him just as they killed any other creature in the air; even were they not afraid, however, they would not be able so see him. Hence, there was no possibility of his being killed. He told Eagle to go up into the air as he had done, by walking, and without using his wings, and then to walk down backwards. Eagle was about to make use of his wings. Spider put his web about Eagle's wings so that he could not use them and was helplessly walking about. Spider laughed, and claimed to have proved his superiority and his power over Eagle. Eagle admitted that Spider had overcome him; that he would be second, next to Stone. Spider said that Eagle's claim of having his power from the Thunders was untrue. "I have both of your feet tied; no matter how strong you may be, you cannot get away. When you came down here you asserted that you had power from the Thunders to do anything." Eagle looked up into the air and asked the Thunders to help him fly.

At the same time Spider asked the Thunders not to give him power to fly since he was trying to show his superiority. (In his petition Spider addressed the Thunders as elder brothers). Eagle could not fly.

Spider declared Eagle himself had no power to do anything, nor could he get it from the Thunders. Eagle tried his utmost to get away, but could not do so. Eagle was anxious to go back into the air whence he had come and said, "Anything you wish me to do at any time I will do. If you will untie my feet I will have you for my older brother." Spider had triumphed over Eagle. He then removed the web, saying, "Here is the rope with which I tied you; when I wish to kill a creature I put this rope around its neck and choke it. I can make anything with this rope: a net, a snare, or anything else. No creature that flies possesses anything similar to this." Thus Spider always got the better of any creature in every contest. Accordingly, Spider is the head of everything.

In this way Spider got the better of Thunders too, by slyly calling them elder brothers and thus triumphing over Eagle and the Thunders

at the same time. The Thunders heeded Spider and did not give power to their servant Eagle, not realising that Spider was thereby triumphing over them too (through his triumph over their servant). Spider knew that if the Thunders helped Eagle, as they could do, they, as well as Eagle, would be triumphing over him.

### 3. SPIDER AND BEAVER.

Beaver lived along the bank of a river. One day Spider went to the other side of the river. Beaver can dive into the water and remain under it a long time. He was playing about, thinking that Spider could not do these things. With his teeth he gnawed down a large tree and dragged it to the bank. He was doing all of his tricks which Spider could not do. He wanted to make it evident that Spider could not cut down a tree and drag it away, could not dive into the water, and so on. Spider found out what Beaver was thinking. Thereupon, Beaver called Spider over to his side of the river, saying he had a house there and if Spider wanted to talk to him he must come to Beaver's house. Beaver thought Spider would not cross. Spider became angry and started over the water to Beaver's house. Beaver sat by his house watching Spider. When Spider arrived at Beaver's house, Beaver told him that no one ever came to visit at his house by walking across on the water; that Spider must, therefore, be a great medicine-man and able to do all kinds of marvellous things. Beaver was not inclined to quarrel with Spider. While Spider was walking across he knew all that Beaver was going to say to him. So they did not have a quarrel. Thus Spider triumphed over Beaver this time: he walked on the water and Beaver could not do that. Beaver, accordingly admitted himself beaten, inasmuch as he could not walk on the water.

Spider can get the best of anything on earth or in the air.

### 4. BUFFALO AND SPIDER.

Another time Buffalo and Spider had a friendly contest.

Buffalo is so large that most people have confidence in his power. One day Buffalo was walking over the prairie. Spider happened to get in his way. Buffalo began to make sport of Spider, telling him to hurry on and get out of his way. Nevertheless Spider continued going on ahead of him. Buffalo said Spider was a wee bit of a thing and if he happened to step on him Spider would never come back to life. Spider then looked back, told Buffalo to go around and not try to step over him. Buffalo was teasing him about being so small and yet thinking he owned the whole earth. Spider grew angry. He took his big rope from under his arm, telling Buffalo he would show

him whether he owned the whole world and whether he could do anything he wished to do. Spider told Buffalo he was going to leave over his eyes the web he had thrown there in order to find out if the latter had power to remove it.

Buffalo went about with the web over his eyes, running into trees, river-banks, lakes, bushes, and into everything that happened to be in his way, as well as falling into holes. He would then turn around, take a few steps, run into something else, turn again, and so on for a long time. Finally he grew tired of that and called to Spider to take off the web, saying he would never again tease him, and asking forgiveness for what he had said. He had thought that he could get the best of Spider since he was very large and high and the latter so small and tiny. Now that he had failed he was compelled to sue for pardon and to promise that he would never again presume. Spider forgave Buffalo.

#### 5. SPIDER AND BEAR.

Spider looks calmly at all of the fiercest creatures and goes after all of them. This time he is going after Bear.

Bear was travelling through the bush and happened to meet Spider. He told Spider to get out of his way. Spider asked Bear why he wished him to get out of his way. Bear replied that whatever he encountered he tore to pieces; he even tore trees down and threw them to one side. Spider told Bear he was not willing that any creature should outdo him. Bear showed how he could tear up trees. Spider asserted that even if he tore up all the trees he could not make him get out of his way. Bear said: "Get out of the path; you are only a wee little speck of a thing; if I grab hold of you I kill you with one of my claws."

Spider was angry and told Bear to go around; that when he wanted a thing done he wanted it done; that he should go around and not step over him. Bear started to laugh at him: "You are a poor little speck of a thing and wish to talk as if you were larger than the whole world." Spider retorted: "Even though I am so small I can do anything to any creature larger than myself." Bear made as if to grab him, but missed Spider and could no longer see him. The latter took his rope and wound it about Bear's legs and tied it so that he could scarcely move. He told Bear he was going to leave him there until he asked Spider for help; that no one else on earth could help him for he had fixed on his leg something that no one else could see. Bear felt for the binding and looked for it but could neither see nor feel anything. Spider told Bear he was going to leave him tied there; that if he thought he could find some creature with power enough to remove it, he should remain thus until he appealed to him for assistance. Spider left him and walked away. Various creeping things came by

and asked Bear what his trouble was. He replied that Spider had done something to him that made it impossible for him to move. He appealed to them for help.

They told him to ask Spider for help. Buffalo came along one day and asked Bear what was the matter. He told Buffalo what Spider had done. Buffalo told him it was useless to try to get ahead of Spider for the latter was too clever. "One time he blinded me so that I bumped my head into everything that I met." He showed Bear a small lump between his ears (found on all buffalo) caused by running his head against a tree. It was still sore there and he wished to avoid another encounter with Spider. He told Bear to ask Spider to help him out of the difficulty.

After Spider had walked away from Bear he sat under a small leaf, where he made himself so tiny that no creature could see him and listened to the conversations between Bear and the various creatures that came along. After Bear had called out to Spider twice, Spider came and asked what he wished. Bear said that a great many creatures had come by but that none of them had power to help him, and all said that the only thing to do was to appeal to Spider for help. Said Bear: "I believe you have power to do anything, I wish you to forgive me for what I said when trying to get the better of you, telling you you were so little as to be but a bit of a speck of a thing, whereas I tear up trees and roots. I am convinced that you have power to do anything. I am hungry,—nearly starved. I wish you to set me free. If you will let me go, never again will I attempt to get ahead of you." Spider loosed Bear, warning him not to try to get ahead of him again; that if he did he would next time leave him to starve and die.

Since Spider had defeated all the strongest of these animals, the others knew it would be useless for them to contest with him.

#### 6. SPIDER AND RATTLESNAKE.

Rattlesnake is the strongest of all snakes. While travelling one day, he encountered Spider. Spider does not travel about in search of these animals with which he quarrels, but whenever he hears of an animal trying to get ahead of him he is sure to show himself in front of that one. Rattlesnake encountered Spider.

Rattlesnake called out to Spider, demanding what kind of power his was that would enable him to do anything. Spider replied: "What business have you to ask me this? Who told you to ask me?" Rattlesnake replied that he swallowed alive, or killed and ate all creeping things. Spider asserted that nothing on earth could kill him. They bandied words to and fro, Rattlesnake saying he could swallow Spider, Spider saying he could not do so. Spider told Rattlesnake to try to swallow him. As Rattlesnake was about to comply, Spider threw his

rope around his head and into his mouth with the result that Rattlesnake could not swallow anything. He allowed Rattlesnake to remain thus many days.

Rattlesnake became very hungry. He tried to swallow food but his attempts availed nothing. One day Rattlesnake called to Spider asking him to forgive him and to remove the thing that prevented his swallowing food, saying he would never again try to get ahead of Spider; he did not know Spider had so much power, else never would he have tried it; never again would he try to do so. Spider removed the web and told him to go; if ever again he should say he could get the better of Spider he would punish him, so that Rattlesnake would never again say it. He took Rattlesnake by the head, telling him to move away.

Spider pulled off Rattlesnake's entire skin. The sluffed skin seen in the woods has been pulled off by Spider.

Spider told him he would give him his colour and his coat; that when the latter became too old he would appoint certain times of the year for changing it. Rattlesnake was then allowed to go free. No other snake ever tried to outdo Spider after Rattlesnake had ignominiously failed.

#### 7. SPIDER AND THE OTHER CREATURES.

One time the Dakota had no food and were nearly starved. They had a meeting, filled their pipes and offered these to Spider, asking him to bless them when they went to hunt game or anything fit to eat. They assured him that he was the only one who could do anything he wished. That night Spider called deer, moose, buffalo, elk, bear, jumping deer and all creatures that were fit to eat, to a certain wood, saying he had invited them to a meeting. When all had assembled at this wood, Spider told them to wait until he came back. He fastened his rope all about the wood so that they could not get away from the place. The next day when the Indians went to hunt they killed every animal that Spider had decoyed to the place. The animals tried to get out but could not. The Indians hunted about in the wood until they had killed every one of them. All those who were not medicine-men wondered why these animals were unable to get out. Spider had told the medicine-men that he had put his web around the wood.

Once again Spider fooled all the creatures that had come into the woods at that place.

#### 8. SPIDER AND OWL.

Spider and Owl are good friends. One day Owl met Spider and asked him always to be his good friend, saying that if Spider wanted to do anything wrong he would assist him and never quarrel with him. Spider consented to this. Spider sometimes travels about incessantly

looking for a quarrel with some other animals and the other animals are even more anxious than Spider to have the quarrel. He travels about all night seeking an opportunity to do some injury. Spider and Owl, however, did not have a quarrel but decided to be good friends.

#### 9. SPIDER AND PI'SKO<sup>1</sup>

Pi'sko thought he had power. One day he met Spider. Spider said he heard that Pi'sko had power to do anything and asked whence he derived it. Pi'sko said from the Thunders. Spider told Pi'sko that the Thunders had merely been fooling him; that if Pi'sko would be subordinate to Spider and pay no attention to the Thunders Spider would give him power to do whatever he wished to do. So Spider took all the power from Pi'sko, telling him that whenever he needed it he would give it to him. Spider took the feathery down off of Pi'sko and put a shining garment on him, telling him to fly about that they might see how it looked. Spider declared it lovely, adding that if Pi'sko would give up his power derived from the Thunders he might wear it all the time. To this Pi'sko agreed. The Thunders were angry at Pi'sko for giving all his power to Spider.

Thus Spider triumphed over Pi'sko, taking all his power from him. Whenever Pi'sko wants to do something he asks Spider for some power. Spider never pays the least attention to him.

Thus, for that one white stripe on his wing Pi'sko lost all his power by giving it to Spider. In this way Spider triumphed over Pi'sko also. If Spider had not taken the power from him, I suppose the Indians would be offering tobacco to Pi'sko.

#### 10. SPIDER GIVES NAMES AND COLORS TO THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

One day Spider built a large tipi and invited to it all flying creatures, making a feast for them. When the feast was over he painted all the birds giving each species its peculiar coloring. He began to sing, saying they would have a dance. All began to dance. When the dance was finished Spider went to the door and sat on the right-hand side of it. To each bird he gave a name, saying it would be fit for the Indians to eat. When he came to those not fit to eat he told them they were not fit to eat and assigned names to them. This he did until names had been given to all of them.

One day Spider told a medicine-man in a dream that the Great Power had told him to invite all the fowl of the air and give them their respective names and colors and tell them what they were fit for.

Spider then told him the colors and the names assigned the birds and what ones were fit to eat.

Spider's song was: "All close your eyes and dance (sung three

<sup>1</sup> Whip-poor-Will(?).

times.) If any of you open your eyes they will become red. I am closing my eyes and dancing also." When he opened his eyes to see if all had their eyes closed he discovered that Duck had his open. Wherefore Duck has a big red circle around his eyes. Thus, when men go to shoot ducks and find them sitting still, they know their eyes are closed and they are asleep.

## II. SPIDER AND RACCOON.

One day Spider found Raccoon, who was living up in the hollow of a tree. Raccoon thought no one could climb up the tree and live up there in the air, wherefore he concluded that he was superior to all other creatures.

Spider learned of Raccoon's presumption and resented it. One day while strolling through the woods, Spider came to a tree where Raccoon was washing himself. He looked up and called to Raccoon, asking if he were home. Raccoon said he was at home.

Spider asked him to come down, saying he wished to have a talk with him. Raccoon had heard of Spider's tricks, of his outwitting everything, of his knowledge of what others were planning or contemplating; therefore, when he saw Spider he was afraid of him, considering who it was. He remembered then how, in thought, he had boasted. Being afraid to go down, he asked Spider to come up where he was. Raccoon wished to learn whether Spider could get up into the tree, for he had never heard of Spider's climbing a tree. Spider asked Raccoon to come down. Raccoon asked Spider to come up. So it went for some time. Spider was aware all the while that Raccoon was afraid of him and fearful to come down.

Spider, after a time, decided to go up, for he was angry. He could have climbed the tree, but instead he threw up his rope and walked up on that. When Raccoon saw Spider coming up, walking on the air, (he could not see the rope), he was frightened and at a loss what to do. Spider arrived at Raccoon's house and demanded why Raccoon had not come down when asked to do so. "Because you did not come down when asked, as long as you live you will continually feel badly. I will change your flesh so that you will be fit food for the Indians. They will kill you and eat your flesh; they will remove the hide from your body and make of it clothing." Raccoon replied that he lived inside of the tree and inquired how they could catch him. Spider retorted, "Sometimes your house will become rotten and be blown down; other times it will be set on fire." Raccoon asked whence the fire would come. "From the lightning. Indians will set fire to the woods; the tree will fall and you with it. Because you refused to come down I tell you this; as a result you will be apprehensive all the time."

Raccoon pleaded with Spider to decree that these things might not come to pass,—he would be his good friend and always do what Spider asked him to do. Spider replied, "Everything I say will happen thus. The Great Power told me I was not to alter my decision once determined and spoken." He told Raccoon that he could not now alter his decision; that when the Great Power had heard what Spider said, should the latter change his mind, he would take all his power away. Spider then told Raccoon it was time for him to go home. He started down on the rope backwards; when half way to the ground he turned and came head-first. After that Raccoon has always felt badly; he has not spent one happy day.

## 12. SPIDER AND FOX.

Spider is always travelling about; so is Fox. Spider always gets the better of everything. When he meets another creature, Spider is invariably the first to speak because the other is afraid of him. Fox thought one day that he would get the better of Spider, but he himself was beaten. If Spider wishes to make any creature happy he does so; if to make it sad, it will be sad the rest of its life. The birds that Spider proclaimed at the meeting as not fit to eat he said would be very happy; that the ducks, the geese, and the fowl which he said would be fit to eat, would all feel badly after he had told them this and would be liable to be shot and killed at any time.

When Spider met Fox, Fox told him to get out of the way. Spider kept on his way paying no heed. Fox told him again to get out of the way. Spider did not disturb himself.

A third time Fox told him to get out of the way. Spider told Fox to get out himself and go to one side. Fox stopped there and refused to move. He said that Spider was only a wee bit of a thing, yet he wished to talk as if he were larger than the whole world. Spider became angry and asked Fox what power he had,—what he could do. Fox told Spider he had no right to ask him such a question. Spider forthwith told Fox he was becoming too impudent; that he liked to meet someone who thought himself very smart and talked saucily.—"They are the very kind I like to meet. Show me the kinds of things you can do." Fox told him that anything he met he killed and ate. Spider asked him how he was able to kill them. Fox said with his teeth; that he was a good runner also. Spider replied that Fox's teeth were useless, that he could kill nothing, nor was he a good runner; that though he himself was a wee bit of a thing he could travel farther in a day than could Fox. Spider wound his thread all about Fox's leg, telling him to bite off the thread if he could kill things with his teeth and accomplish other feats by their help. Fox tried to bite away the web. Every time he attempted to do so he got more of it into his

mouth. At last he told Spider that instead of accomplishing something by the use of his teeth he was merely getting the stuff into his mouth so that he could bite nothing. Spider herewith removed all of the web from his mouth. Then (while wrapping more web around Fox's leg) he said that Fox had boasted of being a good runner and asked him to run. When Fox attempted to do so he found himself unable to move. He tried, and tried, yet could not move. Spider, therefore, admonished Fox not to try to get the better of him again: his teeth were useless, his legs were useless, he could not run, neither could he bite anything. Fox asked Spider to forgive him for what he had said. Fox told Spider it had not been his intention to say anything to Spider, but that Wolf, Coyote and others had told him to do so. Spider said Fox was telling him lies; nevertheless he would let him off this time; he might use his teeth; he would be a good runner. "But for telling lies to me the Indians are going to kill you. They are going to remove your hide and use it for clothing. So long as they do not kill you, you will run away as fast as your legs will carry you and try to save your life. Some day, however, they will kill you. If you get away you are free. If you cannot escape them they will surely take your hide. After this, when you meet me you are to turn aside and get out of the way. Since the use of your teeth and legs has been restored to you, you are to go on your way and tell those other animals, to which you referred, what I have told you and done to you. You are to repeat my words exactly as you have heard them from me. If you lie about it I shall find you some day when you least expect it. Go on your way, wherever that may be, and do not suppose you can outdo me." After this, when Fox sees Spider, he turns to one side and goes off in another direction, for he does not wish another contest with Spider.

Fox told Coyote and all the wolves what had happened. After hearing it, these animals, when they meet Spider, turn to one side and go another direction. Of them all, Fox is most fearful of Spider.

### 13. SPIDER AND HAWK.

Spider, while walking about one day, looked up into a tree where he saw Hawk's nest. He called to Hawk saying he would like to go up there and visit him, as the nice green leaves and grass looked attractive.

Hawk said he did not want anyone up there. Spider asked him why he didn't want anyone up there. Hawk said he kept his house a waka' house. Now Spider did not like this retort. He asked Hawk to come down, saying he wished to have a talk with him. Hawk asked him to come up. "If you have more power than I have,—I have heard that you have more power than any other creature,—if you can walk up, as I have heard you can, you will thereby make evident that you

have more power than have I. I have heard you can do this, but I shall not believe it until I see it with my own eyes." Spider told Hawk he was the very sort of fellow he liked to meet. He tossed up his thread and started to climb up the tree. When Hawk saw Spider coming up to his house without walking on anything he became frightened; when Spider was half way up Hawk told him to go back, that he would never again say to him anything discourteous or abusive. Spider, however, paid no attention; he continued to walk up toward the nest. A second time Hawk besought him to go down. Spider replied that Hawk had asked to be shown how he could get up to his nest, and never turned back; he would go on, for he wished to have a talk with Hawk. When Spider reached the nest Hawk told him that he had a little power and could do anything he wished; he could see things, even those underneath leaves; he could get anything that chanced to be hiding beneath leaves and kill that creature with his claws. Spider declared Hawk wished to be too impertinent; that he should wait until Spider explained certain matters; that Spider had power to do anything he wished to do. When Hawk heard this he was frightened. Meanwhile Spider, who had been wrapping his thread about Hawk's legs, asked Hawk to show him how he could kill things with his claws. When about to do so he discovered that he could not move from his nest. Hawk admitted that Spider must have all the power, for he had never before met a creature that could do such a thing to him. He asked Spider to free him, declaring he would always be willing to do whatever Spider asked him to do; if during the rest of his life he were not able to use his claws, all his young ones would starve since he would not be able to procure food for them. Before Spider removed the web, he warned Hawk not to say he had all power and could do anything that Spider could do. He asked Hawk three times if he would try again to get ahead of him. Hawk answered each time that he would never again try to get ahead of him, would always heed what Spider said, and do all that Spider told him to do. Spider removed all the web from Hawk's claws, telling him he was free. Hawk said he was thankful for this: "If you had not removed the web from my claws all my children would starve, for I am the only one who gets food for them." He then requested Spider to go away and leave him alone, for he was afraid of him now that he had found out Spider had all power. Spider said that but for the young ones he would have left all the web on his claws and allowed him to die there. "It is not for your sake that I free you,—it is on account of your young ones that I give you your freedom." Before leaving, Spider told him to tell all the species of hawks what he had seen and heard; that he did not wish any other to attempt to get the better of him, as this one had attempted to do. In this way Spider got the better of Hawk also.

## 14. SPIDER OUTWITS ALL THE FISH.

When Spider had triumphed over all the land creatures, he planned to befool all the fish. He changed his eyes so as to pretend total blindness. He travelled about, running into trees and asking what trees these were, some one giving him their names. He would then ask if they knew whether a river or a lake were close by. The tree replied that not since he was born had he information as to what a river or a lake was; he had been standing in one place all the while and could not give Spider the desired information. This was the Oak Tree (the *usku' iutca'*).<sup>1</sup>

Spider moved on and collided with another tree. He asked its name. The tree gave its name. It said that since the time of its birth it had not once been in a river or a lake, though it was born close to them and had heard of both, though never actually on the bank of either. He said there was a lake was not far distant. It was *ta'adalui*,<sup>2</sup> (a tree said not to be found in Manitoba but in Minnesota). This tree directed Spider toward the water, telling him that if he would keep straight ahead he would reach the water.

Spider turned from his course and ran into another tree. He asked the tree what it was and its name. It was a willow-tree (*tcokwa'sita*).<sup>3</sup> Spider asked the willow if a lake or river were near by. The willow said he was born along the water. He asked the willow in which direction the water lay. The willow told him, pointing out the proper direction, and telling him to go straight ahead. Spider went straight ahead and walked into the water.

He went along upon the bottom of the lake. By accident he met a fish, and asked where the shore was. The fish asked Spider how he happened to get to the bottom of the lake, saying he thought he was the only one at the bottom of the water; that since he had been born he had had no knowledge of what "earth" was, nor did he know what "shore" meant. This fish was *tahu'* (sucker?). Though the *tahu'* did not know where the shore was he told Spider to keep going and he might come to it.

Spider met Trout and asked him where the shore was. Trout said he did not know. He asked Trout's name. "*Hawa'supa*,"<sup>4</sup> said Trout. Spider declared he was lost.

He ran into Gold-Eye (unidentified fish) and asked him where the shore was. Gold-Eye replied: "My name is *hoska'skata*; I am always in shallow water and I suppose the shore is close by. Keep on in the same direction and I dare say you will reach the shore."

Spider moved on and met Jack-fish whom he asked where the shore was. Jack-fish said he did not know where the shore was but that if

<sup>1</sup> *usku' yetcahu*, white oak.<sup>2</sup> *ta'hdohu*, (?) maple.<sup>3</sup> *tcopwajilca*.<sup>4</sup> *howa'sapa*, cat-fish.

Spider kept on going he thought he would get there. Spider asked his name. Jack-fish gave his name as "*tämähä*."<sup>1</sup>

Spider kept on and met another fish, *ho'ka*,<sup>2</sup> who has sharp teeth. Spider remarked that he had sharp teeth and inquired what he did with them. *Ho'ka* said he killed whatever he wished to eat and chewed it with these teeth, telling Spider to go on his way. Spider begged *ho'ka* to allow him to proceed, insisting that he was too lean to be eaten, had lost his way, and wished to get back to his home, as his friends would be anxious to know where he was. *Ho'ka* allowed him to go on.

At every encounter Spider pretended blindness. When past the fish he would open his eyes in order to see where he was going. The fish told him to go ahead and he would reach the shore.

Spider met a wee little fish, a minnow. He asked this fish his name. "*Ho'iuwa'ke*," replied the fish. He asked where the shore was, declaring himself lost and desirous of attaining the shore, that he might once more find a dry spot. *Ho'iuwa'ke* replied, "I am always along the shore and you are not far from it now." Spider was really going from shore to shore, and in every conversation with a fish he knew exactly where he was going. After attaining a dry place, Spider called out to all the fish, telling them he had been merely pretending blindness and saying, "I have triumphed over everything on earth, in the air, above earth, and have now fooled all you creatures in the water. I pretended blindness in order to get the names of all you fishes. I have finished the task I set out to perform."

All of the fish were angry with him, yet unable to go to a dry place where it was necessary to go in order to get at him. Spider told them they were all in the water and difficult of access; if they were careful of their safety, no harm would befall them. All the fish were angry. Spider, however, insisted, "If you do not heed me, you will die; no matter how deep the water you may be in, you will come to the surface and the waves will carry you to the shore. I shall be travelling along the shore incessantly and whenever I see one of you fish dead there I shall eat you." He charged all the fish to remember his words.

In this way Spider fooled all the trees and the fish, getting their names by pretending blindness and asking directions. Now Spider knows the names of everything on earth, in the air, and in the water also.

One day while Spider was travelling along the river he saw a dead jack-fish lying on the shore. Looking up into the air he called out: "Younger brother!" A crow came flying to him. He said to the crow: "Younger brother, I had warned this creature about certain things, telling it that disobedience would mean death. He has done contrary to my directions and has, in consequence, died. I have eaten a little piece, but cannot finish the carcass. The remainder I give to you."

<sup>1</sup> *ta'mahe*, pike.

<sup>2</sup> *hoka'* (Teton: eel.)

Crow called his brothers and sisters and explained all that Spider had said. All the crows began eating the dead fish, leaving nothing but bones.

That is the end of this story and that is why crows more than any other animals are fond of dead fish.

#### 14. SPIDER SETTLES A PROBLEM FOR THE ANIMALS.

In the first place, when the world was made, it was full of all sorts of animals and creatures, including the *wak* ones, such as Buffalo, Eagle, Beaver, and Owl. The Great Power told them to have a meeting on earth, after being born there, saying he was going to send all his children to the earth where they were to have a meeting to decide what they should use for food. All of them attended the meeting but could not come to a decision. Then, one of them, remembering that Spider was not present, went to him for advice. Spider was found and escorted to the meeting, where they told him what the Great Power had said about his intention to send his children to earth where they should assemble and decide what to use for food.

Spider, rising to the occasion, declared this was not difficult to do, adding that all these children were destined to die. Should they not die the world would be filled with creatures and none of them would have sufficient space. On the other hand, should they kill all the animals, these children would have no food. Some would be born, but these in turn would die. As some died there would be space and food for the survivors. Spider announced his intention of creating marshes, lakes, hills, deserts, as places where people would not be able to live. In such places the animals would have to take up their abode. Though some would be killed for meat, others, and still others, would be born. That is how animal life started. Thus they planned it and to this all agreed. This is the way the animal world is getting along today.

That is the end of this story.<sup>1</sup>

#### 15. SPIDER AND HE'DJA.<sup>2</sup>

Spider was sitting on a steep hill. He'dja was flying about above him. Thinking it would be pleasant to fly, he called to He'dja: "I

<sup>1</sup> According to the informant's statement these stories about Spider had been told by his grandmother, who in turn had been told them by her mother, who heard them from her grandmother, who heard them from her grandmother. "My grandmother was the sixth grandmother to tell these stories, so I suppose they must all be very old."

The following stories about Spider seem to belong to a different cycle from those that precede. All that follow were procured from a younger informant, living at Griswold, whereas the preceding were narrated by an old man at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. In the latter the dignity and higher cunning is gone, Spider stooping here to the mean and sordid trickeries that suggest the trickster of the adjacent Plains culture.

<sup>2</sup> *hetca'* buzzard.

enjoy seeing you soaring about!" — "It is difficult for me to fly about hunting for food; you could not endure it." Spider assured him that he could well endure it; whereupon He'dja invited Spider to mount upon his back. Spider mounted and took a firm grip. He'dja flew along with the wind.

After a time Spider smelled the odor that accompanies He'dja, and said, "Um!" He'dja turned his head: "What did you say?" — "Oh, I am enjoying having you take me about; it is great fun."

He'dja kept on his way. Spider continued to ejaculate "Um!", because of the odor. Finally, He'dja, apprised of the reason of Spider's remarks, decided to kill him. He looked for a good place whereon to let Spider fall. He came to a large tree in which was a hollow. Flying above the tree and circling round and round he dropped Spider into the hollow of the tree. When Spider had fallen to the base of the tree, being by himself, he said he would surely die this time. He sat there some time and then made unsuccessful attempts to climb out.

After spending nearly two days there he heard two women laughing and talking. He thought they would cut the tree down thus enabling him to escape. He called out saying he was a fat raccoon. When the women heard this they stopped laughing.

One of them said: "There is a raccoon in that tree." They cut a large opening in the tree. Spider wore a raccoon skin blanket. When the women had made the opening, Spider put the blanket over it so that they might see the raccoon skin. The women went for long sticks. They intended to thrust them into the opening, to twist them among the hair of the raccoon and then to pull it out. Meanwhile they covered the opening with their blankets which they stuffed into it. While they were away, Spider took their blankets and ran off with them. When they returned and found their blankets gone, they knew Spider was the offender, and stood there and wept.

Spider went off, painted his face, changed himself into a man and came back from another direction, saying, as he approached them: "Sisters, what is the cause of your tears!" One of the women replied that Spider had fooled them, pretending to be a raccoon; when they had stuffed their blankets into the hole of the tree he had stolen them and run off with them. He asked them what direction Spider had gone. She indicated the direction taken by Spider. He said he would go after him. He followed Spider's tracks, pretending to be looking for him. He journeyed on to the place where he had stowed away the blankets, then returned with the blankets and told them he had killed Spider. The women were pleased to have the blankets and invited the man home with them. He went with them. They kept as pets two little raccoons. The women kept them wrapped up on two little cradleboards.

Spider wished to eat the young raccoons. He went out one morning and returned without game. On the way home he found a plum-tree, and plucked therefrom some wild plums which he took home. He said to the two women, "Sisters, over there is an abundance of wild plums; so red are they that you can see their reflection in the sky." They believed this, and said they would go out to gather plums.

Spider said he would remain at home with the two little raccoons. He killed them, singed them over the fire, cut them up and cooked them. He dug a hole at the back of the tipi so that if the women, upon returning, should attempt to catch him he might enter it and escape through it into the woods. After cooking the raccoons he ate nearly all of the meat but hid some of it in a convenient place in the woods. He put the heads into the cradles. The women returned, tired, without plums. He asked them what had been the difficulty. They said they had looked everywhere and could find no plums.

One of them took up her raccoon, whereupon its head fell off. She showed it to her companion complaining that Spider had killed it. Her companion then took up her raccoon, whereupon its head fell off. They grasped their axes to attack Spider.

He called out, "Oh, sisters, is that the way you are going after me?" and therewith ran into the hole he had tunnelled. Though they followed him, he made good his escape, put on another blanket, painted himself in an entirely different manner and went up to them. The women were weeping. He inquired about their trouble. They said Spider had fooled them and had eaten their little raccoon 'pets.

Angrily he demanded to know in what direction Spider had gone. They told him he had disappeared into that hole. He went to the hole, shouted into it, and hammered around it pretending to be fighting with Spider, then returned, saying he had killed Spider. He told them to remove the body of Spider. When both the woman had gone into the hole he put grass into each exit, set fire to it, and suffocated them with smoke.

#### 16. BADGER, GRIZZLY BEAR, BLOOD-CLOT, AND SPIDER.

Badger was happily domiciled with his family. He had plenty of buffalo, many packs of dried meat, an abundance of food for winter. One day Grizzly Bear came to his house, called him out to the door, and maliciously abused him. The little Badger, frightened, came out. He told Badger to go out and procure buffalo for him. Badger, frightened, went and procured some buffalo. Bear skinned the buffalo. Badger thought he would get a piece of one of the buffalo. Bear, however, was greedy and would not give any to Badger. The latter returned to his home. Several days later Bear came, saying Badger must go out again. Badger went out and procured buffalo.

Bear skinned them and took all of the meat home. Badger got none. The next time Bear came, Badger hid himself. Bear knew that Badger was in hiding; he went in, pulled him out, took from him all his packs of dried meat, and left nothing for him. Badger felt badly. He was afraid he would die of starvation. Bear came another time and told him to go out. He obeyed and killed one buffalo. He might have killed more but did not try to do so. Bear came up and skinned the buffalo. Badger thought he would get a piece of meat. Bear was cross and gave him none of it. A small clot of blood fell to one side out of the buffalo. Badger stared at it, wondering how he could get it. Bear, while cutting up the buffalo, glanced behind him. Badger then picked up the clot of blood and put it under his arm. Bear growled: "Badger, what have you been taking?" — "I have taken nothing."

Bear went around Badger but could not see anything. Badger, who had put the clot of blood under his arm, went home and made a sweat-bath.

He put the clot of blood in the back part of the sweat-bath tipi and covered it. He put his hand under the cover and sprinkled water over the stones. After a while he heard a man yawning, as though awaking from sleep. He said nothing, and continued to sprinkle water over the stones. The man said: "Whoever you may be; you have been kind to me; open the door." Badger opened the door and saw within a handsome man. Badger said he would call him "son," and gave him clothing. The young man abode with Badger. He was anxious to see Grizzly Bear.

Bear came one day, and told Badger to get buffalo; Badger went. The man made a bow and arrows, and was well prepared the next time Bear came. He waited until the next visit before proceeding against Bear.

Bear came again and told Badger to go out to hunt. Badger was worn out with fatigue, yet he went again to hunt buffalo. Blood-clot went to Bear's home, found the female Bear and asked her where her husband's heart was and how he could kill Bear. She told him that if he succeeded in hitting the small claw on his right fore-paw he would kill Bear. With his bow and arrow he killed the female bear and all her cubs, except one. This one he told to go westward: "You will be called Grizzly Bear." It travelled westward.

Returning home, Blood-Clot betook himself to the place where Grizzly Bear and Badger were skinning the buffalo. Badger was removing pieces to take home with him. Bear was angered by this and tossed Badger off to one side. Badger again cut off pieces of meat and again Bear tossed him roughly aside. Bear suspected that Badger was confident someone would bring help and stated as much to Badger.

Badger made no remark. Blood-Clot arrived. Bear rose up on his hind legs with his fore-paws raised in the air; the man shot him in the little claw of the right fore-paw and the bear fell down dead.

Blood-Clot lived with Badger for some time. He became anxious to see the world, and told Badger that he wished to travel. Badger was sorry to hear this. He did not wish to interfere, however, and gave his consent. The boy promised to return. He made several bows and arrows, carrying some in his hand and some in his quiver, put on his best clothes, and went away. He travelled about until he met a man who was trying to get something down out of a tree. This man was Spider. The latter had shot a prairie-chicken which had fallen on a limb and was lodged there, so that he could not get it. The people in the camp were starving; they could get no buffalo for something was driving away the game.

Spider said: "Brother, I have shot a prairie-chicken; will you be kind enough to get it for me!" Blood-Clot said he would do so and began to climb the tree. Spider told him it would be well to leave his clothes there, lest he tear them. Blood-Clot removed his clothes and left them on the ground. Spider recognized Blood-Clot and knew what to say to fasten him to the tree.

Spider said: "Stick to the tree!" — "What are you saying?" — "Nothing." Blood-Clot climbed up higher. Spider said quickly: "Stick to the tree!" The boy stuck fast to the tree, unable to get down. Spider put on Blood-Clot's clothes, took his bow and arrows and went to the camp. When the people saw him coming, they thought it was Blood-Clot, for he was wearing the latter's clothes and carrying his bows and arrows. They thought that an end of their troubles was at hand, since Blood-Clot would be able to shoot the things that were keeping away their game.

Spider went to the tipi of the chief, who believed him to be Blood-Clot and gave him his older daughter in marriage.

The game was kept away by Fox, who frightened the animals off, and by Eagle who flew over the camp and likewise frightened the buffalo away. The people next morning called out that Eagle was coming and gathered to see Blood-Clot shoot it. Spider shot several arrows at it, but in no instance did he hit the Eagle. Next they cried that Fox was coming. Spider tried to shoot him and missed.

Meanwhile the younger daughter of the chief had gone out for wood. She heard a noise and looked for its source until she discovered the tree whence it emanated. The boy told her to cut the tree down. When it fell, she held on to it, so that it would not injure Blood-Clot. He told her to cut away the wood in such a manner as not to injure his chest, and to make a sweat-bath tipi. When it was done he sprinkled water on the heated stones and cured himself. He then

related his adventure. He put on Spider's clothes and went with the girl to the camp. The people laughed, when they saw Old Spider and the young girl walking along together, but Blood-Clot paid no attention to them. When Spider saw him approach the chief's tipi he came out, handed Blood-Clot's clothes and bows and arrows to him saying: "Here, brother, take your clothes and possessions and give me mine." They made the exchange.

The following morning the Eagle flew over the camp. As it passed over the smoke-hole of the tipi in which Blood-Clot was staying, he shot it. Later Fox ran about the camp to frighten away the buffalo. As it passed by the door of his tipi, Blood-Clot shot and killed it.<sup>1</sup>

#### 17. SPIDER AND YOUNG MAN.

There was a big camp and a family of two young men and one young girl. The elder man was married but his brother and sister were unmarried. The elder one had a tipi where his brother stayed and the sister lived with her parents. They were all well off.

One day the younger brother went out where some games were being played. He watched the play and stayed until late. On coming home he found that his brother and sister-in-law did not behave as at other times; they did not want to talk with him and did not give him food. He went to his mother and asked her for food. "What is the matter with your sister? Why doesn't she give you food?" she asked. "She is not as she used to be. She is angry about something." He stayed at his mother's for some time.

One day his sister-in-law went out to get water and on the way home she tore her clothes and scratched her face. Her husband asked her what was the matter. "Your brother," was the only reply. "What is the matter with you? Who tore your clothes?" he asked. "Your brother." — He assembled the older men and told them. They were to decide what to do but were unable to discover what had happened.

He invited Spider and told him the trouble. Spider said, "Oh, perhaps your brother did something to cause trouble." He accused the brother of having intercourse with his wife. The older brother felt very badly and did not know what to do. The other stayed at his mother's tipi.

One day the older brother invited the younger one and told him that he was going out to fight. He told the other men also to make a canoe for each man who was going out with him. They lived by a lake in which was an island with people on it.

The brother felt ashamed of his younger brother and told Spider, when they were going out, that Spider was to stay with his brother

<sup>1</sup> This story is given here in considerably abbreviated form.

until they reached the island where they would find the enemy. When they were returning Spider was to hide his paddles until the others came back. He himself would wait until Spider came to the canoe and then would say that he had forgotten a scalp. Spider was to tell the younger brother to get it. When he had gone to get the scalp Spider should get aboard and leave the brother there.

All of the people made birch bark canoes and the younger brother did so, too. Spider went to him and said: "Let us go together." The boy refused: "I am making the canoe for myself." — "Keep the lunch in the bow of the canoe and while you eat, I shall paddle."

When they were ready to leave, the older brother told Spider that, if he succeeded in leaving the younger boy on the island, he would give him his sister in marriage.

Spider went with the younger brother. When they reached the island they started to attack the enemy. There were not many people on the island, so they killed all and took their scalps. Spider stayed away from the canoes until all had returned. The younger brother waited for Spider until all the others were gone. "What were you doing," he asked. "I was looking for enemies." When they were about to start Spider said, "I forgot a scalp. Will you get it for me!" — "Get it yourself!" — "Do get it for me. I am hungry and want to get something to eat while you are gone."

He went. Spider entered the canoe and left. He went some distance and stopped to look back. "Bring back the canoe," shouted the boy. "I'll not bring back the canoe. If you wish to come, you must swim." The boy was helpless. Spider said, "If you wish to get aboard you must urinate in your hand and drink your urine." The young man did as he was told. "What are you trying to do?" said Spider, "kill yourself?"

Spider went on, the man called, and he looked back. Spider said: "If you defecate in your hand and eat your excrement I will let you come with me." The young man did as he was told. "What are you trying to do?" said Spider. "You must be crazy, and if you are, you must stay on the island and die."

The young man stayed and wept and wept. Then he went to sleep. After several days the water rose. He climbed a tree. Soon the island was covered with water. He kept climbing higher and higher until he was in the top of the tallest tree. He stayed there until the waters subsided.

A whale came to the shore and said: "Grandson, are you suffering?" "Yes, grandfather, I am suffering. I wish to get to the other shore. Spider has fooled me and left me here all alone to wander." — "Get on my back," said the whale. The man climbed on his back. He had shot an eagle and made an offering of its feathers to the whale.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In making the offering to the "whale" twelve feathers were used. Hence, when the

The whale told him to get a stick and a hoop and put them on his whiskers. It was a cloudless day. Before they started the whale said: "Watch the clouds. If clouds are coming tell me." When the whale was going slowly he hit it with the stick and made it speed up.

When half way across he saw a cloud coming. The man was anxious to get to the shore and did not tell the whale. When they were close to the shore Whale knew that there was a cloud. "Grandson," he said, "there must be a cloud, for there is a shadow over me." — "It is away up, not close," said the man. "Tell me when it is close."

When near the shore the cloud was close. The man told Whale that the cloud was near. Whale said: "I thought this would happen." He threw the man ashore, turned and went back to deep water.

As the Whale turned, the thunder struck it and killed it. The young man cried until he fell asleep. He awoke and went toward home.

In the evening he came to a small tipi made of grass. He saw smoke and stood outside. There was an old woman inside, "Whoever you are, you may come in." — "It is I, grandmother," said the man. "My grandson, I know you have suffered much. I am an old woman and poor. I can do little. Tomorrow I shall see my sister and she can help you."

He was given a meal and started out the next morning. He came to the tipi of another old woman and stood outside. "Whoever you are, grandson, come in." He went in. "Grandson, I know you have suffered much but I am an old woman and can do little. Tomorrow I shall see my older sister and she will tell you what to do."

He was given a meal and the next morning he started off again. He came to the tipi of an old woman. As he came up she cried out: "Grandson I know you have been suffering much, but I am an old woman and can do nothing. Tomorrow I shall see my older sister and she will give you something or tell you what to do."

He ate a meal and went on. The next day he came to the tipi of an old woman. The old woman cried out: "Whoever you are, come in." He went in saying, "It is I, my grandmother." — "Oh, I know you have been suffering much, fooled by Spider and left on the island. Your sister is crying sometimes and is badly off. You must do what I tell you and you will get home much easier."

She gave him a meal and said: "Tomorrow morning I will give you this to carry along." She told him there were two women living along the way who attacked and killed every one who passed there. They made blankets of the hair of their victims. She gave him a fisher<sup>1</sup> skin with head on. She told him that the father of these women ate the flesh of the men they killed and that he must be very careful.

Dakota make a hat they put twelve feathers in it. Their mythological water monster has by them been identified with the whale.

<sup>1</sup> *chekca'*.

The man started the next morning. When he was some distance away he met a handsome woman. She called to her sister: "Sister, I've found a man for myself." The younger said she would have him for herself. The older persisted that she herself should have him. He went home with them.

When they arrived at the tipi they gave him human flesh to eat. They were going to cover him with a blanket made of human hair which would smother him. He knew all this before hand.

They gave him a meal. He knew it was human flesh, so he gave it to the fisher skin which he carried and it ate it all. They were pleased to think he had eaten all that was given him. The younger one told her sister she had better give him something better to eat. She gave him some venison and he ate this himself.

When they went to bed they put the blanket over him. It did him no harm. In the night the older sister got up and said she had her sickness. The young man went out, saw the woman at the opposite side and lay down again. She covered him with the hair blanket. He told the younger woman to get another blanket as he was getting too cold. She went out and said she had her sickness, too, and both stayed out.

The old man said: "What is the matter with you girls? I have no human flesh left and I want some fresh meat." He was surprised.

The young man stayed until the women's sicknesses were over, married both, and lived there until each gave birth to a child. In each case it was a boy. He was a good hunter and they had plenty to eat.

One morning the younger said to the older sister. "What shall we do to make our boys larger?" — "Pitch them up on the tipi and let them roll down four times and they will get larger."

They did so. When they fell to the ground the first time, they crawled. They pitched them up again. This time they walked. When they came down the next time, they got up and ran off. The last time, they ran fast. They were grown now to be big boys. Their father was proud of them and made bows and arrows for them. They went out and shot birds.

One day the older boy asked the name of the animal in the woods with long ears, big eyes and a split lip. They told him it was called rabbit. He asked if it was good to eat and they told him it was. He went out and brought home many rabbits.

Another day they went out and the older said to the father: "I saw some gray animals with long legs, big ears and antlers. Are they good to eat?" His father told him they were called deer and were good to eat. He went out again and got many deer. His mother cut up the meat and dried it.

They went out again and he asked what was in the hole, it was black with round ears, and if it was anything good to eat. His father said it was called bear and was good to eat. He got many bears and his mother cut up the meat and dried it. He killed many different kinds of game and his mother dried all the meat.

One day they did not kill anything. When the boys came home they sat quietly and did not talk. The father wondered what was the matter and inquired what troubled them. One of the boys asked if his father and mother were living and if he had any brothers and sisters living. The father replied that his father and mother were living, that he had one sister, an older brother who was married and had one child, and one younger brother. He told them that Spider had fooled him and deserted him on an island and that he had suffered much. He told his whole life history to the boys. They were sorry and were anxious to meet Spider.

They told their father they would like to see their grandparents. He thought he would go with them and told his wives that they would go next day. They tied a string to the door leading to the water, left dried venison and wood and started the next day.

They camped four times on the way. The last time they were close to the camp. They stopped there and the man said he was going to see if the people were still in the camp. He went on and went to the place where they used to draw water. He heard someone weeping and recognized his sister. Her hair was dishevelled.<sup>1</sup> When she came near he called out, "Is that you, sister?" He told her to stop crying. He asked if his mother and father were living and she said they were, and also his brother. His elder brother had given her in marriage to Spider who ill-treated her, burning her face with a firebrand.

Her brother said he would stay near the camp and continued: "If Spider upbraids you for staying long at the spring, throw this water on him. If he punishes you I'll punish him tomorrow."

The woman went back and Spider asked her: "What were you doing? Why did you stay at the water place?" She threw the water in his face. Spider thought her brother must have come home. He went out to the tipi of his brother-in-law and told him of his suspicion. "Go away," said the brother, "you are trying to fool me! He must be dead or he would have returned long ago. I feel sorry about my brother whenever you talk about him." Spider insisted that he thought the younger brother must have come home.

The next day the man showed himself. Most of the people invited him but he would not accept. He sent his two sons to his father and mother. He gathered much wood and made a basket. He sent the two boys to catch Spider. When they called Spider he rose and said: "Surely everyone should go when invited by nephews."

<sup>1</sup> Hair is not combed when in mourning.

The man's wives combed his sister's hair. It had been short but they made it long. They washed her face and all the sores disappeared. She looked handsome. When Spider saw that his wife was handsome he smiled and went to her toward the back part of the tipi. The returned brother was sitting there and said: "Stop at the door." — "Whatever my brother-in-law tells me to do, I'll do."

He told Spider to urinate in his hand and drink the urine. He did so. He told him to defecate in his hand and eat the excrement. He did this also. Then he made a big fire and put Spider in the basket over the fire. He placed an owl on the end of a stick and made Spider stay with the owl. Spider hung above the fire wailing until he was dead.

Meanwhile the man had taken his father and mother away to his own home. He made two tomahawks for the boys. They went around the camp, went one to one side, one to the other, striking the ground with their tomahawks. Fire started at each spot they struck. The people could not stop it. The man's elder brother shouted: "Nephews, have mercy on me. I want to live!", but they paid no attention. So all the people burned to death.

The boys went back home and found the old man still alive. All camped together there.

#### 18. SPIDER AND GRAY BEAR.

Spider was going along the shore of a lake when he saw an old woman. He knew her and went ahead trying to play tricks on her. He met Gray Bear and told him an old woman was coming. "She will tell you to sing and if you sing she will dance. Catch hold of her pack and if she pursues you run into the lake and she will stop."

Bear lay down and Spider went off. The woman came along. She knew that Bear was hiding there and called to him saying, "Get up and sing for me and I'll dance." Bear sang and she danced. She had a little tomahawk. She waved it in the air, and Bear was afraid of her and watched her. She kept on and after a while she turned her back upon Bear. He jumped at the pack on her back. In it was a baby. He put his claws into it and killed it. Then he ran toward the lake. She followed, shouting, "I'll kill you!"

Bear swam and the woman after him. When she reached him she struck at him but Bear dived and she missed him. The water turned into fire and Bear dived and went off. The woman was sorry to have to come back but the water was deep. She went to the other side where Bear was about to come out and he had to turn back. He swam all day and when night came he went ashore and hid in the dense woods. He went from tree to tree. At daybreak he fled to another part of the woods and climbed a tree where he fell asleep.

The woman came to the place and said: "You think you can run away from me but you can not. I am an old woman but I can run fast and kill you before sunset." She tried to cut the tree down. Bear jumped down and climbed another large tree. Soon he saw the old woman coming. He jumped down and ran until he came to a camp.

He was tired out and told the people there was a devil after him trying to kill him. He asked them to have pity on him and defend him. The people were afraid. They told him there was a lake nearby where there were some boys so brave that they could kill all that came. They advised him to go there.

Bear went there and said: "Brother, I am being chased by a devil. She is at my heels now. I'd like you to defend me." The boys said they would defend him. They told Bear to go into the tipi and he did so. The boys got ready; all had tomahawks. The woman called them little boys with big bellies and said they should not defend Bear. They said they did not care for the old woman and would defend Bear. She cut them in two but the parts joined again and kept on fighting.

There were many of them. One wee little boy was not fighting but stayed in the tipi. They called him out. He attacked the woman with a tomahawk. She had a charm tied to her forelock. He struck it and thus killed her. They burnt her in the fire.

The boys had to eat the foam of the lake because they did not hunt. Bear said he would go and hunt for them. Each day he brought deer and elk. After a few days he left them.

Meanwhile Spider was on his way running after Bear and the woman. He came to a raspberry bush and asked one of the berries, "What is your name?" — "I have only one name." — "Oh, everything has two names, you must have two names." — "I have only one name." — "You must have some other name." At last the berry said: "When anyone eats me it gives him itch on the buttocks." Spider did not believe this: "You could not make the buttocks of anyone itch." So he ate a quantity.

He went on, defecated, and had itch. He rubbed and scratched with bark but could walk no farther. He lay down and was sick and hungry for several days. When he was better he went on and encountered a certain kind of root.

"What is your name?" he asked. "I have only one name." — "Every man has two names so you must have two." — "I have only one and everyone knows me by it." Spider kept on asking: Finally the root said: "When any one eats me it will make a severe wind-break when it goes off."

Spider did not believe it. He ate and went on. Soon he made a big noise which blew one of his legs off. He went on and he broke more wind which knocked off the roots of a tree and sent him far off,

pinning him against a tree. When he broke wind again, it knocked down the tree to which Spider was pinned and killed him.

Bear hunted Spider until he got to the tree and found Spider dead under it. He left him there. He was going after Spider to kill him, because Spider had made him suffer so much, but when he reached him Spider was dead under the tree. Bear was angry because he had gone after Spider and then found him dead under the tree.

#### 19. SPIDER AND THUNDER BOY.

This story is about two young girls who were lost. These young girls were lost and no one could find them. They had been taken and kept in the sky by Thunder and had married the Thunder.

In a little over a year each was soon to give birth to a child. Both wished for wild carrot to eat. Their husband told them to be careful in gathering it and not to crush it on their breasts, but to pull it out with their hands. The younger pressed too hard and broke through the clouds. Her body was crushed on the ground and the child fell to one side. It was a little boy. *ta'ci egapopo'k* (described as a small bird with a yellow breast) had pity on the child, took him home and cared for him. He grew to be a young man and the bird called him grandson and Thunder-Boy.

One day the boy asked his grandfather to make him a bow and arrows. He made the arrows, then the bow. The boy broke that bow and all his grandfather made for him. Finally he gave him a buffalo rib. This did not break and he used it as a bow and said he would get buffalo.

He told the bird to call the buffalo. He went into a tree and called them. When they came the boy shot a great many of them. The boy intended to go away; so he told his grandfather to call more buffaloes. He killed many more and continued this for some days.

When he had enough to keep them a long time he told his grandfather that he was going on a long journey. The old man was not much pleased but he did not like to refuse and he let him go.

He made a small stick in the shape of a man and hung it in the back of the tipi. He said if it should move much he would be suffering. If it should fall he would be dead. The bird watched the stick all the time while the boy was gone. Thunder-Boy came to a big camp. When he arrived there a girl, the chief's daughter, was lost. The chief had offered a reward to the finder and the girl as wife. Young men offered to go out and look for her, but they never came back.

The girl was imprisoned in a place where a man lived alone. In the doorway was a crazy buffalo, a lion, a tiger and a gray bear. The man called these his watchdogs as they killed all those who came.

When Thunder-Boy came he met the bear first. It was asleep and

he killed it with his bow and went on and met the tiger. It was also sleeping and he killed it with his bow. He went on to the lion. It was sleeping and he killed it with his bow. Last of all he came to the crazy buffalo. He shot it with his arrow and killed it. He went on and met the man.

The man was surprised to see him there. He told him what he was looking for. "You will have to take her home. Have you seen my dogs?" — "Yes, I saw them all and killed them all." The man was surprised and did not believe him. Then the man was afraid and let him have the girl. He took her home and married her.

He lived with his wife some time. One day he got tired of living in the same place. He said he was going on again, and started on a long journey. He came to a man looking up in a tree for something. It was Spider. There was a prairie chicken half way up in the tree. Spider was trying to climb up but could not do so. He told Thunder-boy to go up and get the prairie chicken. He was about to go up when Spider told him to take off his clothes, because he might tear them. He took them off and laid down his bow and arrows. When Thunder-boy was about half way up Spider said something. "What did you say?" Spider made no reply. Thunder-Boy climbed to the top of the tree. Spider said with a loud voice, "Stick to the tree!" He stuck to the tree and could not get down. He wept and moaned. Spider put on the man's clothes, took his bow and arrows, and went to the camp.

The chief in the camp had two daughters. The people were starving. Eagle was watching over the camp and when buffaloes came he chased them away. The people could not get any game and were faring badly. They knew that this man was a good shot and that he could kill Eagle. Spider tried one morning and failed to kill Eagle.

Meanwhile the bird watched the stick in the tipi. He saw it swinging to and fro, indicating that the boy was suffering. The bird was very anxious and told his wife that he must go soon. She was very sorry but had to let him go to look for their grandson.

He went to the first camp, where Thunder-Boy had married, and asked where his grandson was. They told him he had gone. He travelled until he came to the tree where the youth was stuck. When Thunder-Boy saw his grandfather he told him he was suffering. His grandfather chopped the tree down and cut him loose. He told his grandfather to go back for he was safe now.

The bird went back and Thunder-Boy went back to the camp. He came first to the tipi of a lone old woman. She knew at once who he was. She told him that Eagle was watching over the people and that they were half starved. If Eagle stayed there, all would starve. A handsome young man, who had just married the chief's daughter, was told to shoot Eagle, but could not do it. The boy said he would get a buffalo for the people.

The next day he went out, but when he was alone he called his grandfather. The old man came and asked him what he wanted. He told him to call the buffaloes. The bird sat up in a tree and called the buffaloes. They came and the young man killed them until he had enough for the whole camp.

After he had done this the people knew that he was Thunder-Boy, about whom they had heard so much. He was invited to the chief's house and was given his younger daughter. He demanded his bow and arrows from Spider who gave him all his belongings and was left naked.

Thunder-Boy told his wife he would kill Eagle. He asked her to give him a tanned buffalo skin with the head on. She complied and he went out and transformed himself into a buffalo. He was to be chased away from the camp and abandoned in the woods. He was chased away and lay down pretending to be dead.

While he was lying there wolves came and thought he was a real buffalo and started to eat him. He was eaten first from the back up towards the head. The wolves did not touch his head and also left his lungs. All the rest was eaten except his bones and hide.

He lay there until Eagle came soaring over him. Eagle was wise and did not want to descend at once but circled around several times until he was sure it was a dead buffalo. Then he came down and lighted on the belly of the buffalo. Eagle hopped about the body, looked at the eyes and said they looked like Thunder-Boy's eyes. He hopped about and began to eat the back thinking it was a dead buffalo. Eagle looked inside, said that the lungs were fresh and went inside to eat them. At once the buffalo shut up his back and Eagle was captured.

After Eagle was captured Thunder-Boy said Eagle was not as wise as he; he tied the bird's legs together and took him home. He made himself into a man again and gave Eagle to his father-in-law. The chief took Eagle home to his tipi, but he allowed him to escape. Eagle flew away towards the sky.

The chief went to his son-in-law, Thunder-Boy, and told him Eagle was gone. He was very sorry and thought he would never catch him again. The people were afraid they would starve to death.

Thunder-Boy planned how to catch Eagle again. He assembled the people and told them to make fibre of basswood. He took the shape of an owl. Before he left he told them to tie one end of the string to his leg and to hold the other end. When the owl pulled the string several times they were to pull him down and they would catch the Eagle.

He went away and was gone a long time. In the meanwhile the people held on to one end of the string. When one was tired another held it. Thunder-Boy had been gone a long time; finally the string

stopped. They waited until the string pulled up several times; then they pulled it down until Owl had brought Eagle to earth. After he had brought him down he gave him to his father-in-law. This time the chief kept him locked up and soon killed him.

The people had plenty of buffalo and were saved from starvation by this young man. This is the end of the story.

## 20. SPIDER AND SQUIRREL.

Spider and Squirrel lived together one winter and planned how to live through the winter. Squirrel gathered nuts, but Spider did not have many. One day Spider told his wife he would go and see Squirrel. He went one evening and said, "Brother, it will be a hard winter with much snow. We had better live together. We will eat your food first and when that is gone we'll eat mine. It will then be spring." Squirrel agreed, so when winter came they all camped together in Squirrel's camp. Mrs. Spider did not cook her own food except now and then. Soon Squirrel had used all his food and Spider's food was left. He was scheming how not to give any food to Squirrel.

He told his wife one morning that after he had gone out to hunt she was to have her child quarrel with Squirrel's child and then she was to move out. So the children quarrelled and Spider's wife pretended not to like it and moved out. When Spider came home he pretended to be very much surprised and angry and told Squirrel he would beat his wife for having moved out. He took a pillow and struck a place pretending to be beating her. She cried and Squirrel was deceived.

Squirrel and his family were getting poor and had no food. Squirrel went every day to hunt but the snow was deep and he got nothing. Spider had plenty. One day Squirrel painted his face black and scratched white stripes down it. He went about crying. He met a man who asked him what was the matter. He said his wife and child were starving and nearly dead. The man was sorry and told him to make a fire. Squirrel made a fire. The man told him to take off his moccasins. Squirrel took off the man's moccasin and found dried meat in it. The man told him to cook this and to take off the other moccasin. Squirrel did so and in it found more meat. The man told him to cook and eat it all. Squirrel wanted to take some home to his wife and child and was sorry the man did not tell him to take some home. He ate it all. Then the man said, "Squirrel, are you brave?" Squirrel did not answer for a long time. Finally he said he was brave. The man then said, "Make a bundle of grass and put it on your back. Take it to the creek and drop it in the hole where you draw water. If anyone speaks to you do not look back. Go home and make a spear. The next day you will find fish there to keep you until spring."

As he was leaving he heard a voice saying, "Kill Squirrel! Spear

him!" He paid no attention, put the bundle in the hole in the ice, went home and made his spear. The next morning he got up and told his wife that he was going fishing. He went to the hole and found a number of fish. He speared one after another, put them on the ice, and his wife came and carried them home. They cooked them and all ate. Then Squirrel went back and speared fish all day; she carried them home and said she had enough to last until spring. They left only one fish, a very ugly one, for Spider. That night they put the pot over the fire and their child danced around it, clapping his hands and beating the drum.

Spider told his wife he would go to see Squirrel. He went to Squirrel's place and asked where he got his fish. Squirrel said, "Out of the river." He asked how he got them. Squirrel said there were some there for him.

The next morning Spider took his spear and went out. He secured only one fish and that was very ugly. Spider told his wife to cook it for the child. Spider stayed there all day and got nothing. At night he went to Squirrel's home and asked how he got the fish. Squirrel told him that he had gone out and met a man who told him to make a fire and take off his moccasin. He had done so and found meat. He had taken off the other moccasin and found more meat. He had eaten all and the man had asked him if he was brave. He had said he was. Then the man had made a bundle of dry grass to drop in the creek and he had found the fish. He told him all about it.

Spider decided to go out. Early the next mornnig he started and met the man. He said, "Brother, we are starving." Spider then said, "Shall I make a fire?" — "Yes, make a fire." — "Shall I take off your moccasin?" — "All right." He found a small piece of meat which he cooked. He then asked if he might take off the other moccasin. The man agreed and Spider found fat and meat in it. He cooked and ate the meat. Then the man asked if he was brave. "If you are brave you can go until spring without starving. Make a bundle of dry grass. Take this and if anyone calls you do not turn back. Throw it in the creek, make a spear and go the next morning to get fish."

As Spider started a voice called, "Kill Spider! Spear him!" He turned back and answered, but saw no one. Every time he heard the voice he looked back and answered. He stood at the water hole a long time but saw no fish. He went home and made a spear that night.

The next morning he told his wife to come for the fish in a little while. Spider speared but saw only wee fish. He could not get enough. He caught all of them, so Spider did not starve before spring came.

21. THE BUNGLING HOST.<sup>1</sup>

Spider was living with his family. He was unlucky in hunting and had no game. They were starving. Spider went out day after day for game and got nothing. One day he visited Chipmunk. When Chipmunk saw him coming he said: "I wonder what Brother Spider will eat?" Chipmunk had nothing. He told his wife to put water in the pot over the fire. She did so. Chipmunk climbed up the pole of the tipi above the pot and cut off one of his testicles. He said it was rice (i.e. *p/si*,<sup>2</sup> the 'wild rice' grows along the edge of lakes). The pot was filled, the water boiled and the rice was cooked. He gave some to Spider who ate until he was full. Spider said he was going back home and invited Chipmunk to visit him next day.

The next day Chipmunk went to Spider's house. Spider said, "I wonder what Brother Chipmunk will eat?" He told his wife to fill the pot with water and put it over the fire. She said, "What are you going to do? There's nothing to eat?" Spider said, "Put on the water." She put the pot over the fire. Spider took the knife and climbed up the pole over the pot and cut off his testicles. Only blood came out and Spider fell into the fire and his wife dragged him out. Chipmunk laughed and went home. Spider lay there very weak. It was some time before he recovered.

## 22. SPIDER AND DOG.

Spider decided to go away. He asked his wife to give him his daughter's dress and blanket saying he was going to buy food. His wife believed him and let him have his daughter's clothes. He went off to another camp where he knew there were two nice young girls. A certain man was to marry one of these girls. He would try to get the other.

When he was near the camp he saw a man coming for the two girls. Spider dressed as a woman and waited until the man came up. Spider asked him where he was going. The man asked Spider where she was going. Spider said he was going to this man's place. The man said he was going to Spider's place. Spider was dressed like the elder girl. Spider talked to the man a while, then both sat down and lay down and the man fell asleep. Spider took off the man's clothes. He had a certain kind of feather on his head, so Spider took the feather also. After he got all the clothes he transformed the man into a dog.

Spider then continued along the path the man had been travelling, leading the dog. He wore his best clothes, quiver and bow. He came to the tipi where the two girls were. The elder one married Spider.

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 21-23 were told as one story.

<sup>2</sup> *p/si*.

The younger one had a room on one side of the tipi, Spider and his wife on the other,—the dog was at the door of the tipi. They lived thus for some time. Some mornings Spider would go to hunt, but he got nothing. So they were almost starving.

The younger girl was kind to the dog and always fed it. One day the dog pushed the girl with his nose and went out. She followed and the dog went towards the woods until it came to a rotten tree stump which he tried to knock down. The stump turned into a dead bear. She skinned it and the dog helped her drag it home. The girl dried the meat and ate it all herself.

Spider, wondering how they had procured the bear, decided to watch the dog. He did so and one day the dog went again. Spider followed in the distance. Spider saw the dog and the girl dragging the bear home. Spider knocked them down and took the bear. Instead of skinning the bear he went home and told his wife he had killed a bear. She was very glad. She brought knives. They skinned the bear, cut it into pieces and carried it home on their backs. As they put it down on the ground by the door it turned to rotten wood. The dog laughed.

Spider's wife saw the dog laugh and was angry. She found out now that her husband was Spider and did not know what to do. She was nearly starved. The girl kept all the bear for herself and for the dog.

One day they went to the creek. There were many stones there and the dog tried to get some out of the water. The four stones which he removed turned into beavers. They carried them home and kept all to themselves. Spider saw and thought he would try again.

He watched the dog when it went again. The girl followed until they came to the creek. Spider stood on the bank watching. The dog pulled out four stones; they turned into beavers. The girl and the dog took them home.

Spider took out some stones and they turned into beavers. Instead of taking them home, he went and told his wife he had killed four beavers. They both went to get them and each carried two home. As they placed them by the door they turned into stones. His wife was very angry. When she maltreated the dog the other girl resented it.

One day a woman came from another camp. It was the first wife of the man who had turned into a dog. She asked where her husband was. They knew whom she meant and told her Spider was the man. She knew he was not her husband. She told them he was not the man she was looking for. Then they told her the dog was the man.

She dragged the dog out, scolded him, held him by the ears and knocked his head against a tree several times. The dog turned into a man, went to Spider and asked for his clothes, bow and arrows. Spider had no other clothes and was left naked.

When the woman had her husband again she told the girl that she had been kind to the dog, had treated it well, and she might have him as her husband if she wished. The girl was very anxious to have him, so she married him and the woman went away. Spider was turned into an ugly dog and was driven away.

### 23. SPIDER PRETENDS TO DIE.

Spider was married and had two daughters and one son. He was very sick and about to die. He told his wife he would like to see his daughters for the last time. She told them to go to their father, for he was going to die. He told them they were to promise him certain things and must keep their promises. The older one was to marry a man she had never seen. He said he would be dressed in a peculiar way with otter skin on his head and earth paint on his face. The younger one was to marry a fox. Both girls agreed.

Spider died but before he died he told them to put him in a low place, (in those days they put the dead on the limb of a tree), not high in a tree but down low and to put some food there.

After he had died his widow, the two daughters and his son moved away. Then Spider got up, took what was in the grave, made a fire and cooked the meat they had left. Then he went to look for Fox.

He found Fox and called, "Brother, come let us go where there are some girls and get married." Fox said there were no girls about and asked him what he was talking about. Spider persisted that there were girls near. Fox agreed and they went. When they came to the place where his wife was encamped Spider wore an old otter skin and had his face painted with earth. When they were near the tipi the boy saw two men and ran home and told his mother that two men who were going to marry the girls were coming. She cooked and sent the boy to invite them. Both were invited to come. The mother moved out and made a tipi for herself. The two men married the girls. When they went to hunt, Fox killed things and Spider carried them home and said he had killed them. One day the boy found out that one of the men was his father. He told his mother. She said his father was dead and had been left behind. The boy said it surely was his father. She thought the boy was right and watched the man closely. When she had made sure that he was her husband she decided to kill him.

One day Fox went to hunt and Spider stayed at home with his wife. The mother called to her daughter that she had seen something in the woods. She thought it was a deer and wanted Spider to come out. She took an axe and stood in the doorway. He picked up his bow and arrows and ran out. She stood with the axe and as he put his head out she struck him with the axe and killed him. The girl wept. Her

mother said the dead man was her husband. They went back to the place where they had put Spider; he was not there. It was he whom she had killed.

#### 24. SPIDER, THE DUCKS, THE CHILD, AND MINK.

Spider was travelling along a lake. Long grass was tied in a bundle on his back. On the lake were many ducks. He was trying to fool them and was planning a way to accomplish this. When close to them the ducks called out, "Spider, what is that you have in the bag?" — "Oh, some old songs." — "Sing your songs for us so that we can dance." — "I do not sing in the open. Let us make a grass tipi." The ducks agreed, came up, and helped him build it. The door was small. Spider went in first. All the ducks were of one variety, and all the geese were of one variety. Before the ducks went in Spider said he would paint them as dancers are painted and bestow various names upon them. He painted the ducks and gave them names. The varieties of ducks received their distinguishing characteristics at the hands of Spider. As he painted them, each a peculiar color, he gave them names; likewise with the geese. When he had done this, and all had entered, he said to them: "When I sing, those who dance are not to open their eyes. Whoever does so will have red eyes." He sang: "Whoever opens his eyes will have red eyes." As he sang they danced. The larger ones had been placed at the ends, beginning with the swan, and the next larger by them, and so on to the little ducks. He took hold of one of the smaller ducks every time they danced around, twisted off its neck and threw the bird into a corner. Thus it went until he came to the swan, who had a stiff neck which was hard to twist and made a noise.

Diver opened his eyes, saying, "Spider is killing us all!" Another species of diver opened its eyes, saying, "It is true; Spider is going to kill us all." These two now have red eyes. All of them flew around and knocked Spider over. He lay there. Finally he recovered and said he had done well enough. He gathered up the birds he had killed. He then declared these were not enough, he should have killed the diver first.

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He put the birds on his back and travelled on until he came to a river. Then he put the ducks down. He borrowed two pots. He brought the two pots to the place where he had left the ducks and cooked the birds. He lay down, with his back toward the fire. "Now, back-side, keep a look out, and if any one sneaks toward me, wink." As he was sleeping a man sneaked over, and seeing his backside, recognized it as that of Spider. He motioned to it not to wink, and it did not.

He came up to the fire. Spider was sleeping soundly. He took some of the cooked ducks to his canoe and ate them, leaving in the pot only the bones and a little meat. Then he went away. Just before disappearing the man looked back and told Spider's back-side to wink. As his back-side winked, Spider woke, got up, looked into the pot, saw the feet of one of the ducks, took hold of it and pulled it out. It was only a bone. Spider said the pot had been boiling a long time and the meat had fallen from the bones. He took hold of another and found only bones. He took the pot from the fire and with a stick tried to get the meat out, but there were only bones in the pot. Spider was angry with his back-side for not watching well and told it he would kill it. He placed the pots on one side, built a big fire, and stood over it, trying to kill his back-side. He stood over it until the heat went to his heart; then he ran about.

All of his intestines fell out. He was scratched by the bushes and fell down unconscious. He rose and attempted to go off in another direction. When he came upon the insides which had fallen from him, he supposed some one had killed an elk, and left its intestines there. He began eating these. He knew by the taste it was his own flesh and he spat it out.

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He travelled on until he came to a large camp. In this camp was a chief. The chief's daughter was a handsome girl but had a bastard child, no one knowing who was its father. The chief said he would invite all the men, old and young, and when they had assembled, would pass the child around. He on whom it urinated would be known by this sign to be its father.

Spider was scheming again. He hit upon a plan which he decided to try. He procured a bladder, filled it with water, and carried it under his arm. When the appointed time came all were assembled at the designated place and the baby was handed around.

No one was to hold it long, but each was to have it for a short space and then pass it to the next one. They did so. At last it was handed to Spider. Spider held the child declaring it was a handsome child, and, as he said this, squeezed the bladder concealed under his arm, causing water to drop on him as though it came from the child. He handed it back saying the child had urinated on him. It was passed around the remainder of the circle but it urinated on no one else. All recognized Spider, but no one remarked upon it. They went home. Spider went from place to place, in the camp, announcing that he would marry the chief's daughter. The chief asked her if Spider was the father of the child. She said no; while tanning a hide, she had placed a whetstone close to her abdomen. Having lost it, she looked for it, but could not find it. She thought that this stone had entered her body and become a child. The chief invited the older men and

told them what his daughter had said. All believed her. Spider did not secure her as his wife. He was angry but helpless. He remained there a while, then left. He said he was going in search of a livelihood.

He travelled on until he came to a river. There, in a clearing, was a man who had shot some ducks and had gone for them in a boat. He was now going home and had stopped here. He left the ducks in the canoe and went home. Spider went to the canoe, seized all the ducks and ran away with them. He carried them until he came to a small creek. Here he encountered Mink. "Brother, I have some ducks here. Go borrow a pot and we shall have a feast."—"All right." Mink brought a pot. Spider prepared the ducks and put them in the pot. The water was boiling. When they were nearly cooked Spider said: "Come on, brother, let us have a race; the winner shall eat all the ducks."

Spider thought Mink could not run as fast as he. "Oh, no! I am too small. I cannot run fast enough." Spider insisted. Mink refused. Spider said: "I shall put on my blanket and place stones in it. I shall be so weighted down that you can beat me."—"All right." They prepared for the race. This creek emptied into a lake. They ran to the lake and out upon the ice. The lake was frozen over while the creek was open. They started. Spider ran far ahead. Mink went slowly. Spider kept calling to Mink to run fast, but Mink proceeded slowly. Spider was intent on the race and was happily thinking that he would have all the feast to himself. When about half the distance had been covered, Mink ran fast. Spider called to Mink, "Brother, do not run fast, let us run together and together share the feast." Mink ran all the faster. When Mink tried to pass Spider, Spider would get in his way so as to prevent his going by. Mink was not running his best. Thus they ran. When they were about half way to the lake, Mink ran as fast as he could and left Spider behind him. When Mink came to the lake he called out, "Split wide open!" The ice opened wide and Spider fell into the water. Spider was carrying stones and sank. Mink ran to the pots and helped himself. Spider was under the water, not knowing where to go. He was very angry at Mink and sorry he had raced with him.

He met Fish and asked him where the shore was. Fish recognized Spider and did not wish to impart the information. "I have been to the shore," said he, "but do not know where it is." He asked all the fish, but none would tell. He encountered a small fish with red eyes and asked it where the shore was. "I have come from the shore," was the reply; "if you wish to go to it I will show you the way." Spider thanked the fish and asked it to conduct him there. The fish took Spider to the creek and Spider escaped from the water. He went to the pots. They were empty, everything having been eaten.

Spider was angry, for he was hungry. Mink was up a tree, sitting on a limb where he had carried the ducks and was eating them. Spider was looking for his tracks and grumbling at Mink. In a small clearing he saw the shadow of Mink as the latter was eating. He thought he saw Mink eating the ducks down in the water and he dived. His head struck a stone and he lay unconscious. After he had gotten out of the water he saw the reflection again, and again he tried to dive for Mink, but was merely stunned again. He did so several times, until he was exhausted.

Mink called out: "What are you doing there?" Spider looked up and saw Mink eating the ducks. "Brother, give me a piece of the duck." Mink refused, saying he had won the race and would eat it all himself. Spider asked again, whereupon Mink gave him a small piece. Spider was satisfied now, for he had not won the race. He had suffered much under the water and now he had but a small piece.

#### 25. SPIDER AND RABBIT.

Spider was travelling. He came to a rabbit sitting under some brushwood. They conversed. Spider said: "Brother, let us have intercourse." Rabbit refused. "You might kill me," he insisted.

Finally, Rabbit said, "Let me be the first to have intercourse, and then you may use me." Spider was so anxious that he agreed to this. When Rabbit had satisfied himself he jumped to one side. Spider said: "Now, it is my turn." — "No, you are too large. You might kill me," and Rabbit hopped away.

Spider followed a while, then, becoming angry, grasped a stick which he concealed, hoping to kill Rabbit. He came close to Rabbit, but Rabbit knew he had the stick. He tried to kill Rabbit, who then ran into the woods. He could not reach Rabbit. Rabbit called out that he had had intercourse with Spider. Spider did not relish the taunt and called Rabbit "big eyes," and "split upper lip." He travelled on. He travelled for some time until he had pains in his stomach. He was about to defecate. As he defecated, a little rabbit hopped to one side. This made Spider more angry.

He ran after the rabbit: "Son, come here, I will give you pap." Rabbit was afraid and hopped away. Spider followed until the Rabbit ran off into the woods. He abused the little Rabbit in vile language. Spider travelled on and was taken again with pains in the stomach. He was anxious to make sure to kill the rabbit. Spider procured a raccoon hide blanket. This he laced up, leaving an opening. "I will surely kill Rabbit this time." The wind penetrated one side of the bag, and Spider jumped at the inflated side. He thought he had killed the animal, but found only excrement. He was more angry, and, not wishing to put the blanket on his back, was compelled

to drag it. He came to a big stone. He gave it the blanket as an offering, saying to it, "Grandfather, you may have this blanket. I want a buffalo cut up for me." Spider journeyed on.

He went on until he came to what he had asked for, namely, a fat buffalo cut up, with the pieces prepared to be eaten. It was on a bluff where there was an abundance of dry wood. He gathered some dry wood, roasted the meat, ate it, and lay down. He spent four days there, resting. Wind came from the east bringing rain. It rained during these four days. He was soaked, felt uncomfortable, and wished for his blanket. Not knowing how to protect himself, he decided to get his blanket and went back to the stone. "Here, grandfather, give me my blanket." He pulled the excrement out of it, washed it off, and took it to the fire-place. When he arrived there no meat was found, — only dry bones. He was angry and did not know what to do. In his anger he left the bones. He was in a great dudgeon.

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#### 26. SPIDER IS OUTWITTED BY THE ELKS.

This time Spider was pursuing Elk. He came to a herd of elk and addressed them: "Brothers, you are all looking well? I wish I could be as you are?" — "Ah! it is a hard life, the lot of the elk! We are constantly in fear that someone will shoot us."

Spider repeated his desire to be an elk. Finally, they said they would make him an elk. They asked him what kind he wished to be, "A small one?" — "No." — "A medium-sized one?" — "No." He wished to be larger than any one in the herd. "If we make you a large elk you will not pass easily through the woods." Spider persisted until they yielded. They said they would transform him into a large elk, and bade him lie down. Spider lay down.

All stood to the westward of him and jumped over him toward the east, then back over him and stood again to the westward of him. Then they stood to the south of him and all jumped over him toward the north, and back toward the south. When the last one had jumped over him Spider rose as a large elk, larger than any of the others. He said he would test himself. He ran off to a hill, as fast as he could, and looked all about, then came back saying he would be their leader. All followed him.

He led them some distance into a clump of trees. He told them to lie down away from him, as he wished to remain on watch by himself. All believed that he was lying down alone under an oak tree. Spider jumped up and ran to the others saying he had been shot, the bullet penetrating both sides. The bullets to which he referred were only acorns from the oak tree. He said he had seen the bullets falling off his back upon the grass. They ran to a hill, whereon all rested and

looked back, but saw no one following. They ran farther on and lay down. He lay down apart by himself under a large oak.

He ran to them, saying someone had shot him in the side. It was an acorn this time also. The others followed. They ran a piece, then stopped and looked back, but saw no one. For the third time, Spider did the same thing. The elk decided they would abandon him, but before doing so would give him one more opportunity. Spider again led them off, then stopped, and lay down at some distance from the herd. He ran away saying that someone had shot him. The others were becoming tired of this; they discussed the matter and decided to leave Spider behind. They were to lie down, whereupon one of them was to run into a thick brush and the others would follow. They did so. They lay down and one of them jumped up and ran. The elk said: "Brothers, a man is sneaking upon us; run for your lives." All jumped up and ran into the thick brush. Spider was left behind. He came to a small space between two trees which he could not pass. He came to some large fallen trees. He attempted to jump over them but his antlers became entangled in the limbs. He hung there, kicking, and attempting to extricate himself, but failed to get free. In this way he hanged himself and died. This time the elk fooled Spider. When they returned, they found Spider dead.

#### OTHER ANIMAL STORIES.

##### I. BADO'ZA<sup>1</sup> (LOON)<sup>2</sup> AND EAGLE.

Bado'za met Eagle one day and told him that his ways were amiss, since he was always planning to kill other small birds; that he was a murderer, his thoughts were evil and that in every way he was abhorrent. He claimed that his own ways were always good, that every creature was glad to see him, for he was not flying about trying to kill other birds, but spent all his time in the water. "I conclude that my ways are much better than yours. No one likes Eagle," said Bado'za to that bird; "If anyone sees him they call him names. He has a big nose and is of ugly countenance. Whoever sees him laughs at his queer appearance. Yet all admire me: the white collar over my breast and my black back are prettier than any other bird can boast."

Eagle replied to Bado'za: "No matter how queer I look and how big my nose, and no matter if you are handsomer than I, all your feathers are useless; they can not be used to any good purpose. Though you may have a prettier collar than mine, your feathers are useless. When the Indians get me, they take my feathers (wings) to fan them-

<sup>1</sup> Bado'za is described as a bird with black head and back, and light breast with white spots on it.

<sup>2</sup> Mdoza.

selves on a warm day. At other times they take feathers from my wings to use on their arrow-shafts. This sends them straight to the mark. Out of my tail feathers they make head-ornaments. At times they put them on their heads to show that they are braves. You are worse off than I. Your appearance is pleasant but you are useless."

Bado'za then dropped his head; he had not anticipated any such retort from Eagle, and could say nothing. Eagle asked him if he had any reply to make. Bado'za made none. Thus Eagle triumphed over him.

## 2. WOLF AND JUMPING-DEER.

Wolf, when travelling one day, saw a young jumping-deer, only a few days old, lying down. Wolf said he wished to eat the deer, but the latter was too young to be eaten and he would allow him to continue alive so that he might travel about and see the world. "I shall, however, put a mark on you so that I may recognize you. When you have three points on your antlers you will be fit to eat. I shall get you later." Wolf made a mark under the deer's hoof in the form of an arrow, saying that whenever he saw that mark on the ground he would follow the tracks and get him. Then he went away.

As the jumping deer grew to full size he thought every day of what Wolf had told him and this made him sad. One day Wolf came upon the deer again and told him he had grown a little. After looking at his antlers, he remarked: "I can now see three sharp points on your antlers. I told you that when these appeared you would be fit to eat. I am of the opinion that your flesh would be palatable at the present time." He then advised the deer to run in order that he might have the excitement of a chase, and that he would catch and eat him; if he failed to catch the deer then the latter might go off unharmed. The deer ran as fast as his legs would carry him; Wolf gave chase and tired the deer. Wolf then said: "I like to eat a creature which is fagged. I make it work hard, then the flesh is good. You have worked hard and I am convinced your flesh will be good." Wolf then began to eat the deer and left nothing but bones. This is the end of this story.

## 3. THE BEAVER-WOMAN.

A certain woman was married. Her husband went away from home. He had set his trap by Beaver's house, whither he went frequently to look after it. This Beaver became a woman. Every day when he visited his trap he saw a handsome woman. Later she gave birth to a male child. Though this man and his wife later learned that the woman was a beaver, he could offer no excuse.

The man's wife was jealous of the Beaver. She saw the woman out in the water holding the little boy on her arm while she nursed him. She asked the man's wife why she called her insulting names.

The wife replied that she was angry because this woman had had intercourse with her husband.

He was the father of her child and she could not deny this accusation. "If you are angry," said the Beaver-mother, "come into the water and let us fight." So angry was the wife that she did not realize what she was doing. She jumped into the water. It was beyond her depth and she was unable to swim. The human woman challenged the Beaver-woman to come and fight. The beaver-woman laid her child on a dry place and went into the water. The human woman was carrying an axe. As Beaver rose to the surface and put up her head, she was about to strike her, but Beaver splashed water on the aggressor. The woman was violently angered, whereas the Beaver laughed at her. Finally the man's wife was completely drenched.

The Beaver-woman went back to her abode, telling the woman she was helpless, did not wish to fight, and that they would do well to become friends. That is the end of the story.<sup>1</sup>

#### 4. HOW THE BEAVER GOT HIS TAIL.

Muskrat was one day swimming about. At that time he had a tail like Beaver's. Beaver came along. Muskrat was piling up weeds in the water, bringing up roots and eating them. Beaver came swimming along up to the place where Muskrat was sitting and asked him what he was eating. Beaver told Muskrat that he did not eat such roots but ate trees all day.

Muskrat replied that all the trees were up on dry places where he could not go in order to bring them to the water to eat; also that they were too hard for his teeth. Each kept talking about what he ate, saying that his food was not suited to the other and the food of the other was not suited to him. When Muskrat had finished his root he told Beaver he was going to get another one.

He dived high, splashing with his tail. Beaver went over to a pile of wood and sat there wondering how he could get the tail of muskrat. Muskrat came up with another root and began to eat it. Beaver asked Muskrat if he might try a piece of his food, saying, "What nice food you have to eat!" He was only fooling Muskrat and planning to get his tail. When he had finished eating, Beaver asked him to loan him his tail while Muskrat kept his and Beaver dived for roots. Bea-

<sup>1</sup> The informant's comment is not without interest: "I myself do not see anything in that story. When you look at Spider you know that the stories about him are true. This story, however, I have only heard and I cannot verify it. I believe that such stories were made up so that in the old days when the people went to visit they would have something to tell. Even so, while I don't see any truth in it, it sounds well. Beaver is merely an animal and a man would not marry an animal, neither would an animal marry a man. Therefore, I see no truth in it."

ver pleaded with Muskrat some time before the latter acceded. Finally Beaver said he would return as soon as he had procured a root and would thus save Muskrat the necessity of going for more food. Muskrat agreed, saying he would lend Beaver his tail and keep Beaver's tail.

Beaver dived, making a big splash with his tail and causing considerable commotion in the water. Muskrat sat there waiting the return of Beaver.

After a long time Beaver came to the surface at the other side of the lake. When Muskrat saw Beaver on the other side of the lake he called to him to bring back his tail. Beaver laughed at Muskrat and dived, splashing with his tail. Muskrat wept for his tail and asked Beaver to return it. Beaver told Muskrat that if he would come across he would give it to him.

Musktrat dived and crossed to the other side. So did Beaver. When Muskrat came up and looked around, Beaver had crossed to the other side. Muskrat sat there weeping and asking for his tail. Finally he became tired of chasing Beaver and gave up the pursuit.

Thus Beaver out-witted Muskrat and got the latter's tail. Beaver kept Muskrat's tail and Muskrat kept Beaver's tail. That is how Beaver came to have Muskrat's tail and Muskrat to have Beaver's.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

## JAMES A. TEIT.

BY FRANZ BOAS.

James A. Teit, well known to anthropologists through his researches among the Indians of the interior of British Columbia, died after a long illness on October 30, 1922.

James Teit was born on the Shetland Islands. As a young man he came to Canada and finally settled at Spence's Bridge, British Columbia. There he lived near a village of the Thompson Indians and became thoroughly conversant with their language and customs. He took a deep human interest in their affairs and was, in the best sense of the word, a friend and adviser of the Indians.

In 1895, on one of my trips to British Columbia, it was my good fortune to make his acquaintance, and our joint labors extended from that time until his death. He also became a valued collaborator of the Geological Survey of Canada. He collected various data on the natural history and ethnology of British Columbia, and his collections are almost the only ones that give us a picture of the life of the Indians of that region. They are to be found in the museums of Ottawa, New York, and Chicago.

The great value of Teit's contributions to ethnology is due to his painstaking accuracy, his intimate acquaintance with the Indians, and his ability to converse with them in their own tongue. He spoke fluently the Thompson language and conversed easily with the Shuswap and also with the Lillooet. Hence his descriptions of these tribes are full and accurate. Practically our whole knowledge of the material culture, social organization, customs, beliefs and tales of the Salish tribes of the interior of British Columbia is based on his work.

He was always deeply interested in the myths and folk tales of the tribes he studied. His collections of Traditions of the Thompson River Indians was published in 1898 as one of the Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society. Fuller collections of tales of the Salish tribes of the interior are contained in the publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition and in another memoir of the Folk-Lore Society, Folk-Lore of the Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes, Volume XI, 1917.

In 1902 and the following years Teit travelled as guide with a number of gentlemen, including Mr. Homer E. Sargent, whose interest in the Indians was stimulated by Teit's accounts and the opportunities he gave to see native life. Mr. Sargent enabled Teit to carry through a very extended study of the distribution of the dialects of the Salish language and also of the adjacent Athapascan group. This work led later on to an investigation of the Tahltan for the Geological Survey

of Canada. Teit's map of the early distribution of tribes in British Columbia, Montana, Idaho and Washington, a work that still awaits publication, is fundamental for our knowledge of these regions. At the request of Mr. Sargent, and with the assistance of Dr. H. Haeberlin, he made a thorough study of Salish basketry, which is also still awaiting publication. His last work was a comprehensive description of the ethno-botany and ethno-geography of the interior of British Columbia. These studies were still incomplete at the time of his death.

While he was carrying on all these researches he became more and more interested in the difficulties against which the Indians have to contend, and his warm sympathy for their suffering led him to undertake the organization of the Indian tribes into an association for the protection of their rights. He acted as secretary of the organization which comprised all the tribes of British Columbia, and which has become a potent factor in determining the relations between the Canadian Government and the Indian tribes. Unceasingly he labored for their welfare and subordinated all other interests, scientific as well as personal, to this work, which he came to consider the most important task of his life. When I saw him last, a few weeks before his death, he was hoping to see his work for the Indians crowned with early success, and spoke of his plans to turn again to his ethnographical studies. Truly in him the Indians have lost their most faithful friend. Those who knew him will always remember him as a man of sterling worth. Anthropologists will always regret that it was not given to him to complete his valuable researches. There is nobody equipped as he was and able to complete this task.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**A MATTER FOR THE FIELD WORKER IN FOLK-LORE.**—The more intimate our knowledge of folk-lore the more conscious we become of the part played in it by traditional material, as distinguished from the rôle of first-hand observation, definite recording of tribal custom, tribal history and the like. We no longer make painstaking analyses of the migration legends of southern North America, and the absence of such traditions is not regarded as proof of a prehistoric origin at that spot.

This same scepticism concerning the face-value of folkloristic material holds also in the matter of custom and of belief. It is easy to point out instances. The Zuni in common with the Hopi have courting stories of the suitors who offer bundles in sign of courtship. But this is not a Zuni custom. In the "Hoodwinked" Dancer story of the Kaibab Paiute, Rat sends home those of the mountain sheep and deer that he has not killed, promising to cremate their dead companions at sunset; but he makes a fire to cook their meat which he has prepared. However, the Paiute never burn their dead; it is traditional material.

It is equally true with regard to mythological concepts. Among the Serrano of Southern California I was repeatedly told that they knew nothing of the fate of the soul and had no concepts of an after-life. But on the same afternoon they might tell the story of Orpheus with considerable detail of the habits and food and life of the people of the dead. I am convinced that there was no contradiction in their minds.

This lack of correspondence between the statements of folk-lore and the customs and beliefs of the people is often of great importance in the correct understanding of the material, but at present we are under great difficulties in estimating it. The point which it is essential to emphasize is that this is a matter which can be recorded only by the field worker. No research or theory is likely to supply the omission. Such annotations of tales by the recorder do not mean an intrusion of his point of view into the data, but on the contrary add another dimension to our understanding of the meaning of the story to the people who tell it, and make possible an otherwise impossible study of the hold which traditional material has upon mankind.

RUTH BENEDICT.

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AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.  
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## EL FOLKLORE EN LA LITERATURA DE CENTRO AMERICA.

POR RAFAEL HELIODORO VALLE.

¿DÓNDE está nuestro cancionero? Disperso en la memoria de las muchedumbres y esperando, como nuestro petróleo y nuestro hierro, el instante en que Aladino descienda con su lámpara milagrosa. Hasta dónde sean nuestras del todo las canciones que repite el pueblo, no lo dice el folclorista. La guitarra hogareña y el acordeón campestre repiten los decires y las coplas; el alma conmovida las divulga; las generaciones van modificando los matices de esa poesía fragmentaria a pesar de su vehemencia, y el pueblo, "el gran poeta," vibra en ellas con toda su pristina hermosura. A la manera del mexicano Manuel M. Ponce, debiéramos intentar la exégesis de esos romances, ahora que Jesús Castillo y Carlos Mérida tratan de restaurar la música india de Guatemala, y el escultor Rafael Yela y Gunther, como Jorge Enciso en México, se compenetra con la suntuaria decorosa de las ruinas. El cancionero amoroso y el cancionero histórico son las dos fases que advierten los estudiosos, además de las cántigas solariegas en que sobresalen la picardía del epigramático de corrillo y el himnario de un catolicismo indigeneta que adorna las hornacinas de la Virgen María con las plumas multicolores de Quetzalcoatl.

El padre Jose Trinidad Reyes dió a su bucólica las primicias de las canciones pastorales y de los villancicos de Noche Buena, dejando ver algunas fases de nuestro campesino semiveladas por el tul de las Sagradas Escrituras: se siente murmurio de pinares, se admira cierto colorido de jardines vernáculos, y Raquel y Noemí hacen presentir a las labriegas que en nuestras madrugadas aparecen entre la neblina con el cántaro lavado en el manantial. Pero el padre Reyes no realizó literatura de su tiempo y su medio, sino la de amansador de tigres en su Hircania fragante. Carlos F. Gutiérrez con orientación y seriedad, hubiera dejado algo en que, — para repetirlo, — se viera el color de las rosas que nacen en los peñascales, pero la influencia del romanticismo "à la mode" de José Joaquín Palma lo desvió hacia

las redondillas de la puerilidad. Tal vez el poeta de las "Tardes de Abril," — quien al saludar la garza fué parnasiano sin saberlo, — pudo manifestarse un más vigoroso pintor de panoramas, como lo hacía sospechar al ver los Cuchumatanes a través de sus lágrimas. El padre Rafael Landívar que, a la manera de Clavijero, el de la Nueva España, vislumbró el nacionalismo en literatura, escribió en latín su "Rusticatio;" y, aunque alude a modalidades de su "cara parens" muestra en la frente la sombra del laurel de Virgilio. Cabrera, el que cantó a una ceiba, hizo su salmo de melancolía sentimental; y antes de él, Batres Montúfar, en "El Reloj" que Barrutia continuara, diseñó esquemas que, a no ser por su abolengo de clasicismo y su inactualidad, fueran lo deseado en lo que se refiere a poesía de patria viva.

A través de sus alejandrinos al "Río Grande," Juan Ramón Molina hizo desfilas la poza verde-obscura, la chilca de los playones, la torcaz de tisú, que se estremecen en el poema en un dinamismo amoroso y omnipotente: así, en el prólogo de "Annabel Lee" que Froilán Turcios mantiene inédita, flota el calor viril de aquella tierra de Olancho que es el Edén. Pero la poesía que Molina cinceló como hondureño, si tiene trascendencia entre lo tropical, no está definida en sus elementos como un producto espontáneo del medio en que se desbordó, sino como una levadura de la belleza tradicional que América puede fermentar en su entraña.

Tampoco Santiago Argüello, en "De Tierra Cálida," es dueño del lauro que ciñen los vates de Provenza y Galicia: el toro que en uno de sus sonetos se enguinalda de bejucos floridos, no sólo se ve bajo "el nicaragüense sol de encendidos oros." El costarricense Lisímaco Chavarría cantó a los guapínoles, como Turcios a los alcaravanes en "Tierra Maternal," sin brindarnos la esencia de una poesía solariega; y de los versos de Joaquín Soto, el de "El Resplandor de la Aurora," no se puede deducir lo que dijo Arévalo Martínez en un comentario: "que más tarde será el poeta de los ríos y las montañas de Honduras."

En Francisco Gavidia se saluda a un ilustre profesor de Centro América, como diría Roberto Barrios. Su labor, su fervor, son manifestaciones de un espíritu eupátrida en la literatura regional; y si es cierto que su eclecticismo lo ha conducido a los herméticos santuarios de la Dea, no se discute su obra como conductor de aspiraciones nacionales, desde la cátedra en que ha trascendido la flora rara de su verbo hasta el poema sondador en que el aedo sapiente ha hecho cantar algunos números divinos. Es Gavidia un "Maestro" que paga culto a la trascendencia de esta denominación; y la arqueología, la historia, la filología, la métrica, han hecho muchas revelaciones por medio de esos labios que se han calentado en el carbón de su sabiduría que es toda de la patria. La tradición, el folklore, la leyenda, la oda, la semblanza, la con-

ferencia, han sido convocados por el clarín de su idearium; y he aquí que este hombre grande y bueno, que para su astrolabio de nefelbata construye diariamente un alcázar bajo el cielo de El Salvador, puede ya verse animado en la cándida piedra de Paros de aquella antología. Su prosa magistral sobre "El Códice Maya," sus ensayos teatrales, sus bosquejos sobre 1811, son las gemas de una existencia de amor y de exaltación en que se aclaran los tesoros ocultos del Popol-Vuh, y los cronistas andariegos y los poetas anónimos se incorporan al bajo-relieve de la independencia. Gavidia ha sido un consciente constructor, un evangelista que tiene el "horror al exilio" y a quien la juventud de aristia debe mucha orientación, mucho ejemplo y el desinterés religioso que demandan la belleza y la patria, esas deidades cuyo santuario inconcluso es la Tierra Santa de nuestra romería.

El más personal, el representativo eminente de esa poesía ansiada, es Aquileo Echeverría, el amigo de los *conchos*, el hermano de las cosas puras de Costa Rica. Su verbalismo expresivo, que a veces toca en la jerga del pueblo, su gran pasión por todo lo del huerto en que se mojó de amanecer la enhiesta corola de su numen y, más que todo, el soplo animador, exultador, que late en sus cánticos, lo aclaman el primer poeta de su país, el que encontró la veta de un lirismo llamado a perdurar en los anales de su gente. En "Concherías" está el campesino que, según Fabio Garnier, cultiva la noble devoción de la madre y la yunta; y en verdad, — adhiriéndonos a la opinión del crítico, — quién sabe por qué lo han comparado a Vicente Medina, cuando lo diferencian del *cantaor* de Murcia, las tonalidades de una alegría que busca la gracia y la vitalidad entre las dádivas del mundo. Por asociación de ideas recordamos al festivo Alonso A. Brito, que, en sus artículos "Tegucigalpa de Noche," ha intentado mostrar la fuerza de su observación en cuanto a los detalles de una vida urbana que más tarde prestará documentación a los costumbristas.

Costarricenses son también Anastasio Alfaro, quien ha escrito "El Abuelo," una semblanza admirable de emoción y colorido; el gran costumbrista Manuel de Jesús Jiménez; Manuel González Zeledón, el del cuento "La Propia;" Octavio Jiménez, autor de "Canducha" y "Las Cocinelas del Rosal;" Carmen Lira, que acaba de publicar "Los Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita," esa maravilla de narración en que resplandece el elemento folclórico con que los niños contribuyen, en todo su encanto; y Luis Dobles Segreda, cuya "Rosa Mística" es un relicario en que brilla la Virgen del Carmen de Heredia.

Gustavo A. Prado, de Nicaragua, escribe hermosos episodios coloniales, como Manuel Mayora C., en El Salvador, y Ramón Uriarte, Arturo Ubico y un escritor que se firma Lucas Guevara, en Guatemala, han dejado al historiador algunos elementos episodiales de la historia contemporánea. De Nicaragua es oriundo Salomón de la Selva, el

poeta de "Tropical Town and Other Poems," escritor que ya sobresale en Pan-América y que ha recogido en sus versos algo de lo que en su terruño se conserva decanções de cuna, de dichos populares y de supersticiones aborígenes. Uno que ha escrito sobre esto último en Guatemala, y en relación con los animales conocidos, es el doctor Juan J. Rodríguez Luna.

En El Salvador se distinguen el doctor Alberto Luna, que escribe sobre episodios quichés y cachiqueles; José Antonio Solórzano, el de "Leyendas Sagradas de los Votánides;" Ignacio Gómez, que floreció hace medio siglo y nos legó una poesía sobre "El Chocolate;" Joaquín Méndez, el de "Los Romances de Cuscatlán;" y Miguel Angel Espino, quien a última fecha está publicando lo que ha aprendido de "Mitología de Cuscatlán," esas páginas simples y fuertes como la flor de miel del maíz que floreció en la cumbre de Axhíl y Cayalá.

Casi he pronunciado los nombres de don Antonio de Irisarri y don José Milla. A este último, sobre todo, se le tributa el homenaje por su faena de rehabilitador del pasado con los materiales de un distinguido casticismo. Su "Historia de un Pepe," su "Juan Chapín," todas las semblanzas que trazara, nos revelan a un maestro de la risa verdadera, al narrador erudito que, con los colores del anecdotario, dibujó mucho del antaño seductor y suntuoso. Sus cuadros de costumbres tienen materia prima que será eterna; y entre sus discípulos, el Ramón Rosa de "Mi Maestra Escolástica" se anunció un partidario selecto de la obra que el delicioso historiador de "Los Nazarenos" iniciara con tan docta prestancia. Don Ramón A. Salazar escribió "Recuerdos de mi Juventud," que, como sucedidos, adquieren importancia en el decurso de los días. El salvadoreño Gavidia, conmemorando episodios de la independencia y grabando en el romance la silueta de Santín del Castillo, y el costarricense Ricardo Fernández Guardia, con sólo "Un Milagro" y "El Pato Mágico," son figuras de consideración en esta bibliografía; sin que por eso olvidemos a don Rómulo E. Durón, que a su labor como biógrafo de los presidentes de Honduras y efemeridista laborioso, añade la singularidad de haber escrito la balada "Domingo Antonio" y unas curiosas endechas al pajarillo que en Occidente llaman "Yo-soy-de-aquí." A última fecha se proclama con justicia el nombre de Francisco Soler, costarricense, cuyo cuento "El Resplandor del Ocaso," basta para vaticinar al novelista de elegancia, al fino conversador en prosa. Antes de éste, dos de sus paisanos, el maestro Joaquín García Monge, el de "El Moto," y Genaro Cardona, el de "Esfiges del Sendero," novelas que han llamado la atención, son las mentalidades que representan el movimiento criollista. Hay en Honduras un escritor sin pretensiones que se firma "Balester," y de quien cito una página sobre los indios jicaques: se anuncia en él al estudioso orientado, que tiene el

mérito de interesar a los que lo escuchan. Quienes hayan pretendido, como él, bosquejar las costumbres de las tribus de la costa de nuestro país, desde Squier hasta Gibbs, han realizado una obra de probidad, que será saludada con agradecimiento por los que tallen el poema del porvenir o la novela vernácula.

Algunos, Salatiel Rosales por ejemplo, han ofrecido primicias augurales en prosas que, como "La Botija," lucen algo del color y aroma del terruño. — También he visto algunos aspectos del paisaje y la ciudad en nuestro José Rodríguez Cerna. "En el Viaje a Nicaragua," el alma santa de Rubén Darío se encendió en la llama del pebetero tropical, y aquel que a todo surco literario confió su simiente resulta ahí un consumado señor de su tierra de maravillas. Adrián Recinos ha hecho en buen castellano la apología del quetzal, "la más rara orquídea," recordando el simbolismo del ave que, para ser bordada en una seda de heráldica, sólo merece de fondo el azul ardiente de la cordillera. — Un escritor salvadoreño, don Arturo Ambrogí, ha ofrecido su cosecha en "El Libro del Trópico" y "El Segundo Libro del Trópico," dos colecciones de cuadros que sugerirán temas a los pintores del futuro.

Nicaragua ha florecido más en su jardín. — Tiene a Salvador Calderón Ramírez, que es autoridad en la anécdota histórica: el libro "Dulce Tierruca" lo coloca entre los desinteresados trabajadores de patria. — Don Anselmo Fletes Bolaños sobresale con sus "Cuentos del Tío Doña" y sus episodios sobre los hombres de los Treinta Años, y por lo sabroso de los relatos puede contar con lectores durante mucho tiempo. Las revistas "Nicarao," de Hernán Robleto, y "Letras" de Juan Ramón Avilés y Ramón Sáenz Morales, con programa semejante en lo literario a la del "Archivo y Biblioteca Nacionales" que en Tegucigalpa editó el doctor Esteban Guardiola, han mostrado las palpitaciones del movimiento pro-Nicaragua, distinguiéndose sus redactores, al lado de José Olivares, por la salud de su pensamiento y de su ensueño en una labor que tiene por suficiente elogio la virtud del oxígeno que baja de la montaña natal. De esa generación surge Carlos A. Bravo, intelectual de estirpe, revelando con "Psicología del Peligro" una preparación para la novela provincialista, como pocos en su comarca, a más de la penetrante mirada que exige lo circunstante y las audacias con que puede renovar el habla lugareña, hasta mostrarla con el escudo de armas auténtico. Tal ilustre cálamo, en torno de sus relatos sencillos y asombrosos, puede construir la novela característica, así como vendrá la sinfonía india después de las restauraciones de Castillo y de Mérida y de lo que puede hacer Manuel de Adalid y Gamero, esteta de aptitud y aristocracia. Bravo en Nicaragua y Echeverría en Costa Rica, representan quizá la alborada de una literatura regional que tiene compromiso con los presagios.

No se trata ya de consonantar "coyote" con "zapote," ni de hablarnos de la tristeza de la marimba y de la ceiba: otro es el rumbo. Y aquellos sabios como Ramírez Goyena en su "Flora Medicinal de Nicaragua" y Alberto Membreño en sus "Hondureñismos," dentro de su labor científica, han hecho la más hermosa literatura. Los historiadores de Indias, que describieron la opulencia de nuestra didascálica y en su claro decir exaltaron el fruto pingüe y la bestia donosa, nos han revelado el sésamo de la piedra encantada.

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- (CALDERÓN RAMÍREZ, SALVADOR.) El talismán de los Maribios (Diario de Centro-América, 10 de septiembre). Guatemala, 1913.

(Suscrito dicho artículo con el seudónimo "Fray José Paul," de Calderón Ramírez, relata un episodio curioso de la conquista de Nicaragua.)  
**CARRANZA, JESÚS E.** Matrimonios. Bailes. Funerales. Cementerios. Los cadáveres embalsamados. Plañideras. (En "Un Pueblo de los Altos. Apuntamientos para su Historia," Totonicapán, pp. 35-40.) Quezaltenango, 1897.

**CASTAÑEDA, FRANCISCO.** Consejas y Tradiciones novelescas (en "Una ciudad histórica [Antigua Guatemala]," pp. 144-157). Guatemala, 1907.

**CASTAÑEDA h., JUSTO.** La Gruta de San Pedro Mártir (La Locomotora, 2 [No. 28] : 8-9). Guatemala, 1907.

**CAUSA CRIMINAL** instruída de oficio contra vn indio y vna india del pueblo de Tiopasenti por decirse eran brujos. Juez el Sr. Alce. Mayor Dn. Anto. Nieto de Figueroa (año 1652). (En Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacionales de Honduras, 4 : 451-482.) Tegucigalpa, 1908.

**CHARENCEY, COMTE DE.** Le Popol Vuh et l'Etat de Xibalba (Journal de la Société des Américanistes de Paris, 11 : 366-368). Paris, 1914-19.

— Le mythe de Votan. Etude sur les origines asiatiques de la civilisation américaine. Alençon, Imprimerie de Broise, 1871. 144 p. en 8vo.

**CHONAY, DIONISIO JOSÉ.** Título de los Señores de Totonicapán escrito en lengua Quiché el año de 1554 y traducido a la castellana el de 1834, por el Padre Dionisio José Chonay, indígena, Cura de Sacapulas (Boletín de la Sociedad Geográfica, 20 : 149-171). Madrid, 1886.

(La fecha del original es 28 septiembre 1554 y el abate Brasseur de Bourbourg sacó una copia autenticada en Totonicapán el 3 octubre 1834. La advertencia la subscribe don Cesáreo Fernández Duro. El conde de Charencey dió a la estampa la versión española y otra de ésta al francés. Es un documento de mucho interés para el estudio de los quichés, los empleos, dignidades y honores, la genealogía de Balam-Quitze, los temores de los nahuales, las peregrinaciones de la nación quiché, el casamiento de Qotuha, la muerte de éste, los caudillos del pueblo, etc. También da curiosas noticias sobre historia y geografía.)

**CHRISTMAS WEEK** in Central America (Sports Afield, 1913 : 110). New York, 1913.

**CISNEROS, JEREMÍAS.** La Tradición del Bulero. Ruina de Gracias (Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacional de Honduras, 1 : 378-386). Tegucigalpa, 1905.

**CORTÉS Y LARRAZ, PEDRO.** Descripción Geográfico-Moral. La Provincia de San Salvador en la Diócesis de Goathemala hecha por el arzobispo El Ilmo. Sor. Don Pedro Cortés y Larraz (1768-1770). (En "Colección de Documentos Importantes relativos a la República de El Salvador.") San Salvador, Imprenta Nacional, 1921.

(En su interesante informe dice el Sr. Cortés y Larraz que los indios de San Cristóbal Totonicapán sacrificaban nimalas; los Mexicanos practicaban el nagualismo y les ofrecían flores e incienso; describe la ceremonia llamada "nahuít" con que honran a sus muertos los de Santo Tomás Texacuangos y de San Pedro Matzahuat, así como los velorios entre los de San Salvador.)

**CRESSONNIÈRE, L. DE LA.** Popol Vuh. Le Livre Sacré et les Mythes de

*l'Antiquité Américaine* (Nouvelles Annales des Voyages, 164 : 87-116). Paris, 1862.

(Es un comentario y sinopsis del libro que con ese nombre escribiera el abate Brasseur de Bourbourg.)

**CRUZ, FRANCISCO.** *Flora Medicinal de Honduras.* Botica del Pueblo; enseña a conocer las virtudes medicinales de las plantas indígenas y de otras sustancias vulgares para la curación de las enfermedades. Madrid, Librería de Victoriano Suárez, 1901. 8° mayor.

— Relación de un suceso maravilloso, efectuado en la Cruz de la Plazuela de San Francisco, en esta capital. — Comayagua febrero 15 de 1856 (*Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacionales de Honduras*, 3 : 202-205). Tegucigalpa, —.

**CUADRA, DAVID.** *Escenas nicaragüenses.* La fiesta de Santo Domingo en Managua. (*Educación*, Nos. 32-33 : 131-133). Managua, Nic., 1920.

**CUIDANO, P.** *Where Fashions do not change* (*World Outlook*, 2 : 7). New York, 1916.

(Dice que el indio de Guatemala vive semisalvaje, pues practica las artes primitivas, consulta los adivinos y adora el sol.)

**DARÍO, RUBÉN.** *Del Libro de los Idolos.* Los caciques Tutecotzimi. (Poema.) (*El Fígaro*, 18 octubre : 479.) Habana, 1896.

(Alude a los pipiles, Tutecotzimi y el cacique Cuaucmichin.)

— *El Viaje a Nicaragua.* Editorial "Mundo Latino," pp. 143-154. Madrid, 1919.

(Sobre la ciudad arcaica y legendaria de León, el poeta habla admirablemente, evocando sus procesiones célebres, la leyenda del obispo a quien mató un gato, etc.)

— *Estética de los primitivos nicaragüenses* (*El Centenario*, 3 : 197-202). Madrid, 1892.

**DENGO OMAR.** *Los Patillos* (*Repertorio Americano*, 1 [No. 1] : 6-7). San José, Costa Rica, 1919.

**DÍAZ, JOAQUÍN.** *La Leona* (leyenda tegucigalpense) (en "Honduras Literaria," por Rómulo E. Durón, p. 161-163). Tegucigalpa, 1896.

**DÍAZ, VÍCTOR MIGUEL.** *Petapa.* Dilatadas y fértiles llanuras. Costumbres indígenas. Entierros de los reyes. Supersticiones. Uso del tabaco. (*Diario de Centro-América*, 15 octubre.) Guatemala, 1912.

**DÍEZ DE LA CALLE, JUAN.** *Memorial y Compendio Breve del Libro Intitulado Noticias Sacras y Reales de los Imperios de la Nueva España, El Perú y sus Islas, etc.* Por Juan Díez de la Calle Oficial Mayor de la Secretaría de la Nueva España, Año 1648.

(En las páginas 8-9 refiere lo que le pasó al padre Matías de Paz, franciscano de Guatemala, quien llevaba a cuestras un crucifijo creyéndolo un enfermo—episodio transcrito de Remesal—y lo que explicó un indio que se negaba a adorar los ídolos a un Padre dominico, en 1545, en la Provincia de Zacapula, pueblo de Cunen, Guatemala.)

**DOBLES SEGREDÁ, LUIS.** *La Ciencia Popular.* Descubriendo ruinas. (*El Foro* [No. 9] : 311-313.) San José, Costa Rica, 1910.

— *Rosa Mística.* (Tipos, escenas, historias, recogidos en torno a la Iglesia del Carmen de Heredia.) San José, Costa Rica, Imprenta Alsina, 1920. 284 p.

— La Tradición del Barba (en Geografía Patria, por Miguel Obregón L., p. 127-135). San José de Costa Rica, 1922.

DURÓN, RÓMULO E. La Campana del Reloj (Cuento) (Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacionales de Honduras, 3 : 431-435). Tegucigalpa.

— Florianana. Escenas de la época colonial. Tegucigalpa, Honduras, 1917.

ECHVERRÍA, AQUILEO J. Concherías. Barcelona, 1909.

(Este libro de poemas regionales está considerado como el más costarricense y no hay, quizá, en la producción poética centroamericana uno que le supere en colorido, emoción franca, frescura de expresión.)

— Comprando ayotes. (Concherías.) (Pandemónium, [No. 114] : 519-520.) San José, Costa Rica, 1914.

(Este poema regional no aparece en el libro anterior.)

ELLIOTT, LILIAN ELWYN. A Legend of Lake Atitlan (Pan American Magazine, 10 : 123). New Orleans, La., 1910.

(Se refiere a la llamada "Guerra de las Princesas" entre Atitlán y Utatlán.)

ESPINO, fray FERNANDO. Relacion verdadera de la reduccion de los indios infieles de la Provincia de la Taguisgalpa, llamados Xicaques, cuyos operarios han salido y salen desta Provincia del S. S. Nombre de Jesús de Goatemala, desde el año de 1612 hasta el presente año de 1674. Goatemala, Por Joseph de Pineda Ibarra, 1674.

(Esta obra se halla incluida en "Relaciones Históricas y Geográficas de América Central," Madrid, 1908. Trae noticias sobre las danzas y costumbres de dichos indios.)

ESPINO, MIGUEL ANGEL. Mitología de Cuzcatlán. Literatura infantil nacional. San Salvador, Imprenta Nacional, 1919. 57 p. en 8vo.

(Resumen: — Cosmogonía. Los Dioses. Los Bacab. Los Arbolarios. Chasca, la Virgen del Agua. La Siguanaba. Cipitín. Nahualismo. El Tigre del Sumpul. Lolot, el nahualista Chontal. Los pájaros nahuales. Atlaunka, el Teponahuatista de la Corte de Atlacatl, roba a la princesa Cipactli.)

ESTRADA PANIAGUA, FELIPE. La Caramba. La zarabanda. El Xivac. El gran baile indígena. (En "Monografía acerca del desenvolvimiento literario y artístico de Guatemala en paralelismo con su desarrollo histórico, especialmente político" [Cap. XVI]. Diario de Centro-América, 17 mayo.) Guatemala, 1911.

FERNANDEZ DE OVIEDO Y VALDÉS, GONZALO. Historia Natural y General de las Indias, Islas y Tierra Firme del Mar Océano, Tomos II y IV. Madrid, 1853-55.

(Trae noticias acerca de las costumbres de los indios de Honduras y Nicaragua, y diserta ampliamente sobre los ritos y ceremonias de los últimos, así como sobre sus danzas o arytos.)

FERNÁNDEZ FERRAZ, JUAN. Nahuatlismos de Costa Rica, ensayo lexicográfico acerca de las voces mejicanas que se hallan en el habla corriente de los costarricenses. San José de Costa Rica, 1892. LXXVI + 148 p. 4°.

FERNÁNDEZ GUARDIA, RICARDO. Cuentos Ticos. San José de Costa Rica, Imprenta y Librería Española, 1901.

("La Botija" me parece el mejor de los cuentos de este libro.)

- History of the Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1913.  
(Nature-Worship among Indians of Costa Rica, p. 16-17.)
- Tribus indígenas (de Talamanca) que la habitaban. Su vida y costumbres descritas por los misioneros. (En "Reseña Histórica de Talamanca," p. 8-28.) San José, Costa Rica, 1918.
- FEWKES, JESSE WALTER. A Central American Ceremony which suggests the Snake Dance of the Tusayan Villages. Washington, D.C., 1893. 22 p.
- (LA) FIESTA TRADICIONAL de diciembre en Sonsonate. La Vela de la Vara. (Diario del Salvador, 31 diciembre 1921).
- FLETES BOLAÑOS, ANSELMO. La Bandera Blanca (Nicaragua Informativa, [No. 32] : 1). Managua, 1919.  
(Se refiere a Cristóbal Colón y los indios de Cariari.)
- Regionales. Managua, Nicaragua. Tipografía Encuadernación Nacionales, 1922, 105 p.  
(Incluye cantares regionales de Nicaragua, una fábula popular, un estudio sobre la "jalalela" y una explicación de los nicaraguanismos que aparecen en el libro. El señor Fletes Bolaños es el más distinguido foclorista nicaragüense: autor de cuentos y tradiciones recogidos en el tomito "Ajiaco" y unos "Cuadritos de Costumbres" y un "Diccionario de Nicaraguanismos" que empezó a publicar en la revista "Los Domingos.")
- FLEURY, MANUEL. Costumbres de los Morenos. Costumbres Indias. En "Informe de la Comisión Científica que exploró la Mosquitia en 1882." En "Límites entre Honduras y Nicaragua. Alegato presentado a Su Magestad Católica el Rey de España en calidad de Arbitro por los Representantes de la República de Honduras," p. 174-183. Madrid, 1905.  
(Habla de las costumbres de dichos aborígenes y del Mafía y el dios Laza.)
- FLORES, PEDRO. Lecciones de la Historia Antigua de Centro-América extractadas por Pedro Flores. Zacatecoluca (El Salvador), Imprenta "La Paz," 1896. 100 pp.  
(Habla de una tradición acerca del templo de Mictlán, las prácticas funerarias entre los indios, sus usos y costumbres, el nagualismo y las supersticiones.)
- FORD, ISAAC N. Glimpses of Central America. Passion-plays and Religious Processions. (En "Tropical America," 376-389.) New York, Scribner's Sons, 1893.
- FOSTER, doctor J. E. Christmas Week in Central America (Sports Afeld, 50 : 110-113). Chicago, 1913.  
(Tiene pinceladas regionales y está adornado de fotografías tomadas en Nacaome, donde el autor reside, y en una de las que se puede ver una corrida de toros en la plaza mayor.)
- FROEBEL, JULIUS. Seven Years' Travel in Central America. London, 1859.  
(Describe un día de Todos los Santos en Nicaragua, Adán y Eva, una

diversión teatral, un drama representado por los habitantes de Telica, los modales de los Woolwas y la marimba.)

FUENTES Y GUZMÁN, FRANCISCO ANTONIO DE. Agüeros y otras supersticiones de los indios (La Semana, 6 septiembre). Guatemala, 1868.

— Religión (de los indios de Guatemala) (*Ib.*, 30 agosto 1868).

— Usos y costumbres (de los indios de Guatemala) (*Ib.*, 13 septiembre). Guatemala, 1868.

(Estos extractos de Fuentes y Guzmán fueron hechos para dicho periódico por don Rafael Arévalo. La obra de Fuentes y Guzmán se llama. "Historia de Guatemala o Recordación Florida escrita en el siglo XVII por el Capitán Don Francisco Antonio de Fuentes y Guzmán, etc.," Tomo I. Luis Navarro, editor. Madrid, 1882.

(Dos capítulos son los interesantes: el I que trata "Del principio que tuvo la idolatría entre los indios de este reino de Goathemala, y los sacrificios y ritos de que usaban," p. 35-41; y el II que habla "Del modo con que los indios gentiles del contorno deste Valle de las Mesas de Petapa enterraban y honraban a sus difuntos," p. 363-367.)

GAGE, fray THOMAS. Nueva Relación que contiene los viajes de Tomas Gage por la Nueva España. París, Librería de Rosa, 1838.

(En el tomo II de esta obra se habla de los vestidos de los indios, sus casas, ocupaciones domésticas, policía y matrimonios (Cap. VIII), sus costumbres y apegos a las antiguas supersticiones (Cap. XIV), sus fiestas (Cap. XV), sus bailes e instrumentos (Cap. XVII) y sus hechiceros y sortilegios (Cap. XXI).

GAGINI, CARLOS. Diccionario de Costarriqueñismos. San José de Costa Rica, Imprenta Nacional, 1919. 275 pp.

(En esta segunda edición de su obra aparece como apéndice No. 1 una lista de los nombres geográficos de Costa Rica que el autor ha encontrado en la "Gaceta" y el "Boletín Judicial" de Costa Rica (1859-1917).

— Cuentos Bribris (Revista de Costa Rica, 3 : 166-168). San José, 1922.

(El autor recogió de labios del indio Ramón Almengor, de la familia real bribri, el "Cuento de la Danta" y el "Cuneto de las águilas.")

GALLEGOS, A. FERNANDO. Los últimos quetzales. Leyenda cuzcatleca. (Diario del Salvador, 30 noviembre 1913.)

(Aunque no ofrece nada especial, puede prestar sugerencias.)

GÁMEZ, JOSÉ DOLORES. Historia de Nicaragua desde los tiempos prehistóricos hasta 1860, etc. Managua, Tip. de "El País," 1889.

(El capítulo V trata del Génesis quiché, la variedad de las creencias, las divinidades mayores y menores y las festividades religiosas entre los indios. El Capítulo VI se refiere a los usos y costumbres de los indios, lo cual se concluye en el capítulo VII.)

GARCÍA CUBAS, ANTONIO. La leyenda de Votán (en "Memorias de la Sociedad Científica 'Antonio Alzate,'" 30 : 183-290). México, D.F., 1910. (Habla de los quichés y el Popol-Vuh.)

GARCÍA DE PALACIO, DIEGO. Carta dirigida al Rey de España por el Licenciado don Diego García de Palacio, Oydor de la Real Audiencia de Guatemala. Año de 1576. (En "Colección de Documentos Importantes relativos a la República de El Salvador," p. 15-43.) San Salvador, Imprenta Nacional, 1921.

(Como es sabido, de esta carta hay varias ediciones, pero ésta es la última. Se habla en ella de las costumbres y ritos de los indios Izalcos y de la elección de papas y sacerdotes entre ellos, etc.)

GARCÍA MONGE, JOAQUÍN. *El Moto*. San José, Costa Rica, 1901.

— *Hemos de ser Tierra*. . . . (Germinal, 1 [No. 16] : 270). Tegucigalpa, 1917.

— *Madres (folklore costarricense)* (Repertorio Americano, 1 : 245). San José, Costa Rica, 1920.

— *Motivos Guanacastecos*. *El matapalo en el baúl*. *Yerba Santa*. (Repertorio Americano, 15 junio 1920 : [No. 21] 335.) San José, Costa Rica, 1920.

GARCÍA PELÁEZ, FRANCISCO DE PAULA. *Memorias para la Historia del Antiguo Reyno de Guatemala*, p. 50-51. Guatemala, Establecimiento Tipográfico de L. Luna, 1854.

(El capítulo titulado "Recreaciones" trata de la música, los bailes y los deportes entre los indios de Guatemala.)

GAVIDIA, FRANCISCO. *El Chambergo (verso)*. (Actualidades, [Nos. 43-44] : 26.) San Salvador, 1918.

— *El Códice Maya* (prosa).

— *El Dios antiguo de Cuzcatlán (Centro-América, 10 : 126-130)*. Guatemala, 1918.

— *Gutzal* (en "Guirnalda Salvadoreña," por Mayorga Rivas, 3 : 388-394).

— *La Princesa Estrella* (Ateneo de El Salvador, [Nos. 69-71] : 1252-1261) 1919.

(Este poema se refiere a un episodio de la conquista de El Salvador.)

GÓMEZ, IGNACIO. *El Chocolate (versos)* (en "Guirnalda Salvadoreña" de Mayorga Rivas, 1 : 135).

GÓMEZ CARRILLO, AGUSTÍN. *Curioso Juicio criminal en tiempo de la Colonia* (La Locomotora, 1 [No. 19] : 11-13). Guatemala, 1906.

GÓMEZ OSORIO, JUSTO. *La Mosquitia*. *Indole y costumbres de sus pobladores* (Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacionales, 1 : 279-287). Tegucigalpa, 1905.

GONZÁLEZ POZA, J. NERI. *Palinkaj. Tradición quiché* (Diario de Centro-América, 29 julio). Guatemala, 1912.

GONZÁLEZ RUCAVADO, CLAUDIO. *Scenes of Costa Rican Life* (Pan American Magazine, 14 : 36-43). New Orleans, La., 1912.

(Habla de las fiestas cívicas, los juegos de artificio, etc.)

GONZÁLEZ ZELEDÓN, MANUEL. *Alegría del mal ajeno* (Repertorio Americano, 1 : 5-6). San José, Costa Rica, 1919.

— *La Propia*. García Monge y Cía., editores. San José, Costa Rica, 1921. (Paginas de intenso sabor local.)

GORDON, GEORGE BYRON. *Guatemala Myths* (Museum Journal, 6 [September] : 103-144). Philadelphia, 1915.

(Este estudio contiene los siguientes mitos: — *El Sisemite*. *The Enchanted Bull*. *The Storm*. *The River Gods*. *The Toothache*. *Li Poo* (The Moon). *The Horned Serpent*. *The Boy and the Sword*. *Duende Gifts*. *The Duende Girl*. *The Miser, the Girl, the Jar and the Fool*. *The Envious Farmer*. *Wee Rabbit sells a Bag of Maize*. *Teniendo la Peña* (Holding the Stone).

- The Trail of the Golden Dragon (*Museum Journal*, 9 : 29-38). Philadelphia, 1918.  
(Establece las relaciones entre el mito y el ambiente en Centro-América.)
- GRADO, BALTASAR DE. Petición del cura de Cartago para que los indios concurren a la fiesta del Córpus Christi con cruces, pendones, danzas, etc. (1638) (en "Documentos para la Historia de Costa Rica," por León Fernández, 2 : 278-287).
- GROSSMAN, GUIDO. Legends and Customs of the Pansamag Sumus. (*American*, 1917 [Aug. 14] : 4). Bluefields, Nic., 1917.
- Notes on the Mythology of the Miskito Indians (*American*, 1914 [Dec. 2] : 4). Bluefields, Nic., 1914.
- GUERRERO, E. A. P. DE. Games and Popular Superstitions of Nicaragua (*JAFL* 4 : 35-38). Boston and New York, 1891.
- GUEVARA, LUCAS. La Chichigüa (*Literatura regional*) (*Germinal*, 1 : 256-258). Tegucigalpa, 1917.
- H., H. Central American Sketches (*The Canadian Monthly*, vol. 7). Toronto, 1875.  
(Habla de la cocina india, p. 342; los matrimonios en temprana edad, y los vestidos, p. 529.)
- HAGUE, ELEANOR, transcriber. Spanish-American Folk-Songs (*JAFL* 24 : 330). New York and Lancaster, Pa., 1911.  
(En estos cantares de México y Centro-América, letra y música, se incluye "Si va el vapor").
- Etnografiska undersökningar öfver aztekerna i Salvador. (*Ymer* p. 277-324) Stockholm, 1901.
- HARCOURT, T. A. The Gods of America (*The Overland Monthly*, 15 : 87-95). San Francisco, Cal., 1875.  
(Habla en términos generales de los quichés, la diosa Comizahual, etc.; pero no es de particular interés, porque se funda en Bancroft.)
- HARTMAN, C. V. Mythology of the Aztecs of Salvador (*JAFL* 20 : 143-150). New York and Lancaster, Pa., 1907.  
(Contiene los tópicos siguientes: I. The Origin of the Calabash-Tree and the Tobacco-Plant; II. The Origin of the Manioc-Plant; III. The Story of the Calabash-Tree in the Popol-Vuh.)
- Die Baum Kalabasse im tropischen Amerika, Boas Anniversary Volume, p. 196-207, New York, G. E. Stechert, 1906.
- HERMAN, JOHN ARMSTRONG. An Episode in Costa Rica (*The Catholic World*, 91 : 649-656). New York, 1910.  
(La escena aparece en Cartago. Es muy importante la narración y contiene algunos datos folclóricos.)
- HERRERA Y TORDESILLAS, ANTONIO. Historia General de los hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas y Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano. Madrid, Imp. real de Nicolás Rodríguez Franco, 1726.  
(El capítulo III trata "De las costumbres y ritos de los naturales de Hibueras y Honduras [1530], explicando el traje de la gente de la provincia, las visiones que tenían al influjo de bebidas embriagantes, sus fiestas nocturnas, sus pesquerías y lo que miraban en los sueños y sus adivinos. El capítulo IV trata de las tradiciones sobre el origen de Cerquín, las

supersticiones de dicha comarca, los naguales y los engaños del demonio. El capítulo V estudia otros tópicos sobre costumbres y religión de los indios de la provincia de Cabo de Honduras y da noticias acerca de las figuras de los dioses que adoraban, los secretos que sólo se podían descubrir por medio de las mujeres, las interpretaciones de los sueños y la creencia de que los grandes hechiceros se convertían en tigres, leones y otros animales. El capítulo VI explica las fiestas y regocijos y algunas de sus supersticiones. En el capítulo X se dice que los españoles desengañaron a los indios que pensaban que moriría quien entrase a una laguna y se da noticia acerca de los vestidos de los sacerdotes, los ritos y ceremonias en los sacrificios, los arúspices en tiempo de guerra, las supersticiones y ofrendas en los sacrificios y para las sementeras.)

HIDALGO, ENRIQUE A. La Prueba (tradición de la Antigua Guatemala) (Diario de Centro-América, 10. de enero). Guatemala, 1915.

(INESTROZA VEGA, JOSÉ). La Montaña de la Flor (Revista de la Universidad, 3 : 90-92). Tegucigalpa, 1911.

INFORMACIÓN (LA). El tesoro de la isla de Coco y la Leyenda del Cerro del Candelabro. (La Información, [9 julio] : 2). San José, Costa Rica, 1918.

JIMÉNEZ, MANUEL DE J. Antonio Pereira (Episodio de los días de la Conquista) (Revista de Costa Rica [Nos. 8-9] : 263-268). San José, 1920.

— Cuadros de costumbres (en "Revista de Costa Rica en el Siglo XIX," 1 : 73-154). San José, Costa Rica, Tipografía Nacional, 1902.

(Jiménez está considerado como uno de los mejores costumbristas centro-americanos.)

JUARROS, DOMINGO. Compendio de la Historia de la Ciudad de Guatemala (Edición del Museo Guatemalteco, Tomo II). Guatemala, Imprenta de Luna, 1857.

(Dos son los capítulos que ofrecen datos curiosos: uno en que se habla "De los usos y costumbres generalmente recibidos entre los indios de este Reino," p. 30-34; y otro en que "se habla del robo de las Princesas del Quiché," p. 16-26. Sobre "La Fiesta del Volcán," léase el capítulo XI, p. 289-291.)

JURASOL, —. El Cerro de las Cruces (de Nicoya) (Pandemónium, [No. 143] : 432). San José, Costa Rica, 1915.

KING, W. NEPHEW. Customs and Superstitions of Nicaragua (Harper's Weekly, 44 : 1110-1111). New York, 1900.

(King, que fué alto empleado de la marina norteamericana, describe una procesión religiosa y un funeral.)

LAÍNEZ, JUAN JOSÉ. El Cosiguina entre casamientos. Ni por el Juez de Guaco! (Ateneo de El Salvador, : 803-807.) 1916.

LARGAESPADA, ANDRÉS. Leyendas de anatema sobre dos ciudades (La Esfera, 2 : 16-17). Guatemala, 1916.

(Se refiere a las ciudades de León, Nicaragua, y Gracias, Honduras.)

LE PLONGEON, AUGUSTUS. Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quichés, 11,500 years ago. Their Relation to the Sacred Mysteries of Egypt, Greece, Chaldea and India. New York, Robert Macoy, 1886.

(Habla del "Popol-Vuh" y de Gucumatz, la serpiente alada y creadora.)

LEAL, MARÍA S. Don Juan del Bijagual (Folk-lore costarricense) (Pandemonium [No. 121] : 757-759). San José, Costa Rica, 1914.

(Este cuento popular fué recogido en Santa Cruz del Guanacaste.)

LEHMANN, W(ALTER). Zu dem Aufsatz "Das Wissen der Quiché-Indianer in mythischer Form" (Globus, 91 : 274-275). Braunschweig 1907.

(Alude al artículo que escribió el doctor Prowe, que aparece en esta bibliografía.)

— Zentral-Amerika, 1. Teil. Die Sprachen Zentral-Amerikas. (27-28 [Moreno], 339-340 [Chiripó]; 415 [Guatuso]; 582-584 [Mískito]), Berlin, 1920.

LEVY, PAUL. Etnología (en "Notas Geográficas y Económicas sobre la República de Nicaragua," Cap. V., pp. 258-308). Paris, 1873.

(Habla de los usos, costumbres, fiestas y diversiones del pueblo de Nicaragua, especialmente sobre los indios Caribes.)

— Le Nicaragua (Légendes et Notes) (Bulletin de la Société de Géographie, 19 : 203-217). Paris, 1870.

(Es una carta dirigida al Senador Michel Chevalier desde Moyoyalpa, isla de Ometepe, en Nicaragua, el 15 de octubre 1869. En ella describe una leyenda que recogió de labios de los indios de dicha isla, acerca de Quetzalcoatl y la nación Kurao.)

LINDORSA D., ANGEL. El Tom de Utila (Atlántida, La Ceiba, Honduras, 10. mayo 1920).

LIRA, CARMEN. Los Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita. García Monge y Cía, editores. San José, Costa Rica, 1920.

(Este admirable libro comprende las siguientes páginas: Tío Conejo Comerciante, La Cucarachita Mandinga, Salir con un domingo siete, La flor del olivar, La Mica, El tonto de las adivinanzas, La suegra del Diablo, La casita de las torrejitas, El Cotonudo, La negra y la rubia, Uvieta, Por qué Tío Conejo tiene las orejas tan largas, Juan el de la carguita de leña, El Pájaro del Dulce Encanto y Tío Conejo y Tío Coyote.)

LÓPEZ COGOLLUDO, fray DIEGO. Historia de Yucathan. Madrid, 1688.

(En el libro IX, Capítulos XIII y XIV, p. 505-510, al hablar de los Itzaes de Guatemala refiere que "usan una bebida llamada pozol" que se hace del maíz, y diserta sobre el origen de dichos indios, sus costumbres, creencias, sacrificios, etc.)

LUNA, ALBERTO. Acxopil (Tradición indígena) (Diario del Salvador, Supl. Literario del Domingo, 5 febrero 1911).

— Hunahpú y Xbalanqué (Episodio quiché) (Ateneo de El Salvador : 867-868). 1916.

— La Herencia del Rey (Tradición india) (Diario del Salvador, Supl. Lit. Domin., 18 de septiembre 1910).

(Se refiere a Camatzin, hijo de Tecpancatltzin.)

MACAL, JOAQUÍN. Fragmento de un viaje (El Museo Guatemalteco, 2 [No. 14] : 4-6). Guatemala, 31 de diciembre 1858.

(Describe las costumbres de los indios de San Cristóval Cucho, en el departamento de San Marcos, de aquella república.)

MARÍN, CALIXTO. (El Mineral de Cedros) Del libro inédito "En la Cárcel y en la Montaña" (El Nuevo Tiempo, 2 de abril). Tegucigalpa, 1912.

(Trata del hallazgo del mineral de Cedros.)

- MARR, GUILLERMO. Aventuras en Costa Rica en 1853, Tomos I y II.  
(Se refiere a tradiciones y costumbres de aquel país.)
- MARTÍNEZ L., FRANCISCO. Los Taoajkas de la Mosquitia (El Suquia y las Fiestas) (Tegucigalpa, 13 abril [No. 61] : 2-4). Tegucigalpa, 1918.
- MARTÍNEZ LÓPEZ, EDUARDO. El Hundimiento del Jazmín (Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacional de Honduras, 2 : 593-597). Tegucigalpa, 1905-06.
- En Ilopango. Viaje subterráneo (La Semana Ilustrada, 1 [No. 23] : 4-5). Tegucigalpa, 1916.
  - Hundimiento de la Parte Sur de Tegucigalpa (Mercurio [No. 106] : 234-235). New Orleans, La., 1920.
  - Yústina (Los Sucesos, 13 de marzo). Tegucigalpa, 1921.
  - Provincialismos y barbarismos hondureños (en Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacionales de Honduras, 2 : 435-440). Tegucigalpa, 1906.
- MASFERRER, ALBERTO. Los "nacimientos" en El Salvador (Germinal, 1 [No. 24] : 433-434). Tegucigalpa, 1917.
- Mandu Yo, o no Mandu? (en "Páginas," segunda edición, p. 171-177). San Salvador, 1895.
- MAYORGA RIVAS, ROMÁN. Los indios en Izalco. Terruño salvadoreño. (Ateneo de El Salvador [No. 11] : 372-374.) San Salvador, 1913.
- (MEAGHER, J. T.) Costa Rica and its Railroad (The Overland Monthly, 10 : 160-173). San Francisco, Cal., 1873.
- (Se habla de la marimba, los carreteros, las posadas, las peleas de gallos, etc.)
- MEMBREÑO, ALBERTO. Hondureñismos. Tegucigalpa, Imprenta Nacional, 1912.
- (Este libro del doctor Membreño es un tesoro del folklore americano, de consulta imprescindible para los estudiosos y contiene información de primera mano sobre los provincialismos, la farmacopea popular, las supersticiones, etc.)
- Aztequismos de Honduras. México, Imprenta de Ignacio Escalante, 1907, 28 p.
- MENCOS, E., AGUSTÍN. En la playa (Diálogo entre Tepepul y Cahi-Imox, últimos reyes quiché y cachiuel, respectivamente). (Pan American Magazine, 8 : No. 2). New Orleans, La., 1909.
- (La escena es Acajutla, año de 1540, al embarcarse la gente española en la segunda escuadra que el conquistador Alvarado organizó para salir en busca de las islas de la Especiería.)
- MÉNDEZ, JOAQUÍN. Los Romances de Cuzcatlán: I. Las fiestas de los barrios; II. Los vientos de octubre (en "Guirnalda Salvadoreña," de Mayorga Rivas, 3 : 242-249). San Salvador, 1882.
- MENDIETA, FR. GERÓNIMO DE. Achfés, indios de Guatemala, sus tradiciones (en "Historia Eclesiástica Indiana," p. 539). México, 1870.
- MILLA, JOSÉ. Cuadros de Costumbres, por Salomé Gil (José Milla). Tercera edición. Guatemala, E. Goubad y Cía., 1898. 151 p.
- El Puente de los Esclavos (en "Libro Sin Nombre," pp. 216-220). Guatemala, Goubaud y Cía., 1899.

- Historia de la América Central, etc., Tomo I. Guatemala, Establecimiento Tipográfico de "El Progreso," 1879.

(En el capítulo I trata de "El Popol-Vuh," el manuscrito cakchiquel y las tradiciones relacionadas con Votán. En el II habla de la "Profecía del Encantador Cakchiquel." En el III diserta sobre el "Génesis" de los quichés según "El Popol-Vuh," el Cataclismo, el episodio de Vukub-Caquix, Hunahpú y Xbalanqué, la creación definitiva del hombre, los primeros seres, el culto religioso de los quichés, los sacrificios y otras festividades, noticias relativas a las creencias y al culto de los pueblos de Honduras y Nicaragua y el apareamiento de Comizahual, los ritos y ceremonias en los nacimientos de los niños y en los funerales quichés. En el IV explica el nagualismo y las supersticiones de los indios.)

- MISIONES y reducciones de las montañas de Talamanca (en "Historia de Costa Rica durante la Dominación Española" por León Fernández, pp. 616-622). Madrid, 1889.

(Da algunas noticias sobre dichos indios y explica algunas de sus costumbres.)

- EL MISTERIO del Dragón de Guatemala. (Revista de Revistas, [No. 428] : 20). México, D.F., 1918.

(Es una traducción del trabajo que, sobre dicho tópico, publicó "Current Opinion.")

- MOLINA, JUAN RAMÓN. La Siguanaba (en "Tierras, Mares y Cielos," pp. 171-175). Tegucigalpa, Tipografía Nacional, 1913.

- MOLINA, RAMÓN P. Tecum-Uman (en "Colección de Artículos y Composiciones Poéticas de Autores Centro-Americanos," por Joaquín Méndez, No. I : 85-89).

- MONTALBÁN, LEONARDO. Aroma de Santidad. Falcó y Borrásé. San José, Costa Rica, 1919.

(En este libro de crónicas y leyendas centroamericanas sobresalen "La Leyenda de la Urraca," "El Volcán Masaya," "Nicarao" y "La Piedra del Encanto.")

- Tiempo viejo de Nicaragua. La Plaza de Tezoatega (Repertorio del Diario del Salvador, 21 : 5582). San Salvador, 1912.

- MONTESUS DE BALLORE, F. DE. Le Salvador Precolombien. Paris, Dufossé, éditeur. 1891.

(Presenta algunos datos sobre cerámica.)

- MORA Y PACHECO, FRANCISCO DE. Relación que el Corregidor del partido de Sébaco y Chontales hace en virtud de la Real Orden de 28 de julio de 1739 (La Semana, 23 de septiembre al 7 de noviembre.) Guatemala, 1867.

(Este documento fué suscrito en 1743 y es de mucha importancia en lo que se refiere a las costumbres y religión de los indios de aquel corregimiento.)

- MORALES, doctor M. Mitología de Gualán (Diario de Centro-América, 15 septiembre). Guatemala, 1920.

- MORELET, ARTHUR. Voyage dans L'Amérique Centrale, L'Ile de Cuba et le Yucatan, Tomo II. Paris, Gide et J. Baudry, 1857.

(Este delicioso libro, que figura al par de los de Squier y Wells, trae al hablar del Petén, Guatemala, capítulo XIV, noticias sobre la "marimba")

y el "fandango," y al final del libro aparecen "Airs nationaux de l'Amérique Centrale," p. 325, en que da a conocer música regional del Petén y de Honduras.)

(LA) MOSQUITIA NICARAGÜENSE. Breves apuntamientos relativos a las razas indígenas de la Costa Atlántica y sus costumbres. Principios de su verdadera conquista, después de la reconquista. (El Heraldo, Managua, 8, 11 y 13 de marzo de 1919.)

NARCISO, VICENTE A. Verapaz Chapina (Regionalismos, Costumbres, Frases).

(El profesor Narciso escribió muchas páginas regionales sobre temas de Guatemala, pero no conozco más que las llamadas "Un enfermo," "Amores y Amoríos," "La Pascua" y "La Escuela," que aparecieron sucesivamente en el "Diario de Centro-América" de aquel país, en mayo, junio y septiembre de 1914.)

NAUGHTY BABY. El Conforte. Memorias de un médico de pueblo (La República, 12 abril). Guatemala, 1919.

NAVARRO, INÉS. El Duende (en "Datos Históricos y Geográficos sobre Comayagüela.") Tegucigalpa, 1901.

— Supersticiones del pueblo de Comayagüela (en Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacionales de Honduras, 4 : 120-123). Tegucigalpa, 1907.

ORDÓÑEZ Y AGUIAR, RAMÓN DE. Historia de la Creación del Cielo, y de la Tierra, Conforme al Sistema de la Gentilidad Americana. Theologia de las Culebras, Figurada en ingeniosos geroglíficos, Symbolos, Emblemas y Metaphoras, Diluvio Universal, Dispersion de las gentes, Verdadero origen de los Indios. . . . Por Don Ramón de Ordóñez y Aguiar, Presbytero Domiciliario de Ciudad Real de Chiapa, y residente en Goathemala. (En "Bibliografía Mexicana en el siglo XVIII," por don Nicolás León, Sección I, parte IV, pp. 1-272.) México, 1907.

PALOMO, ROQUE. Cuadritos de San Salvador (Ateneo de El Salvador, 779-782). 1916.

— Que viene el médico a casa! (Cuadro de costumbres.) (Ateneo de El Salvador, [No. 4] : 108-110.) 1913.

PANAMEÑO. Ni por el Juez de Opico . . . ! (Repertorio del Diario del Salvador, 21 : 5714-5715). 1912.

(THE) PARIS OF ANCIENT AMERICA (World Outlook, 2 : 21). New York, 1916.

(Es un fragmento del "Popol-Vuh" y un relato de las costumbres de los habitantes de la antigua Quiriguá.)

PEET, STEPHEN D(ENISON). Myths and Symbols or Aboriginal Religions in America. Chicago, Office of the American Antiquarian, 1905. viii + 444 p.

(Habla de Copán y Managua.)

PÉREZ, P. RAFAEL. Un eclipse lunar entre los indios de Santa María en Guatemala (en "La Compañía de Jesús en Colombia y Centro-América," 2 : 274-275). Valladolid, 1897.

PILET, RAYMOND. Mélodies Populaires des Indiens du Guatémala (en "Congress International des Americanistes. Compte-Rendu de la Huitième Session tenue a Paris en 1890," pp. 463-480). Paris, 1892.

PITTIER DE FÁBREGA, HENRI. Folk-Lore of the Bribi and Brunka Indians in Costa Rica (JAFL 16 : 1-9). New York and Lancaster, Pa., 1903.

(Resumen: I. How Haburu ate the seed of our kin. II. How the first Bribi Indians were born. III. The tale of our dying away. IV. How Sibú killed Sórkura. V. The King of the tapirs. VI. The King of the wild hogs. VII. Don Pedro Cascante (Legend of the hollow trail of El Pito.)

— Die Tírub; Tétribes oder Tétrabas, ein im Austerben begriffener Stamm in Costa Rica (Zeitschrift für Ethnologie p. 702-708), Berlin, 1903.

PLINIUS. Los Ranchos de "Corozo" (Pandemónium [No. 136] : 214-216). San José, Costa Rica, 1915.

POLAKOWSKY, H. Die Indianer der Republik Costa Rica, speziell die Guatusos (Verh. d. Berliner Ges. f. Anthropologie 26 : 70-76), Berlin, 1894.

POPENOE, WILSON. Batido and other Guatemalan Beverages prepared from Cacao (American Anthropologist, N.S., 21 : 403-409). Lancaster, Pa., 1919.

POPOL-VUH, EL. El Popol-Vuh, ó Libro Sagrado de los antiguos Votánides. San Salvador, 1905.

(Este libro maravilloso para el estudio del folk-lore centroamericano tiene ya varias ediciones impresas: la del doctor C. Scherzer en Viena, 1857, a expensas de la Academia Imperial de Ciencias; la del Abate Brasseur de Bourbourg, París, 1861; la del "Educacionista," revista pedagógica de Guatemala, 1894-96; la traducción española de la versión francesa de Brasseur de Bourbourg, hecha con presencia de la de Ximénez e ilustrada con notas que parecen ser de don Justo Gavarrete; y la que don Arturo Ambrogi hizo en su "Biblioteca Centro-Americana," San Salvador, 1905. Lo han publicado también la "Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacional de Honduras," Tegucigalpa, y "Centro-América," órgano de la Oficina Internacional Centroamericana, Guatemala. Conviene conocer los comentarios de H. B. Alexander, L. de la Cressonnière, S. I. Barberena, José D. Gámez, José Milla y el P. Ximénez, todos ellos anotados en esta bibliografía.)

PRADO, GUSTAVO A. El Conde de Nindirí (Leyenda colonial) (Nicaragua Informativa [No. 11] : 11-13). Managua, 1917.

— El fraile quemado (Mayúsculas floridas) (Carátulas, 1 : 138-139). León, Nic., 1917.

— El Ladrón Nazareno (Leyendas coloniales) (Nosotros [No. 4] : 48-49). León, Nic., 1919.

— El señor de Lorca y Villena (Leyendas coloniales) (*Ibid.* [No. 1] : 8-10). León, Nic., 1919.

— La pavana y los maitines (Mayúsculas floridas) (Carátulas, 1 : 103-104). León, Nic., 1917.

— Yo no sé quién soy yo . . . (Nosotros, [No. 3] : 34-35). León, Nic., 1919.

PROWE, Dr. H. Das Wissen der Quiché-Indianer in mythischer Form (Globus, 90 : 157-160). Braunschweig, 1906.

(Sobre el conocimiento del misticismo entre los quichés.)

— Quiché-Sagen. Entgegnung von Dr. H. Prowe (Guatemala) (Globus, 91 : 305). Braunschweig, 1907.

(Véase al artículo que Walter Lehmann escribió acerca de este trabajo del doctor Prowe sobre las leyendas quichés.)

- Altindianische Medicin der Quiché, Guatemala (Verh. d. Berliner Ges. f. Anthrop: 352-354). Berlin, 1900.

(Se apoya en el "Popol-Vuh," texto del abate Brasseur. Afirma que el antiguo pueblo quiché conocía el hipnotismo y hace notar que entre los de la actualidad la histeria es muy común. El doctor Prowe fué un médico distinguido que residió mucho tiempo en el país.)

- QUIJANO HERNÁNDEZ, doctor MANUEL. Supersticiones (Repertorio del Diario del Salvador, 1 : 218-220). San Salvador, 1922.

(Trata de algunas tradiciones del pueblo de Sessori.)

- QUINTEROS ANDRINO, FRANCISCO. El Puente del Diablo (Tradición curiosa) (Diario de Centro-América, 15 de mayo). Guatemala, 1909.

(Se refiere a Cuajiniquilapa en 1590 y habla del Puente de los Esclavos.)

- Oto Bincó Mamá (en "Juegos Florales en Quezaltenango, Centro-América," 1920), con prólogo de Filadelfo J. Fuentes.

- QUIROZ, NICOLÁS J. El Lagarto de Oro (Leyenda) (El Nuevo Tiempo, 25 de septiembre). Tegucigalpa, 1913.

- RAMÍREZ FONTECHA, A(NTONIO). La Minería en Honduras (Mercurio, 11 : 38-39). Barcelona, 1911.

(Repite la leyenda del mineral de Santa Lucía contada por Marco Aurelio Soto.)

- "La Puyada" (Costumbres hondureñas) (Caras y Caretas). Buenos Aires, 1919.

- RAYNAUD, GEORGES. Les créations et les guerres des dieux, d'après une bible centro-américaine. p. 1-43. Ecole Pratique des Hautes-Etudes, Section des Sciences Religieuses, Annuaire 1918-19. Paris, Imprimerie National, 1918.

- RECINOS, ADRIÁN. Adivinanzas recogidas en Guatemala (JAFL 31 : 544-549). New York and Lancaster, Pa., 1918.

- Algunas Observaciones sobre el folklore de Guatemala (JAFL 29 : 559-566). New York and Lancaster, Pa., 1916.

- (Trata los tópicos siguientes: I. Los cuentos populares, El Cadejo, La Ciguanaba, La Tatuana; II. Los Cantos de Noche Buena; III. Coplas Populares.)

- Cuentos Populares de Guatemala (JAFL 31 : 472-487). New York and Lancaster, Pa., 1918.

(Resumen: (1) Tío Coyote y Tío Conejo, (2) Juan Mudo y Juan Vivo, (3) Pedro Ordinales, (4) Los Cuentos de Tata Pinquin, (5) El que no te conozca que te compre, (6) Esperar que el higo caiga en la boca, (7) El Mosquito, (8) Juan María y Juana María, (9) El Palacio Encantado.)

- El Cerro del Carmen (La Actualidad, 4 : No. 123). Guatemala, 1916.

- La Feria de Jocotenango (*Ibid.*, 4 : No. 135). Guatemala, 1916.

- Las supersticiones y sortilegios de tiempos pasados (*Ibid.*, 4 : Nos. 126 y 127). Guatemala, 1916.

- Monografía del Departamento de Huehuetenango, República de Guatemala, pp. 224-225. Guatemala, Tipografía Sánchez y De Guise, 1913.

(Habla de las costumbres de los indios de la comarca.)

**REMESAL**, fray ANTONIO DE. Historia de la Provincia de S. Vicente de Chyapa y Guatemala de la Orden de nro. Glorioso Padre Sancto Domingo, etc. Madrid, 1619, Por Francisco de Angulo.

(Relata el "Caso maravilloso que le sucedió al P. F. Matías de Paz," p. 585; y "Como desengañaron a los indios de los miedos del demonio," pp. 725-726.)

**REYES**, Dr. JOSÉ TRINIDAD. Pastorelas del Presbítero Dr. José Trinidad Reyes, restauradas por Rómulo E. Durón, precedidas de un estudio por el Licenciado don Estebán Guardiola. Tegucigalpa, Imprenta Nacional, 1905. 450 p.

(El presbítero doctor Reyes, a quien tanto debe la cultura hondureña, dejó admirables notas de observación de costumbres y vocabulario popular en sus célebres "pastorelas." Véase también sus "Villancicos Jocosos" en la Revista del Arch. y de la Biblioteca Nacional de Honduras, 2 : 106-117. Tegucigalpa, 1915.)

**RICHMOND**, CHARLES W. Guatuso Mortuary Customs (American Anthropologist, 5 [No. 3] : 287). New Haven, 1892.

**RIFARO Y CALVE**. Las carreras de San Juan y San Pedro o la aventura de dos viejos (Cuadro de costumbres de León) (Educación [No. 31] : 103-105). Managua, Nic., 1920.

**RIPPEN**, BENE VAN. Mutilations and Decorations of Teeth among the Indians of North, Central and South America (Journal of Allied Dental Societies, 13 : 219-42). New York, 1917-18.

**RIVERA MAESTRE**, FRANCISCO. Epístola a Guatemala desde Madrid ("Galería Poética Centro-Americana," por Ramón Uriarte, p. 123-136). Guatemala, 1888.

(En dichos versos hay mucho provincialismo centro-americano.)

**ROBLETO**, HERNÁN. Cuento regional. Entre Guapos. (Diario del Salvador, 21 noviembre 1914.)

— El Hombre de los Diamantes (Nicaragua Informativa [No. 32] : 4). Managua, Nic., 1919.

— Nobleza (Cuento regional que obtuvo el lirio de plata en los Juegos Florales de Nicaragua, 1919) (La Semana [Nos. 36 y 37] : 7-8, 9-10). San José, Costa Rica, 1919.

— Voces de la Tierruca. Gañanes ingenuos. El velorio. (El Fígaro [20 de septiembre] : 454). Habana, 1914.

**RODRÍGUEZ**, LEOPOLDO ALEJANDRO. Estudio Histórico, Etnográfico, Filológico y Arqueológico de la República de El Salvador en Centro-América, etc." México, Antigua Imprenta de Murguía, 1912.

(En el capítulo VI trata de las costumbres de los pipiles, sus ceremonias religiosas, sus supersticiones y la diosa Xochiquetzal. En el VII habla de sus músicas, la ceremonia del "cuhtancuyamet" o "partesana," los fantasmas y brujos, la Sihuanaba, el Duende, el Zipite, el Justo Juez y el Gritón.)

**RODRÍGUEZ BETETA**, VIRGILIO. Argumento de la ópera indígena guatemalteca titulada "Quiché Vinak" (Diario de Centro-América, lo. de enero.) Guatemala, 1920.

— Una historieta (El Despertar del Siglo [No. 17] : 265-267). Managua, 1911. (Es un cuadro de costumbres sobre jugadores.)

RODRÍGUEZ, (LUNA) JUAN J. Preocupaciones y errores que, respecto a algunos animales, existen en Guatemala (Anales del Museo Nacional, 1 : 458-473). San Salvador.

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ROSA, J. M. TOBÍAS. El Cerro de las Muchachas (Leyenda) (El Nuevo Tiempo, marzo). Tegucigalpa, 1918.

— El Cerro del Español (Tegucigalpa [No. 63] : 3-5). Tegucigalpa, 1918.

— El solar maldito (Tradición), 1780 o 1790 (El Ideal : No. 16). Santa Bárbara, Honduras, 1916.

— La gruta de Pencaligüe (Actualidades). San Pedro Sula, Honduras, 1918.

— La hechicera de Ilamapa (Tradición) (Tegucigalpa, [No. 65] : 4-5). Tegucigalpa, 1918.

— La Mina de Mala Nova (El Comercio [San Pedro Sula] y Diario de Honduras [Tegucigalpa]) 1900.

— La Princesa Citlallín y el Capitán Apulán (Mercurio [No. 3] : 57-60). Tegucigalpa, 1920.

— Tenambla (tradición hondureña) (Tegucigalpa, [No. 70] : 5-6). Tegucigalpa, 1918.

ROSA, RAMÓN. Mi Maestra Escolástica, Fragmento de un cuadro de costumbres (Revista del Archivo y de la Biblioteca Nacional, 1 : 348-360). Tegucigalpa, 1904.

ROSALLES, HERNÁN. Frente a las Ruinas: la leyenda de la palmera del Cerrito del Carmen. La ciudad de Guatemala ha sido destruída tres veces (Vida : 23). La Ceiba, Honduras, 1918.

— Las vñboras azules (Nicaragua Informativa, junio). Managua, Nic., 1918.

SALAZAR GARCÍA, SALOMÓN. Diccionario de Provincialismos y Barbarismos Centro-Americanos y Ejercicios de Ortología Clásica (Vicios y correcciones de idioma español, etc.). Segunda edición, San Salvador, Tipografía "La Unión" de Dutriz Hermanos, 1910. 312 p.

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(En este interesante libro se habla de las jícaras de Chalchuapa, las palomas de San Miguel, la leyenda del Ojo de Agua de Uluapan cerca del volcán de San Miguel, la leyenda de El Viejo en Nicaragua, las frutas de dicho país, las costumbres de los maribios, la Tembladera cerca de Granada, una fiesta religiosa en Granada el día del Santísimo Sacramento, las canoas en el Mar del Sur, las iguanas, la visión de fray Gonzalo Méndez, los achés de Guatemala, el mitote y las danzas de los indios de Atitlán en Guatemala, etc.)

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**ZIZ, BARTOLO.** Rabinal-Achi ou Le drame-ballet du tun; pièce scénique de la Ville de Rabinal transcrite pour la première fois par Bartolo Ziz, ancien de la même ville, pour la laisser comme un souvenir a ses enfants. Les anciens de Rabinal la représentèrent le jour de la fête de la Conversion de saint Paul le 25 janvier de l'année 1856, pour la satisfaction de leur père, administrateur et ancien, M. Brasseur de Bourbourg, qui la traduisit en entier de la langue quiché en français. Paris, Arthus Bertrand, éditeur, 1862, 122 p.

(El texto aparece en francés y quiché. Al principio va un "Essai sur la Poésie et la Musique, sur la danse et l'Art dramatique des anciennes populations mexicaines et Guatémaltèques, pour servir d'introduction au drame quiché de Rabinal-Achi," pp. 5-23. Al final figuran 12 páginas de texto musical, litografía Callet, de París, titulado "Rabinal-Achi, pièce scénique des Indigènes de Rabinal dans la République de Guatemala," que se divide en Principio, del baile, entrada del Rabinal-Achi, un son del Quiché, Presentación del Quiché-Achi al rey y un son de guerra, y la muerte (*sic*) del Quiché-Achi. En seguida se insertan "Airs indigènes recueillis en Nicaragua, Amérique Centrale, dividido en "Naachú Nasumanieu (Sonido de los Novios) y "Naachú dañamó" (Canto del hambre).

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(Abunda en notas muy útiles para el estudioso y las principales leyendas son: "Los amantes de Xilotecatl," "El coloso de Nagrando," "El Tigre de Nochary," "La serpiente de Apoyec," "Los misterios de Manahualí" y "La violeta de Yaalf.")

WASHINGTON, 1920.

## THE ORIGIN MYTH OF ZUÑI.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

The origin myth of Zuñi (*chimiky' anakona* <sup>1</sup> *penane*, "from the beginning talk") is not accounted a *telapnane*, a tale or folk-tale, but a "talk" like the chant of *kyaklo* in the quadrennial initiation into the *kotikyane* or like the chants of the *shalako* and of *sayatasha* in the *koko awia* (god coming) i.e. the so called *shalako* ceremonial. Unlike the *kyakloampenane* and the *sayatashampenane*, the "talk" belongs to none, it is non-proprietary, and it is therefore, as we should say, exoteric or secular. It is known or, rather, it may be known, by anyone, and there is no reluctance about imparting it.

Most of the *chimiky' anakona penane* has been published somewhat discursively by Stevenson. Several fragments I too had heard from various informants, but the following version is the only unbroken narration that has been given me. The narrator was Lippelanna (weaving big or all the time, i.e. Big Weaver). He is the *akwa mosi* (medicine head) of the *makye tsanna tikya*, Little Firebrand Society. He is over seventy. Although a man of property, possessed of the largest peach orchard of Zuñi and of corn fields which he still cultivates himself, and although characterized by apparent artlessness, he is reputed by some to be a witch. I was told about his reputation one night when about five minutes after leaving our house he was seen again looking into the window. In explanation of such childishness, he said that he had lost his way home in the dark, and needed a light. Looking into windows at night is behaviour always open to the suspicion of witchcraft.

### ABSTRACT

I. Emisaries from Sun to the underground people. Emisaries are spat on. Give notice of return in four days.

II. The emergence. Plants to come up by. The fourth plant is adequate. Through the four worlds. Dazzled by the sun.

III. Webbed and tailed. See V.

IV. Witches check overpopulation by introducing death. Witches bring corn. Sacrifice a little girl to prove life after death.

V. Tails amputated and fingers cut apart.

VI. Migrations.

VII. Incest of son and daughter of a rain-priest (*shiwanni*). They make a river.

<sup>1</sup> The *ellone* (rain, seed, etc. fetiches) or the *santu* (a Catholic image which is regarded much as an *ellone*) or the black pigment used on feather-sticks for the dead and for the *koko* may all be described as *chimiky'akoa* (sing.) *chimiky'anaphoa* (pl.). *Chimi* means "from then on." Stevenson gives an esoteric meaning for this term. Stevenson, M.C. "The Zuñi Indians," RBAE 23 (1904) : 73.

VIII. Crossing the river the children slip away as water snakes. Origin of the *koko* (ancestor or masked gods) and of their town under the lake. The dead are to go there instead of to the place of emergence.

IX. Separation of people: choosers of crow egg go to the east, choosers of parrot egg, to the south.

X. Separation with song of the *le'etone* people.

XI. The fight with the *kyanakwe*. Bows of sinew and bows of jucca. Heart of leader in a gourd rattle. Three captives taken by *kyanakwe*.

XII. Birth of war gods and *pauuiwa* from foam of waterfall.

XIII. War gods visit Sun by a road made by throwing up a ball of meal. Sun reveals the secret of the heart in the rattle.

XIV. Elder brother war god hits a bear by mistake and breaks his back into the position it is to take forever. Defeat of the *kyanakwe*.

XV. War god dance. Coyote of Yellow Corn clan, the drummer. War gods adopt respectively Deer and Bear clans. Big shell blown.

XVI. Yellow Corn clan becomes Black Corn clan. Competition in rain making by "making days" i.e. taboo or will magic.

XVII. Institution of the *kotikyane* as a source of social amusement. Account of the initiation.

XVIII. Search for the middle place. Birds as seekers. Waterskate finds the middle. A new *hepatina* is made. The *apilashiwanni* go under the earth forever.

XIX. Wanderings of the war gods. Their sexual promiscuity and murders. Pursued by a murdered girl. Rescued by Knife Society. Institution of Scalp dance rites. The ambiguous tracks of the chaparral cock. Twelve feathers in its tail determine taboo period for scalp takers.

XX. Initiation of war gods into Knife Society and other societies. Rules for war gods.

XXI. Migrations of *le'weke*. Rain-making competition between *le'wekwe* and *patlok ashiwanni*. Two moons assigned to the *le'wekwe*.

XXII. Flood; refuge found in *towa yallane*. Sacrifice in water of virgin boy and girl.

XXIII. Arrival of Spaniards.

### THE ORIGIN MYTH(*Chimiky'anakona penane*).

I.<sup>1</sup> When all the people were living in the fourth bottom of the world,<sup>2</sup> the two *apilashiwanni*<sup>3</sup> of Sun<sup>4</sup> went down into the bottom of the world. And someone in the dark was out hunting. When they saw him, "What are you doing?" they said to him. "I am out hunting," said he. The two *apilashiwanni* went up to him and he spat on them. "Why do you do that to us? Do your people do that to each other? We do not like that. Where do your people live?" — "On the north side," said the hunter. So he took with him the two. When they reached the town, there were no houses, they just lived in burrows in the ground. And they said, "Why have you come?" — "Our Father Sun has sent us in for you people to come out into the bright world. Our Father Sun knows everything, but none gives him *telikyanawe*.<sup>5</sup> We will be here again in four days."<sup>6</sup> So they went out.

<sup>1</sup> Roman numerals refer to the abstracts given on pp. 135-6.

<sup>2</sup> Usually given as the fourth world, *awitelin tehula*.

<sup>3</sup> Usually translated bow priests. *Apilashiwanni* serve, in practice as in myths, as messengers, as carriers and enforcers of orders from the *ashiwanni* (rain priests).

<sup>4</sup> Another informant referred to them as *yatokia awan chawe*, Sun's children.

<sup>5</sup> The feather-sticks which are offered in connection with all ceremonials.

<sup>6</sup> The fixed period of notice for ceremonial events.

II. When the *apilashiwanni* went out, the people inside the dark world planted *laniko*,<sup>1</sup> but it did not reach out; next they planted *lokwimo*,<sup>2</sup> but that tree did not reach out; next they planted pine (*ashiekya*), next spruce (*kyalatsiwa*).<sup>3</sup> But none came out. At last they planted *shotoinawe* (a grass creeper or reed).<sup>4</sup> That reached out.<sup>5</sup> In four days they went down and said to the people, "Now it is time to come out. Our father has sent us down again." So all the people got ready and took everything of their *elleteliwa*.<sup>6</sup> They all started out. First they came to *anosian tehula* (soot world). The second world they came to was *kolin tehula*, the third world was *shipola* (fog), the fourth world was *latokaiya*.<sup>7</sup> When all came out,<sup>8</sup> they saw their Father Sun, and everybody shut their eyes because it was so bright for them. They had never seen the sun before.

III. When the two *apilashiwanni* saw them their fingers were webbed and they had a tail.<sup>9</sup>

IV. A little way from where they started they lived for four years (*lepikwenan*).<sup>10</sup> Then they heard a noise and they all said, "Now who is behind? Someone must be behind, we heard a noise."<sup>11</sup> — "We had better go and see who it is," said the two *apilashiwanni*. So they went back to where they came out and they saw two witches sitting down. "Now why did you come out? You ought not to come out. Have you something useful?" — "Yes," said they, "we are to be with you people because this world is small. Soon this world will be full of people and as the world grows smaller and smaller (i.e. more crowded), we shall kill some of the people. Besides we have everything of which you people have none, — we have yellow corn,

<sup>1</sup> Aspen. ("Zuñi Indians," p. 74).

<sup>2</sup> Silver spruce. ("Zuñi Indians," p. 74).

<sup>3</sup> According to a variant recorded by Dr. Kroeber, each *pilashiwanni* had *telikyanawe* of two colors. They went north with yellow *telikyanawe* to get *ashiekya* (pine-tree) but the pine tree did not reach out; they went west with blue *telikyanawe* to get *kyalatsilo* (spruce); they went south with red *telikyanawe* to get *lokwima*; they went east with white *telikyanawe* to get *laniko*.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. "Zuñi Indians," p. 26 n. a.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. "Zuñi Indians," p. 25. Stevenson, M. C. "The Sia," RBAE 11 : 36; Russell, F. "Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches," JAFL 11 : 255.

<sup>6</sup> A term referring to the *eltowe* or fetiches for rain, snow, crops, etc.

<sup>7</sup> Stevenson gives *latōw'lehula*, wing world, from *yātokla latōwwe*, sun wings.

<sup>8</sup> According to one informant, as the *pikchikwe* clan came out, they caught hold of *pikchi lawe* (twigs). Hence their name. *Pikchi* is said to grow in a canyon to the south-east; but accounts of it are so conflicting that one almost suspects it to be a mythical plant.

<sup>9</sup> Variant recorded by Dr. Kroeber: Besides tails and webbed fingers they had horns (*amishamitop*). Cf. "Zuñi Indians," pl. VII, fig. c.

<sup>10</sup> Meaning four time periods, explained our interpreter just as the Bible commentator explains the days of creation.

<sup>11</sup> When the first people had gone from world to world they, too, according to one informant, moved with a thunderous noise (*tunooti*).

blue corn, red corn, white corn, corn of different colors, black corn, and sweet corn, whereas you people just live on different kinds of seeds."<sup>1</sup> — "All right, let's go," they said to them. So they took the two witches to where the people were.<sup>2</sup> When the people saw them come, they all said, "Why are you bringing them here? They ought not to be with us," they all said. They said, "They have all the different kinds of corn of which we have none, we people who live only on seeds."<sup>3</sup> Besides, this world will be full of people in a few years. Some of the people these witches will kill, so this land wont fill up with people so soon." — "Let me have one of your children, I will try it out (*anoye*) with him," said one of the witches. "The day after he dies he will be where we came out. That day he will be alive again. If you disbelieve, you may go find out tomorrow." Thus he spoke. So they gave him the daughter of a *shiwanni*. He tried it out with her. The little girl died. She went back to where they came out. The next day two of them went back to see her. When they got there, they went into the house where she was. They saw her sitting by the fire with her hair washed.<sup>4</sup> When they got in the girl talked with them. "Have you come?"<sup>5</sup> she said to them. "What have you come for?" — "Well, we did not believe that you were going to live again." — "I am not dead, I am living here, only I cannot go back to where my people are. I shall stay here forever. So when anybody dies he will be here. After they find *itiwanna*<sup>6</sup> whoever loses his life will come where I am," said she to the *apilashiwanni*. "All right, we will tell the people that you are living. We go."<sup>7</sup> So they went out.<sup>8</sup> They went back to the people.

V. Then, after four years, it was time to start again. They started again to *awishhonankyaaakwi* (slime spring). There they all came. They stopped there. The two *apilashiwanni* made them bathe in the spring. They were all covered with slime (*awisho*). There they cut

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> The appearance of *komhatikwi* (god, witch) in the winter solstice ceremonial may be a dramatization of this episode. The impersonation is filled by a Corn clansman. The *pekwin* (Sun priest) gives a *lashowane* (pendant eagle feather which is given to impersonators) to the *komosona* (head of the *koko* or masked gods) who gives it to the *pikchikwe awan mosona* (*pikchikwe* [clan] their head), who gives it to a Sun clansman, who gives it to the Corn clansman impersonator.

<sup>3</sup> In another version (Parsons, E. C. "Notes on Zufi," MAAA 4(1917): 299, a version which appears to combine this story with the story given below (p. 167), the witches possessed of corn are the *kyakweamosi*, one of the paramount priesthoods, rain priests of the north (see p. 160 n. 5). Formerly they were custodians of the *chu* (seeds) *etowe*.

<sup>4</sup> The head of the dead is washed.

<sup>5</sup> The formula for greeting a visitor.

<sup>6</sup> The middle, place understood. See below.

<sup>7</sup> The formula for leave taking.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 30.

their tails off and cut their fingers apart.<sup>1</sup> They lived there four years. "Now you will stay here again for four years. This is the way you people ought to be, you ought to be like us," said the *apilashiwanni*.

VI. They lived there four years. After four years they said, "Now it is time to go again." They all started again and went on till they came to *k'eatiwa*.<sup>2</sup> "Now we will stop here." So they stopped there again four years. There they all lived. After four years they all started out again to *tamilank'aiakwi*.<sup>3</sup> There they lived another four years. They stayed there four years. After four years the two *apilashiwanni* said, "Now we will start for another place." They all started out. They came to *pananullank'aia*.<sup>4</sup> They came there. They said, "Now we shall all stop here again. We shall stay here for another four years." So they made their houses and all lived there. After four years they all started out again. They came to *lapelyankwi*.<sup>5</sup> They stayed there for four years. From there after four years they started again. They came to *tenatsalinkwi*.<sup>6</sup> There they stayed four years.

VII. After four years they all said, "Now we will go again to another place." Then they made two leaders for themselves, the girl and boy of a *shiwanni*.<sup>7</sup> After the two had gone ahead, they all started. When they started, the people of *le'eltone*<sup>8</sup> went in front. The people who lived on *elleteliwa* were behind. They all started and the two (girl and boy) were far in front. Then they came to a hill. The day was hot. There his sister sat down. "I am tired, let's wait here till they come," she said. "All right, let me go and see where they are coming." So he went a little way to see where the people were coming. When he saw them coming he went back to his sister. And his sister was lying down by a tree asleep. When he got near his sleeping sister her legs were uncovered. There he did something to his sister. She waked up. She tried to talk. Her language was changed. She had turned into *komokyatsi* (god, old woman).<sup>9</sup> Her brother talked differently too. He had turned into *koyemshi*.<sup>10</sup> He said, "*Hawai!*"<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 28.

<sup>2</sup> Cat-tail. "Zufi Indians," p. 78.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 78.

<sup>4</sup> Muddy spring. "Zufi Indians," p. 78.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 79.

<sup>6</sup> *Tenatsali* is a plant with narcotic properties. It belongs to the *ashiwanni* and to the societies.

<sup>7</sup> Or *siwuluksiwa* and *siwuluksi'etsa* (Kroeber).

<sup>8</sup> The snow-bringing fetich belonging to the *le'wekwe* society. To them have been assigned two winter moons (January and February), the rest of the year they are "poor persons."

<sup>9</sup> Identified by one informant with *kolahma*, god hermaphrodite.

<sup>10</sup> The probable etymology is *ko oyemashi* (god husband) the reference being to the above incident.

For masks of *koyemshi* and *komokyatsi* see "Zufi Indians," pl. V.

<sup>11</sup> An exclamation of fatigue much used by the *koyemshi*, the sacred clowns or so-called "mud heads." At the end of a stick race Laguna runners would exclaim *hari!*

There they marked the earth with their legs and they made a river.<sup>1</sup> At last the people came. They saw the two walking on the mountain. When they saw them, they said, "Look at them, who are they? Why have they changed like that?" — "They did something bad," said the *apilashiwanni*.<sup>2</sup>

VIII. At last when they came to the river, the two *apilashiwanni* said, "Now go across the river." So the people went across. The women carried their babies on their backs and in their arms. They went into the river, and the children turned into snakes of different kinds, and their mothers were afraid of them,<sup>3</sup> and let go of them, and they [the children-snakes] went to the lake to live. And all the people of *le'ellone* went across. They lost all their children, the old people were alone. Next, the rest of the people came. They said to them, "Now go across this river. The first people who went across, there they are without their children. When you go into the river, hold your children tight. Even if they turn into snakes, do not let them go. After you have crossed the river, they will be all right." So everybody went into the river. Their children turned into snakes and turtles and scratched their mothers, but the mothers held them tight. After they had crossed the river, their children were all right. When they were all across, they went on a little way, and then they all stopped, and there they lived. In the evening the mothers of the lost children were crying, craving their children. When night came, they heard singing from the lake which the two, *komokyatsi* and *koyemshi*, had made. (They had made everything at once for the lost children).<sup>4</sup> "We have heard singing, perhaps it is our children."—"We believe they are your children. Let us go and see about them." So the two *apilashiwanni* went to the lake. When they got near, they heard singing and dancing. When they got to the lake, in it through the middle they saw a road. They walked on that road to the middle of the water. There was a door open. They went in. Inside they were all dancing (the *kok'okshi*),<sup>5</sup> and they saw them. They said, "Everybody stop for a while, our fathers are coming. Maybe there is some news. That is why they come." So they all stopped. They said, "Sit down." They said, "Now, our fathers, what have you

<sup>1</sup> According to one informant, they also made two mountains, and the river flowed between them.

<sup>2</sup> In the *tumanpa* origin myth of the Mohave recorded, but not yet published, by Dr. Kroeber, an old man and woman, brother and sister, in the course of their journeying, mate together and then turn into stone.

<sup>3</sup> Among the Huichol, women, when they cross streams with their babies on their backs, are afraid of the water spirits. (Lumholtz, C. *Unknown Mexico*, II, 422. New York, 1902).

<sup>4</sup> It was they, too, according to one informant, who had transformed the children. They wanted their company.

<sup>5</sup> *Koko, k'okshi*, good. The most sacred of the dances, and apparently the oldest.

come for? There may be some news to tell us. You may let us know. They all said, "Today our children have lost their children. They are crying, wishing to see you. A while ago when we were there we heard the singing and we thought we would come and see you," they said. "We are happy here. Our mothers ought not to cry about us. We shall stay here forever. *Itiwanna* is near now, that is why we stop here. To where we began will be too far for your people to go after they find *itiwanna*. We have stopped here. So in the years when there is little rain at *itiwanna* you will not have so far to go, you will not have to go to where we began."<sup>1</sup> Thus spoke they. "They must not cry for us. After anybody dies he will stop here instead of going to where we began." Thus spoke all the children that were in there to the *apilashiwanni*. "Now we will go. When we get there, we will tell our children just how you are here, so they will not be sorry for you." So they went up and went where their children were. When they got there they told the people all about what they had said.<sup>2</sup>

IX. They all lived there, made their little houses and stayed there for four years. After four years, when it was time to go again, they separated the people. The *ashiwanni* had the people that were to go to the south and the *elleteliwa* had the people who were to come here. They put a crow's egg and a parrot's egg in a basket. The parrot's egg was not as pretty as the crow's egg. The *apilashiwanni* said, "Now which of these eggs are you to belong to? Choose one." The people of *elleteliwa* chose the crow's egg, and they said, "We will belong to this egg." The rest of the people got the parrot's egg. "Now we are to go to the south and you people will go to the east. Wherever you find *itiwanna* there you will live forever. And we will go to the south to live somewhere there." And they separated.<sup>3</sup>

X. The *le'eltone* people started out before everybody. They started to go to *shipapolima*. And the people staying behind saw them starting out, and the women said,

Naiya, sek le'ettone ana  
Naiya, sek tikyllona ana.

Naiya,<sup>4</sup> look, the *le'eltone* is going.  
Naiya, look, the society members are going.

After the women had said that, those on ahead began to sing that song.

<sup>1</sup> An interesting rationalistic explanation of the substitution of *koluwala* (god town) for *shipapolima*, the place of emergence and, according to some accounts, of return after death in Keresan mythology.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," pp. 32-4.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 40.

<sup>4</sup> Keresan for mother. A woman's exclamation, said our interpreter.

As they went on they sang.<sup>1</sup> Now the people started to the south.<sup>2</sup>

XI. After four years all the people with *elleteliwa* started again. They came to *hanlipinkya*.<sup>3</sup> There they came and stayed four years.<sup>4</sup> After four years they started again. They came to *heshato yalla* and the *kyanakwe*<sup>5</sup> were there. The people that came wanted to go through, but the *kyanakwe* did not want to let them pass. They began to fight. They fought all day. In the evening, when they quit, they sent word to their children at *koluwala* to come and help them. So the two *apilashiwanni* went to them and said, "You children go and help your old ones (*alashinawe*) tomorrow. Certain people wont let our children pass." — "We shall be there." So they went back. The next day their children started from *koluwala*. They started in a drip of rain. When they got there they began to fight again. It rained all day. In the afternoon when they quit they went back to *koluwala*. They told them to come back again. The next day they started out again. When they started out they came with a heavy rain. Their bow strings were of deer sinew and those of the *kyanakwe*, of yucca fibre. When the neavy rain came the deer sinews of the *koko* got wet and broke. When the bows of the other side got wet, they were tight. They kept on fighting all day. And the *kyanakwe* captured *kolahma*,<sup>6</sup> *saiyalia*,<sup>7</sup> *itsepasha*.<sup>8</sup> When they caught *itsepasha*, he began to cry. His mouth looked just as it is now. The big woman of the *kyanakwe*, the *chakwen*<sup>9</sup> *okya* (woman), went in front of them while they fought. They shot at her with their arrows, but she did not die. She had her heart in a gourd rattle.

XII. Somewhere near was a big mountain creek. During the heavy rain in the waterfalls there was a lot of foam. There the two

<sup>1</sup> It is the same song that *koyemshi* sing, the song they come with at the initiation into the *kolikyane* (see below) or at *koko awia*. It is also the song sung when the *ellone* is carried around the box in the *le'wekwe* ceremonial.

<sup>2</sup> "No one knows where they are now," interjected our interpreter, "perhaps in Central America."

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 85.

<sup>4</sup> Variant recorded by Dr. Kroeber: at *hanlipinkya* the clans made *iats'ume* (competed) with one another. They asked the two *apilashiwanni* what they could do. So the two went to the south, killed, took the scalp, burned the scalp. Like the others they made rain for four days and nights.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. "Zuni Indians," pp. 217 ff. The myth of the *kyanakwe* is enacted in a quadrennial ceremonial.

<sup>6</sup> God hermaphrodite.

<sup>7</sup> Blue Horn, a whipper or exorcising *koko*.

<sup>8</sup> One of the ten *koyemshi*.

<sup>9</sup> Masked impersonations associated in details with the war cult or war complex.

*aihayuta* and *pauuliwa*<sup>1</sup> began. They are the children of rain,<sup>2</sup> rain children (*kashym*<sup>3</sup> *atsana*).<sup>4</sup>

XIII. When they stopped fighting the two *aihayuta* made up like men and went to the people. When the people saw them, they said, "Maybe those two know something. Perhaps they are brave." So they called them. When they got there they said to them, "Do you know of anything that you could do to those people who would not let us pass?" — "No, we are only little fellows, but we will try." After they quit fighting, the *koko* all went back to their houses again minus the three captives. Next day their children began to fight again in the rain. At noon they all stopped fighting. The two *aihayuta* could do nothing. "We can do nothing. Prepare meal and turquoise for us.<sup>5</sup> We are going somewhere, we shall be back soon." So the women gave them meal mixed with turquoise. They went out. After they had gone a little way from the town, the sun was in the middle [of the sky]. They looked up. They made a ball of the meal. They looked up at Sun. They threw it up. There was a road going up to Sun. "That's where we have to go," they said. So they started up to Sun.<sup>6</sup> When they got to where he was sitting, he said, "Have you come? Perhaps there is some news to tell." — "Yes," said they. "There are people, *alashinawe elleteliwa*, who go to find *itiwanna*, but there are some people who will not let them pass. Perhaps you know something to make them stop so our children may go through," said they to Sun. And Sun said to them, "You are *aiuchi'-ana* (having supernatural power), but you don't know where her heart is." — "No," said they. "The big *chakwena* person (*holanna chakwena*) has her heart ' in a gourd (*chimun*)," he said. "When you go down and hit that gourd so our people may pass through, they (*kyanakwe*) will run away." So Sun got his *leane* (turquoise)<sup>8</sup> and he gave it to the older brother (*am papa*). So Sun sent them down. "Do it carefully." So they went down.

<sup>1</sup> The head (*mosona*) of the *koko*. The independent origin of *pauuliwa* here given is of interest.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. "Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches," JAFL 11 : 255.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a Keresan rain term.

<sup>4</sup> The two *aihayuta* were raised from the suds of falling water. Their father was *uwanami* (Kroeber), a term for the ghostly rain makers.

<sup>5</sup> The usual offering to the supernaturals.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. "Zuni Indians," p. 25.

<sup>7</sup> Equivalent to saying her life. The heart in tale and general opinion is the seat of life.

<sup>8</sup> Rabbit stick, is I presume, understood; but there was so much uncertainty in interpreting that the point remains obscure. At Cochiti rabbit sticks are offered to the Sun. In the Laguna shrine of *shtuitauwa* where solstice offerings are made a mass of very old rabbit sticks with four grooves were found. (Parsons, E. C. "War god shrines of Laguna and Zuni," AA 20 (1918) : 384-5.

XIV. They began to fight again. *Am papa* said, "Now, you want me to try?" — "No, I don't want you to try, let me do it." — "You will miss it." — "No, I won't," he said; but his younger brother (*an suwe*) kept on asking him to let him have the turquoise. "I am your older brother, I am supposed to act because I am the older." — "I know, but then you will miss the big person *chakwena*." But *am papa* did not want to give it to him, so *an suwe* said, "Go on and try. I know you will miss." *Am papa* walked in front of all the people. As he walked in front, when he got near he turned his turquoise loose. He missed, and his turquoise went through and went to the north at *tepinetsa* (Ship Rock). A bear was there in hiding. He heard the turquoise coming and he stood up and waited till the turquoise got there. It came swiftly and it hit him in the belly. He began to bend down. The turquoise almost broke his backbone. *Am papa* followed his turquoise and when he got there the bear had the turquoise. And he said, "Why did you turn it loose? You hurt me very badly. Now I am bending low." And *aihayuta* said, "You are all right. This is the way you always will be. You will be very different from the way you were. When your back was straight, you did not look good, but now, when you do not seem to be looking at anything, yet you are looking. Therefore everybody will be afraid of you. You look good." — "All right," said the bear. So he [*aihayuta*] started back. When he got back to where they were fighting, *an suwe* said, "Now I will do it. I told you you would miss. Now I won't miss," he said. So he went in front of all the people and walked ahead again. When he got his turquoise straight, he turned it loose. Then he hit the gourd. Then she fell down and everybody ran away and ran into the spring. After the fighting was over, they all went back to their town and their children. The *koko* went back to their home.

XV. The two *aihayuta* went a little way to the top of their high rock (*atealakwi*, canyon). When they went there, they put up stones to sit on, they fixed their pottery drum (*te'pehana*), they put meal on top of it, and they called into the bottom of the earth for *haltunkya*, *oloma*, *saulusankya*, *shutuisha*, *uhepololo*.<sup>1</sup> So they came out. For them the *aihayuta* went back to the village and called all the people with *elleteliwa*. They took them to the top of their high rock. The two went in front, the people followed them. When they all got there, *am papa* said, "Is there any Yellow Corn clan of (among the) coyote?" So they looked. At last they found him (a Yellow Corn clansman). "Here he is." They took him and made him sit by the drum. He

<sup>1</sup> All these were *kyapin aho'*, raw people, i.e. supernaturals, but no other description could be obtained. Lippelanna said he did not know the songs. The songs were known only to the *apilashiwanni*. They sang them in the societies and in the game of *iyankolowe*.

was the one to beat the drum (*tese'atina*).<sup>1</sup> *Am papa* said, "Is there any Deer clan (*showit anota*) of (among) men?" — "We don't know," they all said. They looked. At last they found him. They said, "Here he is." — "All right. He will be my father. I will belong to this clan,"<sup>2</sup> said *am papa*.<sup>3</sup> *An suwe* said, "Is there any Bear clan of (among) men?" — "We don't know." They looked. They found him. *An suwe* said, "He will be my father. I will belong to this clan."<sup>4</sup> When everything was ready the coyote Yellow Corn clansman beat the drum. Then the creatures from the bottom of the earth started the songs of *shoinato'we* (*sho'matowe*). And they kept on singing. When the quick songs were over, they began the strong songs. The *tsu'tikyanillapona*<sup>5</sup> blew the big shell (*tsu'le*). At that time they blew all the people that lived around back to the east. Where the people were singing and dancing around their feet made marks in the ring.<sup>6</sup>

XVI. The next day the four *apilashiwanni*<sup>7</sup> said, "Now is the time to go again. We will leave this place." They came to *heshatoyalakwi*. There they came. When they came there they said, "This will be our house." — "This will be mine," each said, choosing his house.<sup>8</sup> At last they came to a house where there was one little boy and one little girl and their mother's mother (*hota*). They were left behind. They were sitting in a room with a bowl of water. They put cotton in their ears. They were smelling the water to keep from smelling the *koliwa*.<sup>9</sup> They had become black. The two *apilashiwanni* who came up with the people went inside. "My children, *konatonatea*." They said, "*Ketsanishi* (happy)."<sup>10</sup> "Have you come?"

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," pp. 112, 604-5.

<sup>2</sup> The Zufi clan is maternal, but the inconsistency of adopting a clan through a male did not present itself to the narrator or interpreter. Similarly at Laguna I have found men figuring in tradition as clan progenitors without there being any sense of incompatibility due to maternal descent. Dr. Boas describes the same situation in the traditions of the Northwest coast, RBAE 31 (1916): 412 et seq. Plainly, the pattern of male leadership so predominates in native thought that contrarities from the custom of female descent do not even come to mind. It would be hard to find a neater illustration of the distinction between maternal descent and matriarchy.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 584. The *homosona* or head of the *kotikyane* has to be a Deer clansman. In Kroeber's version it is plain that the Deer clan was chosen because of its association with the *kotikyane*.

<sup>4</sup> It was thus that our interpreter paraphrased the following:  
lukya ho tachillikya luk' sauwanikya onapa sauwanikya shonchapa  
thus I father had thus weapons teeth weapons claws.

<sup>5</sup> The society with the *tsu'le*, big shell.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," pp. 34-39.

<sup>7</sup> The first two leaders plus the two *aihayuta*.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," pp. 44-45. The population had been blown away, as noted above, or killed.

<sup>9</sup> The smell (sulphur) from the big shell that was filling the earth and killing the people.

<sup>10</sup> Conventional formulas of greeting on arrival.

— "Yes. We came to call you to come with us where the people are." — "All right, we will go." So they took them out and took them to where the people were. When they got there and the people looked at them, they were black. When they got there they said, "*Konatonatea*." — "*Ketsanishi*," the people said. They asked them, "Of what clan are your people (*kwap anotane ton aho'i*)?" — "We are Yellow Corn (*towa luptsikwa*)." — "Now after this you are not to be Yellow Corn clan. You will be Black Corn clan because you are black now," said they to them. "Now we are going to do rain asking tricks <sup>1</sup> (*iatsumenawa kyashimakya*)" said they. "If you people want to belong to us, if it is the same [if we are equal in our tricks] it will be all right." — "All right," they said. "You will be the first." — "No, you will be the first," they said. They kept on asking them to be the first, but they did not want to be. They asked them [the Black Corn people] four times, and they said, "We are not going to be the first." So the people said, "All right, we will be the first." So they made their days (*tewana ashnapkya*).<sup>2</sup> (When they make *telikyanawe*, after they put them in, they make four days). That four days it rained steadily. After the four days it cleared off, and it was the turn of the others to make days. The next day the little boy went off to get sticks (*laiakyanakya*). When he came back with them, his mother's mother worked (*ikwanekya*) *telikyanawe* with the stone knife <sup>3</sup> (*timushi*). Then they put in their sticks. Those four days it rained. It rained steadily for two days and the last two days came heavy rains (*kyalanna lilonikya*, water big, rained). "Now it is the same. You people will be with us."

XVII. They lived there for four years again. After the four years, they said, "Now we are to leave this place and go to another place," said they. So the next day they all started for another place. They came to *Matsakya*.<sup>4</sup> There they stopped. "Now we will stop here again," said they. So they lived there. After a few years many children were raised. There was no way to amuse themselves (*kyet-sana teak*). So they thought about how they could amuse the people. They met together every night and they thought about it. They said to the two *apilashiwanni* who came with them, "Can't you think of a way?" — "There is no need of thinking too much. There are our children living at *koluwala*. There is a way to go and see them." — "All right, you go." "All right, we will go tomorrow." So the next

<sup>1</sup> I.e. supernatural feats of competition.

<sup>2</sup> See below.

<sup>3</sup> Actually women do not work on the feather-sticks, but the *kyakweamosi okya*, the woman member of the paramount priesthood used to paint them and today the woman of the *onawa ashiwanni* paints their sticks.

<sup>4</sup> A ruin about three miles east of Zufi. Here the Sun priest has a shrine and makes solar observations.

day they went to *koluwalakwi*.<sup>1</sup> At noon they got there.<sup>2</sup> When they got there, they saw the road into the water. They walked in. When they got inside all were dancing. All stopped, and they said to them, "*Honawan chawe, konaton tewananatea*." — "*Kyetsanishi*. Have you come? Sit down," said they to them. So they sat down. "Now, our fathers, why do you come? Perhaps there is some news to tell. If there is not, you would not come," said they to them. "Well, there in *Matsakya*, in our village, many children are growing up and there is no way of amusing them. That is the reason our people met every night. At last they thought about you people and they sent us. We want your *sauwanikya pinane* (skilful, efficient; air, breath). That's why we come." — "All right. This our father *shulawitsi*<sup>3</sup> is the one to say." So they called him in. "*Hom atachu*, my fathers, *konaton tewananatea*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." So he asked, "What is it you want to say? Let me know about it." And the two *apilashiwanni* said, "There in our village, in *Matsakya*, many children are growing up. There is no way to amuse ourselves. That is why we want your *sauwanikya pinane*. That is why we come. They have sent us." — "I can't say anything. I have a grandfather (*nana*). He is the one to say. He is *limna* (*kyaklo*)." So they called him in. He came in. He sat down and he asked, "Now let me know what it is you want to tell." — "There are many children growing up at *Matsakya*. They have no way to amuse themselves. They want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." And he said, "I can't say anything, I have a grandfather who will say. He is at the north where there is a yellow hill, — he is *salimobia luptsinan*;<sup>4</sup> call him to see what he will say." So they sent word for him to come. He started from Yellow Hill. When he came, he said, "*Hom atachu, konatoleane*?" — "*Kyetsanishi*." He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have a younger brother

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the following account with the Keresan tales of how by theft the war gods force the coming of the rain gods.

<sup>2</sup> They were still raw people, explained our interpreter, so, in spite of the distance (over sixty miles), they could get there at noon. "It was long ago, so all were still raw people." Raw is used in the sense of non-human. Human beings are born on a heated sand bed, i.e. they are cooked.

<sup>3</sup> A fire-god. He figures at *kok awia*, in the summer solstice ceremonial and, together with all the supernaturals about to be mentioned, in the quadrennial initiation into the *kolikyane*.

<sup>4</sup> The position on high places assigned the *salimobia* in this myth is of considerable interest as it serves to identify them with the six delegates of the war gods in Keresan myth.

who will say. He is at the west ocean (*katululapna*) where there is a blue hill surrounded with water (*imkaiya*), — he is *salimobia liana*. Send for him. He is the one to say." So they sent for him. He started out from his place at Blue Hill. When he came, he said, "*Hom atachu, konatontewananatea.*" — "*Kyetsanishi.*" He sat down. He asked, "What have you to tell that you have sent for me? You may let me know about it." — "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I can't say anything, I have a younger brother who will say. He is at the south ocean where there is a red hill surrounded with water (*shilowimkaiya*), — *salimobia shilowa*. That is where he is. You may send for him. He is the one to see." So they sent word for him to come. He started from Red Hill. When he came he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane.*" — "*Kyetsanishi.*" He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have a younger brother who lives at the east where there is a white *imkaiya*, — *salimobia kohanna*." So they sent word for him to come. He started from White Hill. When he came he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane.*" — "*Kyetsanishi.*" He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have a younger brother who will say. He lives above the world (*iamak ulohneillona*, high, world or land having), where there is an *imkaiya* of different colors, — *salimobia ilopanaona*." So they sent word for him to come. When he came he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane.*" — "*Kyetsanishi.*" He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." "I have nothing to say. I have a younger brother. He lives at the bottom of the world (*manikyakwi ulohneillona*), *yallankwin imkaiya*, — *salimobia shikanna*." So they sent word for him to come. When he came, he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane.*" — "*Kyetsanishi.*" He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call."

And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have two younger brothers *annahoho*." So they sent word for them to come. When they came, they said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." They sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "We have nothing to say. We have two younger brothers *lelashoklipona* (Wooden Ears)." So they sent for them to come. When they came they said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*?" — "*Kyetsanishi*." They sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "We have nothing to say. We have two younger brothers, *u'poyona* (Cotton Hanging).<sup>1</sup> They live in the lake." So they sent word for them to come. They started from the lake. When they came, they said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." They sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call us. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "We have nothing to say. We have four younger brothers. (*Nawish* ? See p. 153) They live in the lake." So they sent for them to come. They started from the lake. When they came they said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." They sat down. "Now what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call us. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "We have nothing to say. We have a *nana molanhakto*<sup>2</sup> *kyakwemosi* (house head)<sup>3</sup> *shiwanni* (*koyemshi awan tachu*)." So they sent word for him to come. When he came, he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would

<sup>1</sup> Braids of cotton hang from the top of the mask.

<sup>2</sup> *Molan*, melons, pumpkins, referring to knobs on head; *hakto*, on top.

<sup>3</sup> The use of this term here substantiates the view that any of the rain priests may be called by it.

not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have a grandfather who will say. He lives in the lake, *tsitsikya*." So they sent word for him to come. He started from the lake. When he came he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves, so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have a grandfather. He lives here. He is *wolsanna*<sup>1</sup> (*wo* from *wole*, servant, little; *tsanna*, generic term for bird). So they sent for him to come. When he came he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have a grandfather, *kolowisi*,<sup>2</sup> he lives here. He will say." So they sent word for him to come. When he came he said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." He sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call me. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "I have nothing to say. I have two grandsons that have a flower (*uleane*), — *muluklakya tsitonleanachi*. They will say." So they sent word for them to come. When they came, they said, "*Hom atachu, konato teane*." — "*Kyetsanishi*." They sat down. "Now, what is the news? May be there is some news to tell. That is why you call us. If there were no news you would not call." And they said, "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwanikya pinane*. They have sent them." — "We have nothing to say. We have four grandsons — *sayalia*. They live here. They will say." When the *sayalia* came in, they sat down. They asked, "What is the news?" Tell us so we may know."

<sup>1</sup> I am uncertain whether this bird is *sulikya* or *tsulsukya* (*tsu'tsu'a*). The *tsulsukya* bird is a sign (*tehiuna*) of rain. If the rain priests hear it during their retreat for rain there is sure to be rain. They use its feathers in their sticks, but it is used, too, in the common feather-stick for the *koko*.

<sup>2</sup> The plumed serpent of Pueblo Indian lore. According to a rain priest informant *kolowisi* is a *koko*, but other informants have held that he was not a *koko*.

— "There at *Matsakya* our children are bringing up many children and they have no way to amuse themselves so they want our *sauwan-ikya pinane*. They have sent them." They said, "Are we all in now?" — "Yes," they all said. "Well," the people inside said, "When you go back to your homes fix up six large houses for us, seven, including the house of our *anana* (the *koyemshi*) and make days for us. After you get there, after you fix the houses on the first day of eight days let your children make *telikyanawe* and put them at *oshokwe ima* (head sitting). We shall get them from there, and when you make *telikyanawe* the second time give them to every direction and we shall get them. On the same day our *nana kyaklo* will be there for an entire night and an entire day." So they started out and came to the village. When they got there, that same night they all met together and they asked them, "What have they told you?" They said, "They will be here, and they want us to fix up six large houses for them and, for their grandfathers, a house, making seven." They said, "When we make their days, we will make *telikyanawe* and put them at *oshokwe ima*. They will get them thence. The second time we cut, we will give them to every direction,<sup>1</sup> and they will get them thence.<sup>2</sup> And their *nana kyaklo* will come that same day in the morning, and stay through the night, till the next morning at the same time. In eight days he will be here for one whole day, that is what they told us. So tomorrow everybody is to work at the houses." — "All right, let us all go." So they went to their houses. Next day they worked on the houses.<sup>3</sup> And the day after they had them all ready they worked on the *telikyanawe*. At the same time they went to *oshokwe ima*. When they came back they put them in every direction,<sup>4</sup> and thence they got them at *koluwalakwi*. That same morning *kyaklo* came on the backs of the *koyemshi* and went into the different houses (*kiwitsiwe*) all day and all night till morning. Then he went back.<sup>5</sup> Then in eight days he came in the morning for all day. The *koyemshi* brought him on their backs. They sang as they came. Before they left, they (the others at *koluwala*) said, "We will be there this evening after you have been in every house, but if you have not reached the last house, you watch, we will make a fire at *hawikuh onan yatone* (Hawikuh, road,

<sup>1</sup> lesi tekwi hon telikyanawe aleanawa  
thus direction our hold

<sup>2</sup> Conclusive evidence that the beings to whom feather-sticks are offered are supposed to fetch them.

<sup>3</sup> The houses referred to are the *kiwitsiwe* or sacred club houses. House building or repairing is an integral part of the great *koko awia* ceremonial. The houses built or added to are those in which the *koko* are to be entertained, and they are regarded as substitutes for the *kiwitsiwe*. Our text makes it quite plain that this quasi-ceremonial building is based on the simple idea of getting ready for a guest.

<sup>4</sup> They put them in the ground at different points.

<sup>5</sup> To recite in each his "talk." ("Zuñi Indians," pp. 77-89.)

cross) and our grandfather here <sup>1</sup> will call. Before you go in the house, when you hear him call and see the fire, only send a cigarette <sup>2</sup> up to the house and come." When he heard *kolowisi* call, he went back to *koluwala*. When *kyaklo* and the *koyemshi* went back to *koluwala*, then *kolowisi* and all the *salimobia* came down close to the village and all the people met them. While they stopped there, all the *salimobia* went each to his own direction, a little way off, and said his prayer. When they all came back, they all started to the village. All the people sang for *kolowisi*, and *kolowisi* cried out and the ground shook as he went along. And *wolsanna* went ahead and peeped in every house he passed, and then *kolowisi* peeped in, all his grandfathers watching him. After they peeped in every house, the last house he peeped in, he (*kolowisi*) went in. They all watched him till he sat down. When the people caught him and made him sit down, they all (*salimobia*) went off to live where each one belonged. The last two brothers, the oldest, the yellow, went in the house where *kolowisi* went in. They danced all night till morning. The people looked toward the south [east?], at *tonashinakwe*, and they saw *kyaklo* coming with the rest, and they all cried out, "This side the rest of them are coming." Two carried the *tsitona*, and *kyaklo* ran with the rest of them. When *kyaklo* said, "*hashi*," they all said "*hashi*!" and ran after him. (None might call his own call, they all said "*hashi*!") As they came, *tomtsinapa* <sup>3</sup> cried out *ikokol* (his own call). Then it began to storm. "Why did you do it?" said they to *tomtsinapa*. "Did they not tell us that not one of us was to cry out his own sound?" *Kyaklo* went with the others around the village, then he took them back to their homes. After the sound went up, then the *salimobia luptsina* went out and went to the north. A little way they went and put in their own *lapone* (feather-stick bundle) for the north. When they did that, they went back to their brothers, *salimobia liana*. When they went in, then the two of them came out and went a little way to the west and put in their own *lapone*. After doing that they went back and went to the house of their brothers, *salimobia shilowa*. When they went in, *salimobia shilowa* went out and went to the south a little way and put in their own *lapone*. Then they went to the house of their brothers, *salimobia kohanna*. When they got there, they went out to the east and put in their own *lapone*. When they did that, they went back to their brothers, *salimobia itopanna*. When they went in, then the two of them came out and went a little way to the (?) and put in their own *lapone* for the sky. When they did that they went back

<sup>1</sup> *Kolowisi*. When *kolowisi* called, the earth would shake. The ground was not very hard yet.

<sup>2</sup> Ceremonial requests are made with the presentation of a cane cigarette. The cigarette is partially smoked and, in some cases at least, deposited with feather-sticks.

<sup>3</sup> An impersonation associated with the *chakwena*. ("Notes on Zufi," Pt. I, 212-3.)

to their brothers, *salimobia shikani*. They went a little way out of the village and put in their own *lapone*. When they had done that they went to *lelashoktipona*. When they went in, then the two of them came out and went a little way to the north and put in their own *lapone*. When they did that they went back to their brothers, *salimobia u'poyona*. When they went in, then the two of them went a little way to the west and put in their own *lapone*. When they did that, they went back to their brothers, *salimobia nawish*. When they went in then the two of them came out and went a little way to the south and put in their own *lapone*.<sup>1</sup> When they did that, they went back to their own houses. After they had gone out to all of the directions all the brothers *salimobia* went to drink, one at a time, at the house of *awan papa* (their elder brother), *salimobia luptsina*. They prepared a *kyanakwenan* (spring) for them in the house of *salimobia luptsina*. Then they got a drink and they went out and looked for the people. When they saw anyone walking about, they whipped him. And it was their brothers' turn to be out and go to drink, and the *nawish* kept watching them. When they had all drunk, the *nawish* went around to their brothers and took them out and went themselves to drink. When they drank, *annahoho* came out and went to *shulawitsi*. They took him out and went to drink with him. When everyone had drunk, the *annahokwe*<sup>2</sup> went around the village and threw down pots or anything laid out for them on top of the houses for them to keep away bad luck [literally, *lualana* (village), *shuwanakya* (get rid of, cleanse)]. Then *shulawitsi* burned up the things.<sup>3</sup> When they finished going around part of the village with their older brothers *salimobia*, they went around the rest of the village with their younger brothers *salimobia*. When they had been all over the village, they went to their own houses. They stayed there for a while, then they gathered together all the children to be initiated (*apu'anatunan*, *apu'a*, initiation). *Aihayuta am papa* was to be initiated with the children. At last *salimobia luptsina am papa* went out and gathered together all the *salimobia am papa*, *u'poyona*, *lelashoktipona*, *nawish*, *shulawitsi* and *annahokwe*. When everything was ready, they all went and initiated the children. When they were done, they went back. It was the turn of the younger brothers. They came. (The *annahoho* and *shulawitsi* stayed through with both sets.) When they

<sup>1</sup> *Leleshoktipona* is associated with the yellow *salimobia* of the north, *u'poyona* with the blue *salimobia* of the west (according to another informant with the black *salimobia* of the nadir), and *nawish* with the red *salimobia* of the south. *annahoho* is said to be associated with the white *salimobia* of the east, and *shulawitsi* with the variegated *salimobia* of the zenith.

<sup>2</sup> "So called from a word in their song." These impersonations are thought of as evil, so they may come out only at the initiation.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Zuñi Indians," p. 97. Persons will also spit into these things ("Notes on Zuñi" II, 287).

had initiated the children, they all went back to one place. When the *pekwin* and the others got there, they all said, "Now look at us carefully. We wont come this way all the time. Note the way we are, so whenever it is time to initiate again, you can do it yourselves. But anyway we will come.<sup>1</sup> So we do not have to come just as we are now." So they looked at them. Then *wotsanna*<sup>2</sup> said, "Look at me closely, so you will fix it up as I am. The years when you initiate, I will come similarly." Then *kolowisi* said, "Look at me closely, so you will fix it up as I am. The years when you initiate, I will come similarly. I will not come the next time, but anyhow I will come." — "We are not going to come just as we are now. If we kept coming like this, it would be wrong," they said. When they said this, *sayalia* came and whipped the children.<sup>3</sup> The first round they whipped them softly, the second round they whipped them severely, the third time they stepped on the back of the children (to find the back where they whipped them).<sup>4</sup> The fourth time they also stepped on them.<sup>5</sup> After this, they said, "Now look at us closely. So you will fix it as we are. The years when you initiate,<sup>6</sup> we will come back similarly." They went back to *koluwala*.

XVIII. The people lived on there. At last the *ashiwanni* began to think about moving away. At night they met together and they said, "This place where we now live, we think it is the middle, but perhaps it is not." They kept on meeting every night to consider about moving away and living and making another *hepatina*<sup>7</sup> to be forever. At last they thought of Hawk (*anelawa*) and they sent word to him to come. At last he came and said, "What do you want me for?" — "Well, our people have stopped here and lived and made their *hepatina* and all their *elleteliwa* are here. We once thought this was the middle, but now we think it is not. That is why we called you. We want you to find the middle for all these *elleteliwa*, because you know every place in the world." — "I will try," he said. So he went out. He went all over the country. When he came back, they asked him, "Did you find the middle?" — "No," said he, "I could not find it."

<sup>1</sup> I.e. with the clouds, Leslie explained.

<sup>2</sup> The night after the initiation *tsutsukya* visits *chupawa kiwitsine* and *ohewa kiwitsine*. *Tsutsukya* is not an impersonation but, like *kolowisi*, an image.

<sup>3</sup> Terms used are: *wa'kiapnikyana*, all to be whipped; or *taknekyana*, to be killed, or whipped, or punished; or *ainanakyana* (*ainana*, fight, *kyannikya*, whip).

<sup>4</sup> The children were under blankets.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. "Zufi Indians," p. 99.

<sup>6</sup> The initiation of the little children is quadrennial. The foregoing account is a description of this ceremonial. It omits the name-giving rite, the rite of bean and corn and meat offering, not to speak of a number of other incidents. It omits mention, too, of the supplementing initiation *stenapikanaiye* (to make know) when older children put on the masks and qualify immediately as impersonators. This supplementary or completing ritual may take place at the *koko awia*. (Cf. "Zufi Indians," 102-4.)

<sup>7</sup> A shrine indicative of the middle of the world. See "Zufi Indians," pp. 201-2.

Then at night they met again. They considered who could find it for them. They thought of Eagle (*kyakyali*). They called him. He came. He asked, "What do you want me for?" They said, "We once thought this was the middle, but now we think it is not. That is why we called you. We want you to find the middle for all these *elleteliwa*, because you know every place in the world." — "I will try," he said. He went and looked all over the country. When he came back and they asked him, he said he could not find it. So he went away. Then at night they met again. They considered who could find it for them. They thought of Crow (*kwalashi koko*). They called him. He came. He asked, "What do you want me for?" — "We once thought this was the middle, but now we think it is not. That is why we called you. We want you to find the middle for all these *elleteliwa*, because you know every place in the world." — "I will try," he said. He went and looked all over the country. When he came back and they asked him, he said he could not find it. So he went away.<sup>1</sup> At last the *apilashiwanni* thought of the big water skate (*kyanastepi*). He lived in the south at *kyatululapnakwi*. They called him to come. When he came he asked, "What do you want me for?" They said, "We once thought this was the middle, but now we think it is not. That is why we called you. We want you to find the middle for all these *elleteliwa*, because you know every place in the world." — "I will try," he said. So he took them below *hepatina* [below where *hepatina* is now] and he laid his heart there. From there he lifted himself up and stretched his arms towards east and west and south and north, but to the east his arms could not fully stretch out. Then he laid himself down. "This is not the place. My arms to the east are not stretched. May be over there where there is a little hill, may be that is the place." — "Let us go there." There he laid himself down. Again he lifted himself up. Again he stretched his arms in every direction. Then his arms stretched straight and not bent. So he laid himself down. "This is the place. Now put a rock down where my heart beats."<sup>2</sup> So they put a rock under his heart. From *Matsakya* all the people started out and left their village and came out. They made their town here and made a new *hepatina*. When they lived here the two *apilashiwanni* left and went to *Tealatashinakwe*.<sup>3</sup> There they went in under the earth to live there forever.

XIX. The two *aihayuta* left this place and went to the west and looked over everything on the earth. They went to different towns.

<sup>1</sup> For the same pattern of birds as seekers see Parsons, E. C. "The Zuñi Mo'lawia," JAF 29(1916) : 392.

<sup>2</sup> In founding Sia the *tiāmōni* (cacique) had first a square of stone laid which may still be seen. It represents the heart of the town, "for a heart must be before a thing can exist." RBAE 11 : 67.

<sup>3</sup> In the mesas south of Zuñi.

In some places they would find a girl and they would stay with her over night. The next day they would kill her and move on to another place. They kept doing that as they went about. They went to *Yulsi*.<sup>1</sup> When they got there, they saw a girl. They went up to her. They asked her, "Where are you going?" — "I am going home." — "Your home is far." — "No, I shall be there soon." — "No, you wont get there. Let's stay here. You may go tomorrow." She said, "All right." They stayed with her that night. In the morning, before she woke, they killed her. As they went on they saw the same girl coming after them. "There is another one coming," they said to each other. "Let's make her, too, stop." So they went up to her. "Let's stay here. Where are you going?" — "I am going home." — "Your home is far." — "No, I shall be there soon." — "No, you wont get there. Let's stay here. You may go tomorrow." She said, "All right." They stayed the night with her. Then next day, when they woke up, the girl was already dead and dirt was on her. They said to each other, "This is the one we killed yesterday. She followed us. Let's take out her heart." So they took out her heart and smashed it to pieces. "Now let's go, she wont bother us this time." But after they had gone a little way, they looked back and saw her coming. "There she is coming again. Let's run. She wont catch us." So they ran. When they had gone far, they looked back. She was behind close by them. "There she is coming. We didn't leave her behind. What can we do? I wonder if there is anyone who could save us? She has died twice, but if she catches us, she will kill us." When they came to Ship Rock, they said, "Our people have passed through here, may be some of them living here could save us." At last they came to *shipapolima*. The *aihayuta* never stopped to eat or drink, but the girl kept on chasing them. In *shipapolima* <sup>2</sup> there was a Stone knife i.e. Flint society <sup>3</sup> (*achia tikyane*). When they got there, they said, "That's the place our people live. They will save us." They said, "Our fathers, *konato teane*?" — "*Kyetsanishi*." When they sat down they gave them to eat. They took the bread and dipped it in the stew and put it in their mouth only four times.<sup>4</sup> Then they quit eating. When they finished eating, the two said, "Do you know any way to save us? Some one is chasing us." — "Yes," said they, "You may sit down here." They made them sit down.

<sup>1</sup> A Navaho place in the north.

<sup>2</sup> The traditional place of origin of the societies.

<sup>3</sup> Identified with the *halo'kwe*, Ant society. At Cochiti and formerly, it is probable, at Laguna the cacique or high priest was head of the Flint Society and in retreats for rain the Flint Society was the first to go in. It is, therefore, of peculiar interest here to find a measure of eminence given to the Flint Society.

<sup>4</sup> As the *koyemshi* eat preliminary to the final fast at *koko awia* ("Notes on Zúñi," Pt. I, 205). It is good manners in a guest ostentatiously to eat little.

To each they gave a bow, the bowstring to be held away from them like *ahenia* as in the *le'wekwe* dance. Thus they held the bow.<sup>1</sup> They made them blacken their face. They sang the songs to save them. At the second song they turned the bows in back to themselves. When they finished that, they sang the song for them to get angry. As they began the chorus, she got there, and they heard her step on the roof. She said, "My fathers, my two sons, have they come?" — "Yes, they are here." — "Send them out for me." — "They are here. Come in and take them out yourself," said they to her. She stepped down one step and then she ran back. "Send them out for me." The people said, "Come in yourself and get them out." She stepped down two steps and ran back again. She said again, "Send them out for me." — "You come in and get them yourself." She stepped down three steps, and went up again. "I can't go in. Send them out for me." — "We can send them out if you want them, but come in and get them yourself." She stepped down four steps and then she fell down inside. She made a noise in her throat as when you cut a sheep's throat. When she got up and walked over, the two went at her with their club and knocked her down three times and killed her. "Now you go and throw her far off. Don't leave her near by. Here is my knife," said Bear,<sup>2</sup> "with this you take off her scalp." — "And here is my knife," said Mountain Lion, "with this you take off her scalp." Then *achi-yalatopa* <sup>3</sup> said, "Here is my knife, with this you take off her scalp." Then at last White Bear said, "And here is my knife. With this you take off her scalp. When you take her far off, lay her on her face, with the knife we gave you last make marks around her back; and with the knife we first gave you take off her scalp. Then when you take off her scalp, throw it up and shout. Pick it up a second time and shout. Pick it up a third time and shout. A fourth time pick it up, throw it up and shout. Then come with the scalp." So they picked her up and carried her out. When they went far off, they laid her down and marked her around with the knife. With the first knife they took off the scalp. They threw it up and shouted. A second time they threw it up and shouted. A third time they threw it up and shouted. A fourth time they threw it up and shouted. They picked it up and went to a cedar tree (*homatane*) and cut down the tree. On the top of the tree they put the scalp. They started back with the scalp,

<sup>1</sup> One might see in this position evidence for the obsolete bow-like throwing stick which Cushing argued was reproduced in miniature in the crook prayer-stick.

<sup>2</sup> Bear, Mountain Lion and other prey animals are intimately associated with the Pueblo Indian curing societies, and members appear to impersonate the animals. At Sia, Bear and Mountain Lion are noted in particular as composing the Flint society. RBAE 11 : 69.

<sup>3</sup> The knife-winged personage who is figured on several Zuñi altars, and may be mentioned instead of Eagle as the being of the Zenith. He is said to belong to all the societies, a bringer of medicines.

singing. When they came with the scalp, they walked in and the people inside told them to put meal to the altars (*teshkwiwe*). So they took the meal and went to the altars and gave them meal. When they got through, they turned back. The people inside said to them, "Now look around carefully. Someone may be coming in. See which of you will guess." So they looked around and they saw tracks and one of them said, "Someone is going out." And *an suwe* said, "No, someone is coming in." — "No, he is going out." — "No, he is coming in." And the people inside said, "Don't worry so much. Look at the altars. Perhaps someone is there." So the two looked and they saw a chaparral cock (*poyi*) sitting behind the altars.<sup>1</sup> His tail was white at the end. They said, "Catch him and bring him around." They caught him and they sat down and smoothed him. They said to them, "Count his tail, see how many feathers he has in his tail." So the two *aihayuta* counted the tail feathers, and they said, "There are twelve." — "All right. That many days your *teshkwi* <sup>2</sup> will last. You have been killing a lot of people, and you have never made any *teshkwi* for the persons you killed, that's the reason she followed you clear on your way. Now after this when you kill anyone, make that many days,—i.e. twelve—*teshkwi* and you will have no trouble."<sup>3</sup>

XX. They stayed there all night. At midnight they initiated into the society the two *aihayuta*. They began the first song for *ishuwanakya* (cleansing, take bad habits away). Through with that, the animals (*wemawe*)<sup>4</sup> stood and looked at their children, the two *aihayuta*. All night they did that. In the morning they repeated the *ishuwanakya*. Then they were initiated into the Flint society. At sunrise, while they were eating, the two *aihayuta* said to each other, "These people who began last (came last out of the ground), they brought away everything—all the different kinds of stones, *alashi* (old, i.e. stones)<sup>5</sup> and *timushi* (stone knife), so we have none, although we began first. How would it be if we assembled all the societies?" And someone heard them saying that and he said, "What are you talking about?" — "We are talking about you people and the others, of how you came out

<sup>1</sup> His track, whether coming or going, is the same.

<sup>2</sup> Here, meaning period of taboo.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Zufii Indians," pp. 49-51.

<sup>4</sup> The fetish stone animals on the altars are regularly so-called. The animals painted on the wooden slats are called *wemawopanapa*, society members are figuratively called *wemawe* ("Notes on Zufii," I, 52).

<sup>5</sup> Each society member has some. He or she keeps them at home and daily offers them food, as food is offered to the corn ear fetiches (*mi'we*) of the societies, to *eltowe* and to masks. This feeding of whatever has a fetichistic character is a function primarily of the women. It is an important factor in the religious organization, as the fetiches must be kept in households where women are to be found who will properly attend to their wants, as a Laguna woman remarked, who will not starve them. At Laguna Americanized women are under suspicion.

with everything, although you began last. We began first,<sup>1</sup> but we did not come out with everything like you people. So we are talking about assembling all the societies." They went all around to see where the people were with the societies. They came back to the west where they had begun. There they found some people whom they took with them to *shipapolima*. All the different kinds of societies were there. They did not sleep for two nights, getting all the songs and all the things they did. And all the societies listened to the singing. They began to sing all the songs of *wemawe* and *ishuwanakya* and all the other songs they used in the societies. When they all stopped singing, in the morning when they began to eat, the *tikya mosi* (society head) said, "Now you will leave this place. On your way don't drink water while you wear your cap, while you wear your *yalonane* (bandolier). You have been doing that. Before you drank, you used to blow the water, don't do it any more.<sup>2</sup> Whenever you want to drink, take off everything you have on. If you don't, all of us will take your scalps and you will die." — "No, we won't do those things any more. You are our fathers and these women are our mothers, these boys are our brothers, these girls are our sisters. We belong to your people." The *tikya mosi* said, "We may not believe you, because you boys are naughty. But if on your way you keep to these rules, you will live forever and take care of your people. In the high hills, in the forest, that is where you are to belong."

XXI. When they separated at *koluwala*, *le'eltone* went north and made their villages on the way to *shipapolima*. They lived at *shipapolima*. From there they arranged to come back to this side. They had two *apilashiwanni* for themselves. They started towards the west. They came to *toyakwi* (Nutria). There they stopped. They lived there. The two *apilashiwanni* were hunting around. They came to *meoshlekwi* (the mountain the other side of Black Rock). They were standing there looking towards this side. They saw the smoke around this place, and they said, "We believe some people are living there. Perhaps they are our people, the people we separated from in the beginning. Let us go back and we will come and join together again." They went back home. When they got there they told the people, "While we were hunting around and we were on top of the mountain we saw a smoke in that big open place, and we believe some people are living there, perhaps the people from whom we separated. In a few days we will go there." So in a few days they said, "Let's all go now to find that village. We will live there." So they all started. As they went, they came to *akwine tewatsanakwi* (rocks, black, narrow place). There they came and there was a hole and their *lemosona*

<sup>1</sup> An interesting claim to priority for the war god cult.

<sup>2</sup> Anything in the water should be swallowed down with the water to make them strong.

(*lewekwe*, chief) went through the hole. Before he went in, he put the stick he swallowed (*lompokiltona*) down on the rock. Then he went through. He went into the fourth world (*awiten tehula*) again. At that time some of the people of the village went out and made other villages, but all the *elletteliwa* lived on at the village. The *le'eltone* came to *katikia* and joined the people there. When they joined that village, they and the people here arranged to make *iatsumanawe* (tricks) to see which one would be the head. No one wanted to make *iatsuma* with them. At last they talked about it. At last the *ashiwanni* who are now called *paltok*<sup>1</sup> *ashiwanni*, said, "We will do it," and they asked them (the *paltok ashiwanni*) to start. They did not want to. And they asked the *le'eltone* people to start, and they said, "All right." It was during the summer (*olo'ikya*). So the people with the *le'eltone* made their days first. From the beginning of the first day it snowed. It snowed all day and night for four days. After four days, the snow was so deep (indicating about five feet). Then the *ashiwanni* here made their days.<sup>2</sup> The first day it began to rain. It rained all day and night for four days. After four days, it cleared off the snow, and the sun shone. The people here said, "It is the same, only we will give you two moons (*yachune*) during the winter (*tetsinna*) because you people are cold (*atsinna*). After the two moons during the rest of the moons you will be just like (*hinina*, same) the poor people (*tewukolia*)."<sup>3</sup> — "All right. When we make our turn during the winter, plenty of snow will be on the ground. So during the spring (*telakwaiip*), while our earth mother keeps it wet, during all that summer, our corn, anything we plant, will stay alive." — "During the summer it will be our turn to make the days,"<sup>4</sup> said the people here.<sup>5</sup> So they joined the people. So they lived here many years, and the people lived on.

<sup>1</sup> The eastern district of town is called *paltowa* and here is situated the ceremonial house of the *paltok ashiwanni*. It is from this fact, I think, that they are sometimes referred to as rain-priests of the East. On the other hand they are always mentioned second in listing the rain-priest sets and should therefore, in accordance with the usual order or circuit, be accounted priests of the West, and according to some informants, they are thus accounted. The reference in the text to the term *paltok ashiwanni* as a late development is otherwise also of interest. I once got the same kind of reference in connection with the *pekwin* who, as noted, is regularly chosen from the *paltok ashiwanni*.

<sup>2</sup> The days, today eight for the *kyakweamosi* and, according to some informants, the other ranking priesthoods, four for the subordinate priesthoods, are days of retreat, fasting, and prayer.

<sup>3</sup> "You will have no *telikyanan* to put in." The poor person is, as we might say, the layman, one without ceremonial property. The governor (*lapup*) once thus spoke of himself to me. ("Notes on Zufii," Pt. I, 274 n. 1).

<sup>4</sup> honawan tewanan yoan  
our days become

<sup>5</sup> There is some suggestion here of the division into winter and summer groups characteristic of the Tewa and of Taos. We might see in the *pekwin*, regularly chosen from the

XXII. There was some reason that the earth or "ocean" (*kyatulap-nap*, water all around) got angry and all the little springs became larger and this land began to be full of water, and then all the people with all the *elleteliwa* ran up to *towa yallane*. They lived there. The water got higher all the time. It filled up and almost went up to *towa yallane*, and all the animals that lived in the water were in the water and *kolowisi* was lying on top of the mountain now called *noponitana*<sup>1</sup> (nose face). He lay on that point looking towards this side and crying out, and the water almost reached the top of *towa yallane*. And the people did not know what to do. At last they looked for a boy that knew nothing about girls and a girl that knew no boys. They were the children of *ashiwanni*. When they found them, all the people made *telikyanawe* for them. When they finished, they took them out from their house and said, "Now, our children, you are to go in the water to save your people." So they took them to the north side and there they gave them a *kya'echine* (large bundle of feather-sticks). So they sent them down both at the same time. As they went down into the bottom, the water would lower each day. Where the suds stopped at the rock you can see the white rocks, and the marks of the heels of the two children you can see in the rocks. Where the water got very low there the two were standing. They had turned into the rocks which are now standing at *towa yallane*. They call them the *tsauwaki tap ele* (youth and girl). The girl stands at the north, the boy at the south.<sup>2</sup>

*pallowa ashiwanni* the "summer cacique" and in the *kyakwemosi lashi*, rain priest of the North, the "winter cacique."

<sup>1</sup> Since called from this incident.

<sup>2</sup> On enquiring among the Hopi about a parallel to this tale of flood and sacrifice I was told that such a tale, a long tale, belonged to the *patki* (Water-house) clan, and I was given a synopsis merely. — The Crier chief (*chaakmongwi*, Zuñi, *pekwin*) was very angry because they had put his wife in the kiva with the girls and had had intercourse with her. The men were crazy, they had intercourse with every girl and woman they met outdoors. The Crier chief was thinking about what he could do to the people. He had a son who was growing up. He made him practice running every day. One day he said to him, "My son, you can run fast now. You can run down a deer. Go hunting today and find a deer with his horn so long." (Narrator indicating from the base of the thumb to the tip of the middle finger, a prayer-stick measure, by the way.) With this he intended to make a water snake (*palukon*, Zuñi, *kolowisi*). Then he gave his son four masks to wear one over the other, and he told him to come into the village every night at midnight. So the boy came in and went to the top of a house and sat there making a noise as if grinding with a stone. An old man heard the noise and was frightened. "Something has come," he said to himself, and the next day he told the people that something had come in the middle of the night and gone up to the roof and staid there grinding. The people did not believe him. But the next night the old man heard the sound again. He told the people and they did not believe him. It was the same on the third night, on the fourth night the old man went out and saw some one, with fire coming out of his eyes and mouth. Then the people said they would catch him, but they were very much afraid. . . . When they caught him they pulled off one mask and there was another. Then they pulled off another mask and

XXIII. After the people came down from *lowa yallane*, they scattered into the different villages, and that was the time the *tsipolowa* came.<sup>1</sup>

there was another. They pulled off that mask and there was another. They pulled off that one, the fourth mask, and underneath was a *kulani*. He told them that the next day there would be a flood, but the people did not believe him, and they killed that boy. . . . The next day the water began to come up out of their floors and their hearths. It went higher and higher up in the houses up to the roofs of the houses. In one house there were an old man and an old woman. The old man was lame and the old woman was blind. So the old woman took the old man on her back, up to the roof of the house. There the two old ones turned into turkeys and when the flood came up, it came just to the tips of their tails and marked their tails. That is why the turkey tail has a white band. . . . The people did not know how to stop the flood. So the *gigmongwi* (house or village chief; Zufii *kyakwemosi*) dressed up his son and daughter and he said to them that they had to go into the water and when they came to *palūkon* they were not to be afraid of him. "He is your uncle," he said to them. "Put your arms around him; he is your uncle." So the children went down into the water. They were very much afraid, still they went on, and when they reached *palūkon*, the boy put his arm around him on one side, and the girl put her arm around him on the other. Then they all went down. After that *palūkon* became a rock. And the flood went down and all the people went back to their houses. (Cf. Dumarest, "Notes on Cochiti, New Mexico." MAAA 6(1919) : 209.)

<sup>1</sup> According to other informants the *tsipolowa* (Mexicans) came up with the Zufii. But the *tsipolowa* wanted to be waited on so much, not to speak of how the *tutachus* (priest) would whip those who did not go to mass or put them in the stocks, that the Zufii got tired of the *tsipolowa*, "made a bundle of them and threw them to the south."

## ORIGIN MYTH FROM ORAIBI.

BY FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING.<sup>1</sup>

ABSTRACT (by E. C. Parsons).

- I. Four lightless worlds. Lowest cave world overcrowded, no room even to spit.
- II. Two boys pierce roofs of cave worlds, and descend. Try out all plants as ladder for people to ascend. Climb up to second world by cane.
- III. Pull up cane ladder, leaving others below. They ascend later, "our brothers to the westward."
- IV. Second cave world overcrowded. Ascent to third world. Fire and torchlight from "The Two."
- V. Women crazy to dance, neglect offspring.
- VI. Ascent to fourth world, this world in the dark and damp, surrounded by waters. Tracks of Corpse demon.
- VII. With men are Spider, Vulture, Swallow, Coyote, Locust. Spider spins cotton mantle, to give light. Deerskin shield sent to East to become the sun. Cotton mantle, to West to become the moon. Coyote opens heavy jar, stars fly out.
- VIII. Vulture fans away the waters. "The Two" cut water channels to drain the land. Prints left, as land hardens into stone.
- IX. Daughter of chief priest killed by jealous girl. Detection through ball of meal and pollen. Dead girl seen living in underworld. Descendants of murderer girl, witches.
- X. Locust killed and revives, turning black. Taken as medicine for wounds.
- XI. Swallow sent back for seed corn by God of Dew. He gives the seed to the Corn Clan who can raise corn in a single day. Slow crops today due to witches.
- XII. War with people of an earlier emergence, and with one another. Navaho an enemy to all.
- XIII. Mexican made of clay, and breathed upon. Of a bad color, he is washed to whiteness. From washed-off epidermis and flesh, horse and burro created. Mexican departs to return later.
- XIV. First from cave worlds, the Americans. Prediction by Younger Brother (Oraibi) to Elder Brother (American).

I. When the world was new, men and the creatures lived not and things were not on the top of the earth, but below. All was black darkness as well above as below. There were four worlds, this world (the top of the earth), and three cave worlds, one below the other. No one of the cave worlds was large enough to contain all living creatures and men, for they increased in the lowest first cave world so as to overfill it. They were poor and knew not whither to turn in the black darkness, and when they moved, they jostled one another. The place was filled with the filth and dung of those who dwelt in it. No man could turn to spit but he spat on another, or cast slime from his nose

<sup>1</sup> Through the kindness of Mr. Stewart Culin and Mr. F. W. Hodge this posthumous paper of Mr. Cushing has become available for publication. The myth was recorded by Cushing during a visit to Oraibi in 1883. I have added the notes accompanying this account. — E. C. Parsons.

but it fell upon another. The people filled the place with their complainings and exclamations of disgust.

II. It was said by the masters (gods?), "Being thus it is not well," and, "How can it be made better?" and, "Let it be tried and seen!" Two boys, the older brother and the younger, said, "Yes, let it be tried and seen and it shall be well; by our wills shall it be well," said "The Two"<sup>1</sup> to the masters and to the priest-chiefs of the dwellers in the cave world. "The Two" pierced the roofs of the caves and descended to the dark abode of men and beings. They then planted one after the other all the plants which grew, hoping that one of them would grow up to the opening through which they had descended, yet have the strength to bear the weight of men and the beings; and that by climbing it they might deliver themselves into the second cave world. At last, after many many trials, the cane (*arundinaria*) was found so tall that its top grew through and so strong that men could climb on it to the top.<sup>2</sup> It was jointed that it might be like a ladder readily ascended, and ever since then the cane has grown in joints as we see it today along the Colorado.

III. Up this cane many men and creatures climbed to the second cave world. When a part of the number had climbed out, fearing that the second cave world—which was so dark that they could not

<sup>1</sup> In Zuni Mythology, "*nanamatchi pi'ahk'oa*," "Beloved (dual plural) fell who did," or, "*Tek'ohanamatchi pi'ahk'ona*," "Daylight from (dual plural) to fall who did." They are represented as twin brothers older and younger, children of under size, undestined to maturity. The Sun father, aware of the squalor of men and the beings, impregnated a foam-cap on the surface of the primeval waters, from which these two boys were born at one birth, yet one before the other; hence they are termed *an papa* (his older brother) and *an suwe* (his younger brother). The younger brother was right-handed; the older brother, left-handed, hence more deliberate and consequently wiser than the younger brother, who was rash, quick and sure of action, as a man is surer with his right than with his left hand. To the older brother was given by the Sun father the *k'ia'allan* or sacred "water-shield," productive of rain; to the younger brother, the rainbow bow and the lightning arrow. As foam cap, mists and clouds are strangely blended in Zuni mythology, and as all are represented by cotton-down in worship which is its outgrowth, as lightning shaft and rainbow are brothers to one another (the serpent worm and the striped measuring worm), one may with comparative safety consider the myth of the Twin Brothers in all or most of its countless ramifications through the folk-lore or more serious stories of Zuni as founded upon the natural phenomena of the skies, especially as manifested in the thunder storm. For a more thorough account of these two characters, of their ultimate consecration to war and deification as gods of war (since, after their mission as deliverers of mankind was fulfilled, they became the *preservers* of men), see a paper still in process of composition on the Mythology and Folk-lore of the *Ashiwi* or Zuni Indians. [Outlines of Zuni Creation Myths." XIII (1896) Ann. Rep. Bureau of Ethnology.]

[Neither at Zuni nor among the Hopi does one commonly hear the war gods (Zuni, *aihayta achi*; Hopi, *pöökong kwiale*) referred to as twins; but rather as older brother and younger. There is a belief among the Hopi, however, that twins will be conceived if sexual intercourse takes place in daylight, one of the children being imputed to the Sun. And this belief is associated with "an old story."]

<sup>2</sup> Compare Voth, H. R. Traditions of the Hopi, FM (Pub. 96) 8 : 10-11.

see how large it was,—would prove too small, they shook the cane ladder so that those who were coming up, fell back. Then they pulled the ladder quite out, preventing the others from ascending. It is said that those who were left, ultimately came out. They are our brothers to the westward.

IV. After a long time the second cave became filled with men and the beings, as had been the first. Wrangling and complainings were heard as in the beginning. Again the cane was placed under the roof-vent, and thus once more men and the creatures found deliverance, yet those who were slow to climb out, were shaken back or left, as had been a part of the number in the first cave world. Though larger, the third cave was as dark as were the others. Fire was found by "The Two" with which torches were set ablaze, and by the light of these men built their huts and *kivas* or traveled from place to place.

V. Times of evil came while the creatures and men dwelt in this third world. Women became crazed. They neglected all things for the dance. They even forgot their babes. Wives became mixed with wives so that husbands knew not their own from others. Then there was no day, but one night. Throughout this night women danced in the *kivas*, ceasing only to sleep. Whereupon fathers became mothers to the neglected little ones. When these little ones cried of hunger, the fathers carried them to the *kivas* where the women were dancing. The mothers, hearing their cries, came and suckled them, then, again forgetting them, left them to be cared for by the fathers, to rejoin the dance.

VI. These troubles caused men to long for light and to seek again deliverance. They ascended to the fourth world which was this world. But when they came out, they found it as dark as it had been below, for the earth was closed in by the sky, as had been the cave worlds by their roofs. Men went abroad and did their doings only by the light of torches and fires. They found the tracks of only one being, of the single ruler of the unpeopled world, the tracks of Corpse Demon or Death. They led eastward and the people sought to follow them, but the world was damp and men knew not what to do in the darkness; for waters seemed to surround them everywhere and the tracks to lead out into the waters.

VII. There were with men,—who came forth with other creatures from the cave worlds,—five beings, Spider, Vulture, Swallow, Coyote and Locust. The people and these beings consulted together, that they might make light. Many, many attempts were made, but without success. It was decided that Spider should first try. She spun a mantle of pure white cotton. It gave some light, but still not enough. She is therefore our grandmother.<sup>1</sup> So the people procured and pre-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Stevenson, M. The Sia, RBAE 11 : 35-37.

pared a very white deerskin which had nowhere been pierced. Of this they formed a shield-case, which they painted with turquoise paint. Lo, it shed forth such brilliant light when they had done that it illuminated the whole world. In its light the cotton mantle light faded. So they sent the shield-light to the east where it became the sun,<sup>1</sup> and the mantle-light they sent to the west where it became the moon. Now down in the cave world Coyote had stolen a jar which was very heavy, so heavy that Coyote was weary of carrying it. He therefore decided to leave it, but he was curious to see what it contained. So now that it was light he opened it, whereupon many shining fragments and sparks flew out and upward, singeing his face in their passage. Hence the coyote has a black face to this day. These became the stars.<sup>2</sup>

VIII. By these lights it was found that the world was indeed very small and surrounded on every side by waters which made it damp. The people appealed to Vulture who spread his wings and fanned the waters, that they flowed away to the east and west until mountains began to appear. Across these "The Two" cut channels through which the waters rushed away, wearing their courses deeper and deeper, thus forming the great canyons and valleys of the world. The waters have kept on flowing for ages, until the world has grown and is still growing drier and drier. Now that it was light and land appeared, the people easily followed the tracks of Death whither they led toward the eastward. Hence Death is our greatest father and master (God), for we followed his tracks from the exit of the cave worlds, and he was the only being that awaited us on the great world of waters where now is this world.<sup>3</sup> Although all the waters had flowed away, all the earth was damp and soft, hence it is that we may see to this day, between this place toward the westward and the place whence we came out, the tracks of men and of many strange creatures; for the earth has since changed to stone and all the tracks are preserved as when they were first made.

IX. Now men had proceeded but a short distance in the tracks of Corpse Demon, when they overtook him. There were two little girls. One was the daughter of a great priest (*cacique*) and was most beautiful. The other was only the child of somebody-or-other. She was not of such beauty as the daughter of the priest, and was jealous of her. So (with the aid of Corpse Demon) she caused her death. Now this was the first death. When the people saw that the maiden slept and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Traditions of the Hopi, FM 8 : 13-14, 20. For Keresan sun-making myth, see Parsons, E. C., Notes on Ceremonialism at Laguna, PaAM 19 : 114-115.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Dumarest, N. Notes on Cochiti, MAAA 6 : 227-228.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Traditions of the Hopi, FM 8 : 12-13, 23. There is a similar tradition on First Mesa that Massau (Cushing, Corpse, Demon or Death; Voth, Skeleton) was the only being living there at *sitahkwi*, when the people arrived.

could not be awakened, that she grew cold and that her heart had ceased beating, the great priest grew angry. He loudly cried to all his children, asking who had caused his daughter to become thus; but the people only looked at one another. Then said the priest, "I will make a ball of sacred meal which I will cast into the air, and which in descending will strike someone on the head. This one shall I know as the one whose magic and evil art have brought my calamity upon me." He made a ball of sacred flour and pollen. This, when he had cast it into the air, fell upon the head of the little girl (the daughter of somebody-or-other). When the priest saw this, he exclaimed, "Aha! so you have caused this thing." He then called a council of the people, and they tried the girl. They had killed her, had she not cried out for mercy and a little time. Then she begged the priest and his children to return to the hole whence they had all come and look down, promising that she would willingly die should they, after looking, still wish to destroy her. Thus persuaded, the people returned and looked down. Lo! Amid plains of beautiful flowers, in a land of everlasting summer and fruitfulness, they saw her wandering, so happy that she heeded them not nor longed to return. "Look!" said the girl who had caused the death of the priest's daughter, "Thus shall it be with the children of men."<sup>1</sup> — "When we die then," said the people to one another, "we are to return to the world whence we have come out and be happy! Why should we fear to die or resent death?" Hence they did not kill the little girl, but suffered her to live. Her children became the powerful wizards and witches of the world, increasing with other men. Her children still live and have the most wonderful and dreadful of all powers.<sup>2</sup> (As you Americans will find out, if you attempt to meddle with us, for we are, some of us, *they*.)

X. Then the people journeyed once more eastward. As they went, they discovered in their company Locust. They asked him whence he came from. He replied that he came out with the other beings. Then they asked him why he accompanied them, and he replied, that he might be useful. "Ha!" said the people to one another, "can such a creature be useful?" — "No, of course not," said others. So they commanded Locust to return whence he had come, but he would not obey them. This so enraged the people that they ran arrows through him, even through his heart, so that his blood all oozed out of his body and he died. Yet after a long time he came to life again and ran about, looking as he had before, save that the blood had dried, turning his coat black. Then the people said to one another, "Ha! although we have pierced him through and through, yet here he lives again. Useful indeed shall he be, and with us precious journey, for who so

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Traditions of the Hopi, FM 8 : 11-12.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Notes on Cochiti, MAAA 6 : 161.

possesses the wonderful power of renewing his life? Possesses he not the medicine for the renewal of the lives of others? Therefore shall he become the medicine of mortal wounds and of war." Hence the locust is at first white, as was the first locust who came forth with the ancients. And, like him, he dies, and after he has been dead a long time, he comes to life again, only he is black. (He is our father, too, for having his medicine, we are the greatest of men. Have we not still his medicine? Even though you Americans bring soldiers and slay us, we can defy you, for the locust medicine heals mortal wounds.)

XI. After men had journeyed a great distance, eating nothing but flesh, they became woefully hungry. They had, in their anxiety to get away from the cave worlds, forgotten to bring seed. There was much lamenting, much discussing, until the God of Dew sent the chimney-swallow back to bring the seed of corn and other foods. When the swallow returned, the God of Dew planted in the ground the seed. Incantations knew the God of Dew. By their power he caused the corn to grow and ripen in a single day. So, for a long time the people in their journey carried no seed with them for food, only such as served for planting. They depended upon their father, the God of Dew, to raise for them in a single day abundance of corn and other things. This father taught even the children of men his power and gave them seed which should grow and ripen in a single day. To the Corn people (clan) he gave this seed, and they were long able to accomplish the raising of corn in a marvelously short time; but the time has kept growing longer and longer, until now sometimes our corn does not have time to grow old (ripen) in the ear, or our other foods to ripen. Had it not been for the children of the little girl whom the ancients let live, even now we would not need to watch cornfields whole summers through or carry heavy food on journeys! (You see by this the wonderful powers of our wizards and witches. Teaches it you not fear?)

XII. As the people journeyed on, these children of the little girl thought they would try their powers, and caused other troubles. And other troubles met the people on their way, for they found men and creatures who had come out before them. These people made war because they were stirred up by the magicians. The people warred, too, with one another, until it became necessary that they should, wherever they ceased their journeyings, build their houses on high mountains with but one road leading up to them, or in caves with but one path down to them, or in the sides of deep canyons. Thus only could they sleep with easy thoughts. Now among these people who had come out before our ancients, was the great warrior, the Navaho. He was made and sent up that he might protect all men, therefore he was from the beginning a great warrior. But when he saw how powerful he was, he became bad, and turned against those he had been sent

to protect. Then all men turned against him. This is the reason why he is today the enemy of all men, and the most foolish of nations.

XIII. The Mexican, long before men reached their journey's end, was made of clay and breathed upon until he came to life. But he had a bad color; so he was washed, yet they had to wash him so hard that his outside skin and much of the substance of his flesh came off, hence he became whiter than were our ancients. Of this skin and substance the horse and the burro were made,<sup>1</sup> and on them the Mexican rode away so far that he disappeared for a long time. At last he came back, but he insisted that all men should be washed as he had been, and do as he did. These are the reasons why the Mexican is always accompanied by the horse, mule, and burro; and why he insists on washing (baptising) everybody.<sup>2</sup> Therefore we did not look kindly upon him, and he became our enemy, as did the Navajo and all other men. But still we live!

XIV. Among those who came out from the cave worlds first were the Americans,<sup>3</sup> so said our ancients. Now while we were yet journeying, before we settled where now we get being, our older brother left us and journeyed toward the land of the sun. (So said our ancients). And when our older brother (the Americans) separated from his younger brother (the Oraibi) the younger brother commanded him, saying, "Brother Older, you go toward the country whence comes out the sun. Toward the country of great rivers and great trees you go. There you will find a home. Many men's ages shall pass while we are apart. Your children shall increase, and mine. Your children shall fill the world whither you go. Then you shall turn back to the place of your birth, seeking a country more spacious wherein to dwell. It is then that you will meet me again. You will find me poor, while you will return in the grandeur of plenty, and in the welfare of good food. You will find me hungry and offer me nourishment; but I will cast your morsels aside from my mouth. You will find me naked and offer me garments of soft fabrics, but I will rend your raiments and trample them under my feet. You will find me sad and perplexed, and offer me speeches of consolation and advice; but I will spurn your words, I will reproach, revile, and despise you. You will smile upon me and act gently; but I will scowl upon you and cast you aside as I would cast filth from my presence. Then will you rise and strike

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Traditions of the Hopi," FM 8 : 15. Creation from epidermis is a widespread Pueblo Indian concept.

<sup>2</sup> Escalante relates that in 1700 a delegation from Oraibi to Santa Fé proposed to Governor Cubero that the friars take six years to baptize the children, beginning at "the first town" and proceeding each year to another town,—an original proposal as Bandelier comments (Final Report, Pt. II, 372 n. 1. Papers Archaeological Institute of America. Series IV, 1892), from our point of view, but amusingly consistent with the Hopi habit of ceremonial rotation.

<sup>3</sup> "Traditions of the Hopi," FM 8 : 21; Notes on Cochiti, MAAA 6 : 212.

my head from my neck. As it rolls in the dust you will arrest it and sit upon it as upon a stool-rock. Then, nor until then, may you feed my belly or clothe my body. But a sorry day will it be for you when you sit upon my head as upon a stool-rock, and a glad day for me. For on that day you will but divide the trail of your own life with the knife which severs my head from my body, and give to me immortal life, liberty, and surcease from anxiety." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Beheading is a recurrent conclusion in Hopi tales; but the final reference is obviously in foreign tone. In another note Mr. Cushing writes that he regards Section XIV "as partially of early Mormon introduction," and Section XIII "as resulting from the teachings of the Franciscan friars."

## ZUÑI NAMES AND NAMING PRACTICES.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

SINCE information about naming practices at Zuñi is somewhat scanty or confused, the following list of names in the Bear clan, one of the smaller clans, together with my informant's comment, may be of interest. My informant had married into the Bear clan and with at least one of the families, the family of Massalina, he was intimate. A daughter of one of the Bear clansmen, when I asked her for a list of the clan names, refused to give it, although on many subjects I had found her an unusually frank and helpful informant. Our first name is that of Ochochina (w), whose other names are Tsaiutits'a (from father's mother: Turkey), Malia Panchu (Spanish name), Yuneaititsa (Big Firebrand society name).

Ochochina (W) =  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Tsaiutits'a (From father's mother, Turkey)} \\ \text{Malia Panchu (Spanish, Maria)} \\ \text{Yuneaititsa (Big-Firebrand society name)} \end{array} \right.$

Ochochina is a nick-name. Once during the saint's dance it was noticed that one of the girl dancers had curly hair, like the saint, therefore the girl was called Ochochina from *chinapa*, curly hair,<sup>1</sup> and a word meaning to want to be like another or to have something another has. This is the only nick-name in our list, but nick-naming at Zuñi is not uncommon. For example, a man named Kluptsin, Yellow, is said to be so-called from a yellow shirt he once wore. Atsitsana, Little-Blood, is a nick-name for the present town crier, a name got from some incident of boyhood. And then there are:

Koluwisi,<sup>2</sup> named for the plumed serpent of the springs, with whom this man's mother had an adventure before his birth; Ne'santu, a man who in boyhood was set up on an improvised altar as a saint by the caricaturing *ne'wekwe*,

Ochochina's childhood names were Malia Panchu (María Pancho), received when she was baptized by the Catholic priest, and Tsaiutits'a, a name from *an wowa*, her father's mother. Spanish names, as far as I know, are all given in Catholic baptism, when one of the Franciscan Fathers visits Zuñi. The mission has been disestablished since the early part of the nineteenth century, but the Fathers have never lost touch with the town, although in the last decade or two their visits have become less frequent, and in many families the rite of Catholic bap-

<sup>1</sup> Curley-Hair is also a Hopi nickname (Fewkes, J. W., "Winter Solstice altars at Hano, Arizona," *American Anthropologist*, N. S., I (1899), 263 n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Stevenson, M. C., "The Zuñi Indians," pp. 295-6, XXIII (1901-2), Ann. Rep. Bur. Amer. Ethnol.

tism is no longer observed.<sup>1</sup> The number of Spanish names is, however, much larger than we had supposed until Dr. Boas undertook to list them.

Her other childhood name, her more strictly native name, Ochochina got in the usual way, i.e. from her father's mother. If the grandmother is old and robust, she will give her own name to one of the girls in the family, or if her brother, the children's great-uncle, is similarly fortunate, she may give his name to one of the boys. The name of a young person would not be given to a child; it conveys no assurance of longevity. Exactly the same point of view is held by the Keres of Laguna.

Among the Hopi, name-giving is part of the ritual of terminating the mother's confinement and presenting the infant to the Sun. At Laguna and at Zuñi the child is not named in the presentation ceremony; it is named later, after it has given evidence that it is likely to live.<sup>2</sup>

Ochochina's fourth name she got on initiation into the Big-Firebrand society. At Zuñi as elsewhere, a new name is always given to a society initiate. There is no secrecy about these society names, and a society name is as likely to become the name by which a person is generally known as a name got in other circumstances.

Ochochina has two sons or rather in our terms, sister's sons, Ita'k'aiye and Tiwa. Ita'k'aiye was thought to be a Navaho name; and Tiwa, the word for onions in the Hemě (Jemez) language . . . . Naming from foreign words occurs also at Laguna and among the Hopi.<sup>3</sup>

Masalina (Sp.) is the wife of Jesus, a Mexican who was brought in childhood from the Apache. Their children are:

Ts'awits'a (W), or Piraa (Sp.)

Sisilio (W) (Cecilio) (Sp.)

Ts'atilutsa (W)

Lusita (W) (Luisita) (Sp.)

Wikina (M.) (kiva name)

Kahmi (M.) (kiva name)

Shawiti (M.) (kiva name)

Eyuwa (M)

Pe'wi (M), or Leoporo (Leopoldo) (Sp.)

Ts'awits'a is a member of the Snake-Medicine society and of the Little-Firebrand society, and Pe'wi is a member of the Cactus society, but I do not know if their respective names are or are not society names.

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere I have noted a case where a child was baptized in the house of the *santa* to ensure its life. ("Mothers and Children at Zuñi, New Mexico," *Man*, XIX (1919), 172.)

<sup>2</sup> See "Mothers and Children at Zuñi, New Mexico," 171. But see below.

<sup>3</sup> Voth, H. R., "Hopi Proper Names," Field Columbian Museum Pub. 100. *Anthrop. Ser.*, vol. VI, no. 3, p. 113.

Four other boys in this family are known by a kiva name. . . . Every Zuñi boy is initiated into the *kolikyane* or god society, which establishes his kiva membership, and on initiation he gets a name which is likely to become his standing name, unless it is superceded by a society name given in a later initiation. (It has been estimated that about half the population belong to one or more of the thirteen societies). A boy's ceremonial father or godfather in the *kolikyane* is chosen by the boy's own father from the household of his *kuku* or paternal aunt. If the prospective mother has had misfortune with her children she may invite a woman who has been a successful child rearer to be present at the birth and blow into the mouth of the new-born. In this case this woman's husband or some man in her household will become the boy's ceremonial father.<sup>1</sup> According to one informant, in similar circumstances the fortunate woman who is invited in comes not at the birth, but at the rite of presentation to the Sun at which she gives a name to the infant.

Among the names of the sons of Masalina I recognized Shawiti as the Keres word for parrot, used in Laguna also as a personal name. My usually well informed informant did not know that this name had been borrowed from an alien tongue.

Tsaiatsitits'a (w) got her name from her mother. Her grandson, Hachetewa, got his name from his society, the Big-Firebrand society; her sister's daughter, Tsaiusiluhtits'a, got her name from the husband of her (Tsaiushiluhtits'a) father's mother, Tsaiusiluhtih; and Tsaiatsitits'a's sister's son got his name, Laheliona, from the same man. . . . We may note here that *-is'a* is an ending for names for women, and *-ih*, for names for men, and that a woman or man may give her or her name to one of the opposite sex with the proper change of suffix. Also we note that certain names in this family came from mother and from father's mother's husband. There is no rigidity of specification for the name giving relative or connection. "If our *wowa* did not give us names, it might be our *kyakya*, mother's brother," said one informant.

From her mother, Isawehlita<sup>2</sup> also got her name; but she came to be known by her *shi'wanakwe* society name, Latsailautits'a. Her son, Tsiusilu, got his name from his father's mother. His father's father's brother had the same name.

The names of three other Bear clansmen were given, Pahti, an aged Hopi long resident at Zuñi; Laosi, another aged man, his name a kiva name; and Ahku, his name also a kiva name—he is one of the head men of the *muhekwe* kiva. The names of Ahku's sister and sister's daughter, the wife of Hustito, of the *onawa* rain-priesthood, were not

<sup>1</sup> This practice was noted by Stevenson ("The Zuñi Indians," p. 65) and erroneously generalized.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Isabelita. — F.B.

known to my informant. In general women's names are much less well known than men's names, and women are often referred to as so-and-so's wife, or daughter, or mother. In a census of *shí'wanakve* society numbers<sup>1</sup>, of the 20 women members, 16 were thus known to my informant, himself a member of the society. The substitution of kinship terms and teknonymous expressions for personal names is described in Dr. Kroeber's "Zuñi Kin and Clan."

No English names figure in our list unless Ahku's name of Sürni (Zuñi) is considered English;<sup>2</sup> but all the Zuñi children get English names in school, and the English names of most of the younger people are well known. Few persons over fifty have an English name, I know in fact of but two men, Dick and Nick. Both speak English. From general observation, I believe that any Pueblo Indian with any pretense to speaking English will have an English name which is more or less commonly used.

Nick's son has taken Nick as a patronymic, calling himself, Roy I. D. Nick. Similarly, the children<sup>3</sup> of ex-governor Lewis have taken his name as a patronymic; and one of the married daughters of Ahku or Sürni uses Sürni as a patronymic.

The following Spanish Names of Zuñi people were collected by Franz Boas and the Spanish equivalents revised and supplemented by Aurelio M. Espinosa.

Ai'oli	Huse' Waye'k'u
Amblu'sio (Ambrosio)	Husep'a (Josefa)
Amilo'sa	Husti'u (Justito)
Anagusti'n (San Augustín)	Inesa Halanci'o (Inés)
André's (Andrés)	Inesi'ta (Inesita)
Anto'nsi	Isawelira (Isabelita)
Awa Lion (León)	Isele-'lio (Isiderio)
Baku'nt'e	Jesu' Mali'a (Jesús María)
Eli'a' (Elías)	Jesu's (Jesús)
Eluwi'na (Albina?)	Jesusita
emali'a (Etmariá?)	Kaire-'ts'a
Halia'n (Julián)	Kalawasa (calabaza)
Heli'siti (Felicitas)	Kanti'na (cantina)
Huse' California (José)	Kasi-'kio
Hu'se Lio'n (José León)	Kasimelo (Casimiro)
Huse' Marti'n (José Martín)	Katalina (Catalina)
Huse' No'tci	Ki-'k'u (Quico, dim. of Francisco)
Huse' Pato'n (José Patón)	Ko'ntco (concho)

<sup>1</sup> *American Anthropologist*, N.S., XXI (1919), 329-335.

<sup>2</sup> By the Tewa of Hano Zuñi is called Djurni; at Laguna and Jemez it is called Sürni. Ahku once spent several years at Jemez.

<sup>3</sup> The Zuñi name of one of them, Lauusitits'a was dreamed by her father's father. It is the name of a woman in the girl's clan, Coyote clan.

K'u-tci (cochi [no])	O'ldjiniro (Old Chin̄ito)
Kwa-m, Kwa-n (Juán)	Palantina (Valentina)
Kwana'n-te Le'sa	Palasenyó
Kwan Tcaina (Juan China)	Pan-chu (Pancho)
Kwan Le'i (Juan Rey)	Paoliski'nyo Anagusti'n
Kwani'ta (Juanita)	Paolita (Paulita)
Lai'man (English?)	Papelito
Lamonsito (Ramoncito)	Pastâla (Pastora)
Lansisko Lyu'tima (Francisco)	Pe'ê'a'
Lansiski'tu (Francisquito)	Peli'p'a (Felipa)
La'silu paye' (Lazaro)	Pe'n i
La'yo (Rayo?)	Piera
Le-mi	Pi'nto (Pinto)
Le't'a	Pi-t (English, Pete)
Lini'sio (Leonisio)	Po'stala
LioPo'do (Leopoldo)	Pula'ka
Lise-li	Santia'k'o (Santiago)
Lomansito (Romancito)	Santi'sima (Sant̄sima)
Lon huse' (Don José)	San-tci
Lo'la (Flora; but also Lola, dim. of Dolores)	Seli-t'a (Savita?)
Lo'kispí'na	Sewe'lu (Severo)
Lolensó Tca'ves (Lorenzo Chá- vez)	Simo'n (Simón)
Lolote'a (Dorotea)	Sipia'na (Cipriana)
Lot'elio (Eleuterio)	Si't'a (Zita)
Lu-na (luna)	Suni (Zuñi)
Lupelita (Lupita? dim. of Guade- lupe)	Su'se (English Susie; N. M. Span- ish Suse.)
Luzia'n Pantco (Lucián Pancho)	Ta-ci (tasa = Washtub)
Lu'sio (Lucio)	Tactca'a' (a Zuñi name?)
Ma'ki (Maquez = Max)	Tu-sa (tusa = prairie dog)
Mala'si	T'uso'na
Mali'a (María)	Tcak'o'n' (Chacón, a family name)
Man-kalita (Margarita)	Tca'ves (Chávez)
Manuelita (Manuelita)	Tcia-ma' (Keresan?)
Masalina (Marcelina)	Tcitcalo'n (chicharrón)
Melehi'lio (Ermenegildo)	Tcimónk'o (chimanco? a plant?)
Me'li (English Mary; N. M. Spanish Mere)	Tcini'tu (chinito, curly head)
Miquela (Micaela)	Tcump'a
Napoleo'n (Napoleón)	Wale'lio (Valerio)
Nasta'sio (Anastasio)	Waspa'l (Gaspar)
Na'wicti	Welamo'n
Nicola's (Nicolás)	We'no (bueno? N. M. Spanish güeno)
Nini'ta (Niñita?)	We-ta
	Wo-k'i
	Ya-silu

Dr. Boas remarks that in a number of cases the informant was in doubt whether a name was Mexican or native; as for instance: Ai'oli, Tcump'a. Evidently names taken from other Pueblo languages are often mistaken for "Mexican" (Spanish) names. Tsanawi'ts'a, Laimasi'ts'a, Lanisti'ts'a, Kasine'ts'a, Wai'tiwa, Cawity', Sia'ut'iwa are probably Keresan. As Zuñi names were given to Dr. Boas the following: Pawik'at'e', La-nia't'e', Paku'nt'e, K'a'cna, Ci'k'a, Tc'u-ya't'i, Tsa'tsana, Ku'yats'a, La'wats'a, Tsiwa', K'oisi'.

HARRISON, N.Y.

## CHAKWENA SONGS OF ZUÑI AND LAGUNA<sup>1</sup>

BY HELEN H. ROBERTS.

An opportunity for the study of a song which has travelled from pueblo to pueblo is afforded in the three versions of "Chakwena," obtained, one among the Zuñi, and two at Laguna. The first Chakwena of Laguna is evidently the most complete, or at any rate, the most elaborate, for it contains second and third parts (marked B and C) which are repeated. These parts, without repetition, occur in the second Laguna Chakwena, but are omitted entirely in the Zuñi version.

As regards tempo and words, so far as it was possible to distinguish the latter, there is very little difference in the three versions.

All have a short introduction of four measures somewhat in the character of a recitative. In their rendition there is the same peculiarity in each song. The notes are held a little more than their actual time value as written here, giving the effect of emphasis and ritard. The rhythmic relations of the notes in the first and third measures was also uncertain. Therefore it seemed to be a choice between regarding the introduction as a slightly accelerated  $\text{P}|\text{P}|\text{P}|\text{P}|\text{P}|\text{P}$  or a retarded  $\text{P}.\text{P}|\text{P}|\text{P}|\text{P}.\text{P}|\text{P}$ , but as the latter seemed more in keeping with the rest of the song, it was adopted. In the second Laguna version the second and fourth measures contained notes so clearly prolonged that they have been marked with holds.

Beginning with A there is a slight rhythmic variation in the first Laguna version, while all three songs differ somewhat from one another in the succeeding measure. Still greater difference can be detected in the third measures of the A sections; then, as the song returns to simpler rhythms and less involved melody, the three versions become again very similar.

From the seventh measures of the A sections on, the first Laguna version gives a stronger impression of 2/4 metre than the others where a decidedly weaker alternate accent caused the transcriber to write them in 4/4. Obviously there is only one correct metre division for all the versions but, as the difference in this case is not fundamental, that is, is merely a subdivision of already existing larger units, and does

<sup>1</sup> *Chakwena* is among the most widespread and presumably the oldest of the Kachina or masked dances of the Pueblo Indians. It is danced by the Keresans (Cochiti, San Felipe, Laguna), at Zuñi, on First Mesa (Hopi). It is more or less associated with the war gods, particularly at Laguna, or with war. On First Mesa *chakwena* is one of the two ancient or permanent masks, fetish masks, of the Mustard Clan. *Pautiwa* is the other, and *chakwena* is regarded as warrior (*kalehkiaka*) for *pautiwa*. — E. C. Parsons.

1ST LAGUNA VERSION.<sup>1</sup>Chakwena.<sup>1</sup>

♩ = 58.

o | o | o | a | b | c | b' | c' | d | e | e | f | g | o | a | b | c | b' | c' | d | e | e | f | g | o | h | h' | i | i' | i'' | d' | j | k | i'' | d''

<sup>1</sup> An asterisk over a note indicates  $\frac{1}{4}$  step higher than written.  
 An asterisk under a note indicates  $\frac{1}{4}$  step lower than written.



not involve the placing of the accents elsewhere, it did not seem necessary to change it or to note it other than in passing. Such differences indicate one of the lesser difficulties in the way of truthful transcribing. Often the peculiar rhythmic structure of a melody and its tonal succession, or a wrong adjusting of words to melody on the part of the composer, which may cause a slight accent to fall where normally none would appear in the tune, create doubt in the mind of the hearer as to where to divide the song into measures. The difficulty is enhanced by the fact that frequently primitive music is anything but regular metrically, as we conceive the term. This quick shifting of the metric background of a song is what makes Indian music so distasteful to those whose ear has not been educated to other than long series of regularly recurring accents.

There are some slight melodic and rhythmic differences in the last few measures before the return to the first theme at A'. The first Laguna version is consistent in retaining the same peculiarity of rhythm in the first measure of A' as of A, while the other two versions are equally rigid in the repetitions of their original ideas. All three are exactly alike in the rhythmic and melodic succession of the second measures of the A' sections although they were all different in the corresponding measures of A. The Zuñi and first Laguna versions next present four beats where the second Laguna has only three. If the reader will follow the songs out to the conclusion of the A' sections he will discover a number of minor differences such as these. Essentially, however, the three versions are the same thus far, for the variations are only such as might be termed rhythmic and melodic slips and are not marked departures such as would perhaps occur under a new impetus or influence derived from another cultural or musical setting. The only points worth special note are the extra beats in one or two instances, for ordinarily these would noticeably upset the original metric scheme. Yet even this can be done within certain limits and cause no more effect than a well-placed hold, especially as the ten-

2ND LAGUNA VERSION.<sup>1</sup>

Chakwena

A. Au.

J=68.

o | o | o | a |

b | c | b' |

c' | d | e |

c | f |

g | o | a |

b | c | b' | c' |

d | e |

c | f |

B |

g | o | h | h' |

<sup>1</sup> The interstaff numbers represent the division in measures in the first Laguna version.

i | j |  
 d' | k |  
 j' | d' |  
 m | m | m | g'

dency is toward irregular rather than regular metric structure in the song as a whole and in much Indian music in general.

With the end of A' the Zuñi version is completed. The differences of the B and C sections in the two Laguna versions are apparently the product of two singers. Beginning with the second and third measures of the first version we find a very interesting variation in the placing of the accent.

## ZUÑI VERSION.

## 3. Chakwena.

*Slowly, deliberately.*

A. | J=58. |  
 a |  
 b | c | b' | c'

The interstaff numbers represent the division in measures in the first Laguna version.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The music is written in a folk style, with notes often beamed together in groups. The notes are labeled with letters: d, c, e, f, g, o, a, b, c, b', c', d, e, f, g, o. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and some measures are grouped by brackets. Some measures are marked with 'x' indicating a change in meter.

It will be seen that the first two measures of the first version are equivalent to the first measure in the second version. But the second measure of (2) is composed of five beats while the third and fourth measures of (1) contain only four, the missing beat being cast into a new measure as the first and accented beat. From here on the whole metric structure changes, for (1) develops a pronounced  $3/4$  metre for

four measures in spite of the rhythmic and melodic suggestions to the contrary. This is accomplished by means of strong accents which seem almost arbitrarily placed to upset the natural metric form. The second version in this portion is most irregular, and presents, first a five, then a four, then a three and then a four beat measure. Its last three measures also vary from one another in length and there is quite an interesting melodic elaboration woven about the theme which was so strongly presented earlier in the section. On the other hand, in (1), for the last six measures the melody progresses grimly and determinedly, almost metrically regular and lacks the touch of grace which comes in here in the other song.

The first half of the C section in the second version is in regular  $\frac{3}{4}$  metre although the two eighths which open the second and fourth measures seem better suited to be last beats of the first and third measures. In the second version they are so placed and we have instead of four measures in triple time, six in double. This finer division strikes us as more becoming to the melody, if less original. Both songs complete the section with essentially similar adjustments of the accents.<sup>1</sup>

These rather fundamental differences in metric structure illustrate clearly how diverse two renditions of the same song may become, even within the limits of one pueblo, when made by two temperamentally different singers, for we feel them to be that. Possibly in a music in which a rigidity of metric form as we define it is not deemed so essential as in our own, such variations may be by way of interpretation. This may well be the case if longer metric groups more nearly corresponding to the phrase and sentence are of prime interest and fundamental importance, rather than the somewhat stilted, narrow and uniform measures with which we subdivide our periods. Certainly this freer medium has its charms, and, in regard to time values, is similar, in a larger sense, to the subdivision of measures by means of varying rhythmic or note lengths. We feel this to be the situation in such songs

<sup>1</sup> The irregularities pointed out by Miss Roberts except those of accent, occur, on the whole, at the close of metric phrases that end in a hold. The two Laguna versions might be represented by the following metric schemes:

I										II									
o	o.									o	o.								
°a	b	c.								°a	b	c.							
	b'	c'	d.								b'	c'	d.						
e	e	f	g	o.						e	e	f	g	o.					
°a	b	c.								°a	b	c.							
	b'	c'	d.								b'	c'	d.						
e	e	f	g	o						e	e	f	g	o					
h	h'	i	i'	i''	d.'					h	h'	i	j	d'.					
		j	k	i''	d''.							k	j'	d'.					
l	l	m	m	m	m	e				l	l	m	m	m	g'.				

F. BOAS

as some of the Iroquois, where the long periods contain practically the same number of beats, though composed of measures varying in length and of quite different melodic themes. This, however, is not the case with the Chakwena songs, or with much of the music which the transcriber has studied. The only way in which these points of structure and interpretation may be definitely determined is by putting the questions to the singers themselves and discovering what are their ideas of form. That they possess such we are coming to realize more and more.

CHICAGO, ILL.

## TEXAS-MEXICAN BORDER BROADSIDES.

J. FRANK DOBIE.

THE following broadsides were sent to me in the summer of 1923 by a former student of mine named Julian Ashheim, who lives at Brownsville, Texas. It is characteristic of any lowly people, especially in a democracy, that they should heroize a rebel against law and property. Hence, whenever a *bandido* or revolutionist dies in Mexico, he is almost sure to be "put into a ballad." Some fifteen or twenty years ago, a Mexican by the name of Gregorio Cortez killed five or six men in Texas, among them a well known sheriff, and all but made his escape to Mexico. Later he was hanged. For years the most popular song—and a very long song it grew to be—among the Mexicans on the border was in celebration of Gregorio Cortez. Who first composed the song perhaps no one knows; it was added to by local improvisers, struck on broadsides, and hawked about the *calles*. Perhaps its history is fairly representative of the "literary" history of these broadsides.<sup>1</sup>

## Poesía pronunciada por

## Ismael de la Cerna

## Momentos antes de ser Fulisado en Guatemala

¿Y qué? Ya ves que ni moverme puedo  
Y aun quiero desafiar tu orgullo vano,  
A mí no logras infundirme miedo  
Con tus iras imbéciles, tirano.

Soy joven fuerte, soy un inocente,  
Y aún ni el suplicio de la lucha esquivo;  
Me ha dado Dios una alma independiente,  
Pero viril, y pensamiento altivo.

Que tiemblen ante tí los que han nacido  
Para vivir de infamia y servidumbre;  
Los que nunca en su espíritu han sentido  
Algún rayo de luz que los alumbré;

<sup>1</sup> Misprints in the original broadsides have been retained.

Los que al infame yugo acostambrados  
Cobardemente la piedad imploran,  
Los que no temen verse deshonrados  
Porque hasta el nombre del honor ignoran!

Yo, que llevo en mi espíritu encendida  
La hermosa luz del entusiasmo ardiente,  
Adoro a la virtud más que a mi vida,  
Yo no nací para doblar mi frente.

Por eso estoy aquí, do altivo y fuerte  
Tu fallo espero con serena calma,  
Porque si puedes decretar mi muerte,  
Nunca podrás envilecerme el alma

Iré, que tengo en la prisión impía  
La honradez de mi nombre por consuelo,  
¿Qué me importa no ver la luz del día  
Si en mi conciencia tengo luz del cielo?

¿Qué importa que entre muros y abrojos  
La luz del sol de libertad me vedes,  
Si ven celeste claridad mis ojos,  
Si hay algo en mí que encadenar no puedes?

Sí, hay algo en mí, más fuerte q'tu yugo,  
Algo que sabe despreciar tus iras  
Y que no puede sujetar, verdugo,  
El terror que a los débiles inspiras.

Y, si bajo tu látigo implacable,  
Débil sucumbo ante el dolor impío,  
Podrá flaquear el cuerpo miserable,  
Pero jamás el pensamiento mío.

Tú, ¿liberal? Mañana, que a tu oído,  
Con imponente furia acusadora  
Llegue la voz del pueblo escarnecido  
Tocando en tu conciencia pecadora;

Mañana, que al reflejo de la orgía  
Escritas veas por extrañas manos  
Las terribles palabras que en un día  
Hacen temblar de miedo a los tiranos;

Mañana que la patria se presente  
A reclamar sus muertas libertades  
Y que la fama progonera cuente  
Al asombrado mundo tus maldades;

Al tiempo que maldigo tu memoria  
El mismo pueblo que hoy tus plantas lame,  
El dedo inexorable de la historia  
Te marcará como á Nerón, infame.

De esos astros sin luz, estremecidos  
Por tantos ayes de amargura y duelo  
Donde se oye entre llantos y gemidos  
El trueno de la cólera del cielo,

Más fuerte se alzará, más arrogante,  
Víctima del placer, Señor de un día,  
Si todos ante tí doblan la frente  
Yo siento orgullo en levantar la mía!

Y te apellidas liberal, "bandido,"  
Tú que á las fieras en crueldad iguales;  
Tú que á la juventud has corrompido  
Con tu aliento de vívora que exhalas;

Tú que llevas veneno en las entrañas  
En medio de tus váquidos placeres;  
Cobarde, vil, y criminal, te ensañas  
En indefensos niños y mujeres;

Tú que al crimen exaltas, y escarneces;  
Al hombre del hogar, al hombre honrado;  
Tú, asesino, ladrón, tú que mil veces  
Has merecido la muerte por malvado;

Con aterrante voz y prolongada  
Se estremece tu infernal caberna,  
Se alzará cada víctima inmolada  
Para lanzarte maldición eterna.

Pero entre tanto, déspota, arrebatada,  
La honra, le fé, la libertad, la vida,  
Tu misión es matar, sáseate, mata,  
Báñate con la sangre fratricida.

Mata, Caín: la sangre que derrames  
Entre jemitos de dolor prolijos,  
Vas a manchar. . . infame, entre infames,  
Vas a manchar la frente de tus hijos.

Aquí tienes también la sangre mía,  
Sangre de un corazón joven y bravo;  
No quiero tu perdón, me infamaría,  
Mártir prefiero ser, y no tu esclavo.

Mátame a mí, que te aborresco, impío,  
A tí, que con crueldades inhumanas  
Mandaste asesinar al padre mío,  
Sin respetar sus años ni sus canas.

Quiero que veas que yo tu furia arrostro  
Y sin temblar, agonizar me veas,  
Para lanzarme y escupirte el rostro,  
Y decirte al morir: ¡¡¡Maldito SEAS!!!

# ASESINATO DE Francisco Villa,

*acaecida en Parral, Chihuahua, el 19 de Julio de 1923.*

Villa, doquiera que te halles  
De esa región escondida,  
Si ignoras quien de tu vida  
Cortó sus tremendos ayes;  
Vale mas, Pancho, que calles,  
Porque aunq' el asunto es serio  
Para nadie es un misterio  
Que en materia de elección  
Externaste tu opinión,  
Que te llevó al Cementerio.

Por los pueblos y ciudades,  
Por las Plazas y las Calles,  
Por las llanuras y valles,  
Se cuentan atrocidades.  
¿Cuáles serán las verdades  
O el motivo de tu muerte?  
Por hombre, tu ingrata suerte  
Te llevó hasta "Canutillo"  
Y cual manso pajarillo . . .  
¡Adiós, Pancho; hasta más verte.

Tu mala estrella lo quiere,  
(Que no fué del todo ingrata)  
Por lo que: *el que a fierro mata,*  
Se ha dicho que *a fierro muere.*  
Y aquel que mal hiciere  
Su conciencia lo atormenta  
Y hay qué tener en cuenta  
Que fuistes un criminal  
Que a todos hiciste mal  
Y ante el mundo eras afrenta.

Tú, con tu poder y tu oro  
Y tu escolta de "Dorados,"  
Gozaban, pero enjaulados  
La libertad, con desdoro.  
De tus crímenes en coro  
El mundo los repetía  
Esperando siempre el día  
De que tu afán se acabara  
Y tu vida liquidara  
Tanta infamia y felonía.

Son inútiles los jayes!  
Y demás inculpaciones  
Porque, Villa, tus acciones,  
Corrieron montes y valles.  
Ahora, sea Enríquez o Calles,  
Chao, o cualquiera enemigo,  
Todo mundo es un testigo  
Que por criminal eterno  
Te dió un gran premio el Gobierno  
Como al más honrado amigo.

Deja, al fin, que satisfaga  
La justicia su sentencia,  
Es ley de la Providencia:  
*Lo que se debe, se paga.*  
Si tú clabaste tu daga  
En niños y hasta en ancianos,  
En hermanos y no hermanos  
Porque el crimen te empujaba,  
México se sonrojaba  
Por tus actos inhumanos.

De Villa el asesinato  
Aun no se puede aclarar  
Ni se han podido atrapar  
Los que *lo echaron al plato.*  
Todo se ha vuelto alegato  
Ahora que Villa cayó;  
Pero si Pancho murió  
Ya no habrá temores más  
De que se altere la paz,  
Porque Villa, ya perdió.

Ahora el asunto es sencillo:  
De cordura dando un rasgo,  
Si se acabó el compadrazgo,  
Recójase "Canutillo."  
El Gobierno, dando brillo  
A la Ley y la Justicia,  
Reparta entre la milicia  
Todo el material de guerra  
Y repártase la tierra  
Sin ventajas ni avaricia.

*Edición de "EL PORVENIR," Brownsville, Texas.*

# Trágica Muerte Del Niño EPIFANIO SALAZAR.



Catorce años aún contaba  
de existencia peregrina,  
cuando una mano asesina  
esa existencia cortaba.

De sus sueños alborales  
un malvado con vileza,  
mató toda la belleza:  
¡ese era Santos Rosales!

Era la hora meridiana,  
cuando brilla más el día  
y el claro sol nos envía  
su bella luz soberana.

Cuando hay azul en el cielo  
y sopla alegre la brisa,  
y es el cielo una sonrisa  
de dulce amor y consuelo.

Cuando la mano traidora  
del feroz Santos Rosales,  
daba muerte en los Barriales  
a aquella vida en aurora!

Con su alma hecha pedazos,  
y también viéndose herida,  
su madre, que era su vida,  
lo sostenía entre sus brazos.

De cara mirando al cielo  
y en convulsiones extrañas,  
al hijo de sus entrañas,  
llorando con desconsuelo.

Y era que el negro destino  
aunque así al alma taladre,  
dado había a aquella madre  
dos tiros, el asesino!

Pedro que la acompañaba  
en aquel sangriento caso,  
solamente le mostraba  
otro disparo en un brazo.

¡Ay, que instintos criminales,  
¡cuánta, cuánta alevosía!  
cometió a la luz del día  
como un bandido, Rosales!

Su vileza por mayor,  
y su cobardía sin par,  
no se puede comparar  
ni con la de un saltador.

Que el crimen negro y extraño  
que a todo pecho conmueve,  
se cometió el día nueve,  
del mes segundo del año.

Y de Epifanio decía  
su pobre madre llorando:  
—¿por qué te han asesinado  
pedazo del alma mía?

—¿Por qué el cielo no ha querido  
que el que a tí te asesinó,  
la vida no me arrancó  
y no a tí, mi hijo querido?

Pobre madre! El criminal  
muy pronto fué capturado,  
y en la Corte sentenciado  
a una prisión sin final.

Viéndose al pié del abismo,  
todo lleno de pavora,  
dijo que fué una locura,  
lleno del mayor cinismo!

No hay un dolor más profundo,  
ni una desdicha mayor,  
que el que vierte en su dolor  
sola una madre en el mundo!

¡Vive, pues, hijo adorado  
en otra mejor esfera,  
¡que nuestra alma te venera  
porque nunca te ha olvidado!

Brownsville, Texas, Febrero 9 de 1910.

# Tragedia Falcón-Cuellar

Recientemente acaecida en el Rancho de la 'Magnolia'

El día 11 de Julio  
de este año desdichado  
mataron a dos que andaban  
como empleados del Condado.

La Magnolia fué el lugar  
del triste acontecimiento,  
donde fueron a quedar  
dos hombres de cumplimiento.

Al primero que mataron  
fué al Sr. Pablo Falcón  
y la vida le arrancaron  
sin dolor del corazón.

Ya cuando Pablo cayó  
y lo quisieron desarmar,  
en su agonía exclamó:  
nada me han de quitar

Luego venía Chon Cuéllar  
como empleado del Condado,  
y al verlo el malhechor  
también le ha disparado

Es cierto que vino Cuellar  
con grande resolución  
y el balazo que le dieron  
se lo dieron a traición

Del baile, los empresarios  
se vieron en confusión  
de ver que a los temerarios  
no se logró la aprehensión

El Sr Don Juan Saldívar  
que los quería aprehender  
y al llamarles al arresto  
empezaron a correr

Decía el Señor Don Juan  
qué vamos hacer después?  
si estos hombres se nos van  
hay que darle parte al juez

Adelino Cantú decía  
como queriendo refr,  
si son hombres de porfía  
que me vengan a seguir

Quando este iba enojado  
con su pistola en la mano, <sup>1</sup>  
no sintió haberlo matado  
lo pue sentía era su hermano

Pues la familia de chon,  
llora con gran ternura,  
de ver que sin compacion  
que se fué a la sepultura

Su pobre madre querida,  
lo lloua con compasion,  
de ver la dicha perdida,  
que le parte el corazón.

No llores madre querida,  
por la senda y el camino  
por mi suerte adolorida  
que me trajo así el destino

Adios mi madre querida,  
ya me voy para la gloria,  
un recuerdo te suplico,  
consagres en tu memoria

Adios hijitos queridos,  
que ya no los vuelvo a ver,  
adios tambien a mi madre  
y a mi pobrecita mujer

Tambien Nicanor González  
Siente bastante su muerte,  
Por que eran amigos leales  
que separó la muerte.

Adios corte del condado,  
con todos sus enrejados,  
adios a mis amigos  
y toditos los empleados.

Dicen que yo era ingrato  
y muy malo al proceder  
pues ya pagué con la vida  
y a nadie le quedo a deber

Adios Brownsville famoso  
Adios Magnolia querida,  
ya se vá Encarnación Cuellar  
para todita la vida

# TIERNA DESPEDIDA

## de los Hermanos Higinio y Manuel Mercado.

Adiós, adiós, pueblo amado:  
Muchos son los desengaños. . . .  
Por un crimen perpetrado  
En estos últimos años.

Adiós, todos los amigos  
Y también los matanceros,  
Testigos y no testigos,  
Fondistas y verduleros.

Adiós a nuestros hermanos,  
Hermanos de sangre y raza;  
Todos aquellos texanos  
Que populan por la Plaza.

De todos nos despedimos  
Sin ódios para ninguno:  
Es mucho lo que sufrimos  
Ante este trance importuno.

Este adiós tan quejumbroso  
Nos arrebató la calma,  
Lo inspira un clamor piadoso  
Que surge intenso del alma.

Se nos instruyó una causa  
Por un crimen muy atroz,  
Y todo el juicio se basa  
En culparnos a los dos.

Mucho llamó la atención  
Esta causa tan ruidosa;  
Fué tomando proporción  
Por lo triste y pavorosa.

Un Jurado nos juzgó  
Y nos encontró culpables;  
De un crimen que sucedió  
Nos hicieron responsables.

Aunque nosotros negamos  
Ser autores de esa muerte,  
La Ley, con sus duras manos,  
Dispuso de nuestra suerte.

Toda defensa fué inútil,  
Y todo esfuerzo imposible:  
Todito fué vano y fútil  
En esta causa terrible.

¡Cuánta amargura en el alma  
Destroza nuestra existencia . . . !  
El pueblo nos vé y se alarma,  
Partir a la Penitencia . . . !

¿Y para qué protestar  
Si estamos ya sentenciados?  
No debemos renegar,  
Como hacen los desalmados.

Esto a cualquiera le pasa  
En un momento inaudito  
Y los límites traspasa  
Como un demonio maldito.

La sentencia se dió así,  
Bajo un poder inhumano:  
Diez años tan solo a mí,  
Noventa y nueve a mi hermano.

Guillermo Zayas tenía  
Buena amistad con nosotros;  
Paseamos de noche y día  
Sin promover alborotos.

Así tal vez sucedió  
En una noche de holgorio,  
Y a Guillermo lo mató  
Un percalce proditorio.

A nosotros, la justicia,  
Nos encontró criminales;  
Y sin ninguna malicia  
Nos puso leyes penales

"No hay perdón para el que yerra,"  
Dice un adagio vulgar:  
Todo se paga en la tierra,  
Nada queda por cobrar.

Vamos, que allá nos aguarda  
Una prisión oprobiosa:  
A la corta o a la larga,  
Todo termina en la fosa.

Conformes con nuestra suerte  
Hemos sido sentenciados:  
Y si encontramos la muerte,  
Estamos bien castigados.

Mi hermano puede volver,  
Pues es corta la sentencia;  
Y yo debo perecer  
En la misma Penitencia.

Y todo el mundo asegura  
Que matamos a Guillermo:  
Es una infame impostura  
De algún corazón enfermo.

Cosas que no se preveen  
Cuando existe antagonismo,  
Y con marcado desdén  
Las produce el alcoholismo.

De allí surgió el extravío  
Y nos pusimos furiosos:  
Por suceso tan impío  
Nos hicimos sospechosos.

De este ejemplo tomen nota  
Los viciosos y los necios:  
Hay una incua picota  
De vergüenza y de desprecios.

Mas, los hermanos Mercado  
Hoy se despiden del Valle  
Y todo queda al cuidado  
De los vagos de la calle.

¡Adiós, la vieja Maketa  
Y también las tortilleras;  
La Ley a todos aprieta  
Y nos vuelve calaveras.

Nos despedimos, lo mismo,  
De todos los panaderos,  
Y un ¡adiós! de patriotismo  
A los dignos carceleros.

En este trance tan fuerte  
Pedimos con altivez  
Que venga pronto la muerte  
Para acabar de una vez.

¡Adiós, suerte, y tu revés;  
Ya que nada nos aterra,  
Creyendo que alguna vez  
Se hará justicia en la tierra.

Brownsville, Texas, Abril 30 de 1923.

## EL CANCION DEL RANCHO DE LOS OLMOS.

J. FRANK DOBIE.

EL Rancho de los Olmos is in Lasalle County, Texas, in the Rio Grande Border country. Like other ranches of the border country, it is worked by Mexican *vaqueros*; and while they drive their herds, or build tanks with scrapers, or burn the thorns off the prickly pear in drouthy times for the cattle, or sit around the camp at night, they are great hands to sing. Sometimes there is an improviser in camp; often a *corrido* (cow outfit) has a song of its own. I knew one Mexican whose horse played out one day while he was running a *ladino* (outlaw) steer in the brush. The steer was almost played out too. The *vaquero* could almost catch the steer but not quite. Finally he got down and led his horse and followed the steer at a distance until the latter entered an impenetrable *magote* (area of thick brush). Then he stopped under a mesquite tree, unsaddled his horse, and while he let him rest, composed a song on his experience. It became known as the song of the "*Caballo Fragado*" (the "Broken Down Horse") and was for a long time sung by the hands of the ranch on which he worked, El Rancho de las Animas. However, I was never able to get the song memorized or written down.

I did, however, get the Olmos Ranch song. It was occasioned by the swimming of a herd of cattle across the Nueces River when that stream was up. Placido Salinas was afraid to swim; he returned to camp. He was the best-natured fellow in the world. While he waited for the *corrido* to come in, he began his composition. That evening when the other *vaqueros* came and began taunting him, he sang what he had composed. Others entered into the composition and the singing until almost every man of the outfit was represented in a stanza. At least, this is the account of the origin of the song as it has been given me by two or three of the *vaqueros* present. An interesting point is that at least eight years after the date of composition the song was still being sung with gusto by the men on the Olmos Ranch. I am sorry that I cannot give the music of the song. To hear, though, the Mexicans sing it at night while the coyotes howl in refrain out on the hills around, is to realize the romance and beauty of folk singing.

Originally the song was written down for me by a Mexican named Santos. I am indebted to Miss Lilia M. Casis, Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Texas, for correcting the spelling.

THE SONG.

I

El día diecinueve de Marzo,  
¡Qué día tan señalado!  
Que en la pasta de Martínez  
Don Plácido se ha rajado.

2

Decía Don Adolfo  
Como hombre muy decidido:  
—Déjenme venir, muchachos,  
Que hay que pasar los novillos.—

3

Decía Manuel Hinojosa  
En su caballo trigueño:  
—Yo lo sigo, Don Adolfo,  
Déjeme quitar el freno.—

4

Decía Joaquin Villareal  
En su caballo Borracho:  
—Aquí se rajó un amigo,  
¡Qué lástima de machacho!

5

Decía Plácido Salinas  
Paseándose en el barranco:  
—Aquí los espero yo;  
De veras, me los espanto.—

6

Felis era aventador  
Por toda la ría del río,  
Y Lupe era atajador  
En su caballo tordillo.

7

Cuando venían de vuelta  
Manuel pensó diferente  
De volverse al Camerón  
Con toditita su gente.

8

Lupe no carga chivarras,  
Anda muy bien abrigado  
Y de tanto que se mojó  
Se le desbarrato el calzado.

9

Lupe cargaba su capa,  
Que era un purito rajón,  
Y se quedó en el Camerón,  
Secando su pantalón.

## 10

Miguelito de caballo  
 Estaba trayendo un macho,  
 Y lo quería pa' cortar  
 Porque se atenía el muchacho.

## 11

Aquí va la despedida,  
 Sentándose en un cajón,  
 Y aquí se quedan cantando  
 Los versitos del rajón.

*Notes:* 1. Martinez is the name of a pasture on the Nueces. 2. Don Adolfo was *segundo* in the outfit to Manuel Hinojosa, the *caporal*. 3. Bridles are frequently removed from horses in order to enable them to swim better. 4. Borracho was the name of the horse. 6. The *aventador* is the pointer or lead man of the herd; the *atajador* rides along the side of the herd at the point, though sometimes the swing men are all called *atajadores*. 7. Camerón is the name of a ranch included in the limits of the Olmos holdings. 8. *Chivarras* is the name on the border always used for leather leggins, rather than the word *chaparejos* which seems to be used farther west and north in the old Spanish-American cow country. 9. *Capa* is used exclusively to mean slicker. 10. The mule which Don Miguelito had ridden as a boy had a reputation; he could not be worked in harness, but was good as a cutting animal. His age is implied by the fact that Don Miguelito was a little old man near eighty! 11. The *cajón* was a feed-trough, a popular setee.

The song is so colloquial and so local, frequently so nearly nonsensical and incoherent, that I have essayed a translation that does not altogether betray the original, I hope.

## 1

The nineteenth day of March it was,  
 A day to be remembered by all,  
 When in the pasture called Martinez  
 Don Placido's bluff had a fall.

## 2

Said there Don Adolfito,  
 A man of decision and mettle:  
 "Let me go on, my boys,  
 For we've got to cross these cattle."

## 3

Said there Don Manuel Hinojosa,  
 Who was riding his horse of brown,  
 "I'll follow you, Don Adolfito,  
 But let me take my bridle down."

4

Said there then Joaquin Villareal,  
Who was riding his horse Borracho,  
"Here a friend is certainly bullying;  
What a pity about this *muchachol*!"

5

Said there Placido Salinas,  
Pacing up and down the river:  
"Here, I'll await you fellows;  
In truth, there's trouble in my liver."

6

Now Felis was *abentador*,  
All along the river side,  
And Lupe was *atajador*  
On his iron grey horse astride.

7

That evening when rode towards home  
The men who had crossed the river,  
They seemed to the boss of the Camerón  
An outfit not quite familiar.

8

Lupe wore no leather leggins,  
Though his skin was well protected;  
Lupe was not wearing shoes  
And his wet toes could be detected.

9

What he wore was his old slicker,  
From tail to collar a long split,  
And when he got to the Camerón  
He began to dry his breeches a bit.

10

As a boy, Miguel had learned to ride  
On a mule that was his crony—  
Oh he was fine for cutting cattle!—  
Miguel rode him for a pony.

11

And now to this we'll say "so-long,"  
Sitting on an old board box,  
And now for a while we'll sing in song  
Some verses about the coward.

### THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on December 28th, 1922, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., with President Speck in the chair.

A meeting of the Council of the Society took place in the morning at 9 o'clock.

The regular meeting was held at 2.30 p.m. and was called to order by President Speck. The report of the Secretary was read, as follows:—

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT

The membership of the Society is as follows:—

	1921	1922
Honorary members . . . . .	7	6
Life members . . . . .	12	12
Annual members . . . . .	393	394
Subscribing libraries . . . . .	179	190
Total . . . . .	591	602

Four members have died during the year:—Senator Arthur Boyer, Dr. Sara N. Merrick, Rev. Dr. James B. Nies, and James A. Teit.

The Secretary's report was accepted.

#### TREASURER'S REPORT, 1922.

##### GENERAL FUND.

##### *Receipts.*

Balance from 1921 . . . . .	\$000.00
Membership dues . . . . .	949.59
Membership dues, Canadian Branch . . . . .	182.20
G. E. Stechert, sale of Journal . . . . .	506.19
Interest . . . . .	10.65
George Foster Peabody, aid for Negro number . . . . .	300.00
Charles Peabody . . . . .	300.00
Total receipts . . . . .	\$2248.63

##### *Expenses.*

New Era Printing Co:	
Jan.-Mar. 1921 . . . . .	\$545.08
Apr.-June 1921 . . . . .	553.30
Jul.-Sept. 1921 . . . . .	625.23
Rebates to Branches . . . . .	79.50
Postage, Boston Branch . . . . .	3.00
Secretary . . . . .	2.44
Editor . . . . .	7.07
Notices for annual meeting . . . . .	8.95

Beaverson, work on Journal . . . . .	3.85
Miss Andrews, work on Journal . . . . .	300.00
Exchange . . . . .	.63
	<hr/>
Total expenses . . . . .	\$2129.05
	<hr/>
Balance for 1923 . . . . .	\$ 119.58

PUBLICATION FUND.

*Receipts.*

Balance from 1921 . . . . .	\$1175.46
Dr. Parsons, for Vol. xii, balance . . . . .	889.94
Dr. Parsons, for Sea Island Memoir . . . . .	600.00
Contribution to Publication Fund. . . . .	35.00
Prof. Martha W. Beckwith, for Jamaica Memoir . . . . .	500.00
G. E. Stechert, sale of Memoirs, Vol. XI. . . . .	3.50
	XII . . . . .
	59.50
Newell-Moore Fund . . . . .	85.00
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	\$3348.40

*Expenses.*

New Era Printing Company, Vol. XII . . . . .	\$2068.34
Miss Andrews, work on Teit Memoir . . . . .	15.26
work on Sea Island Memoir . . . . .	99.39
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	\$2182.99
	<hr/>
Balance . . . . .	\$1165.41

SUSCRIBERS TO THE PUBLICATION FUND.

P. G. Brown,	Loraine Wyman,	G. C. Johnson,
Edward Lindsey,	Eleanor Hague,	Elsie Clews Parsons,
Edith Fowler	J. B. Shea,	Martha W. Beckwith.
Mrs. A. D. Richardson,	Charles Peabody	

ALFRED M. TOZZER, *Treasurer.*

The report of the Treasurer was accepted.

Examined and found correct.

HERBERT J. SPINDEN.

REPORT OF THE EDITOR.

Owing to the long delay occasioned by the strike of the past year, the publication of the Journal is still very much delayed. The printing of the volume for 1922 was commenced during the year, one number has been completed and the second one is now in type. According to a ruling of the Postoffice Department, it is impossible to

send out these numbers until the whole volume for 1921 has been completed. We hope to send out the last number of 1921 and the first number of 1922 at about the same time. The Editor did not proceed with the printing for the numbers of 1922 because the financial status of the Society did not justify further expenditure. However, in the course of the year the financial conditions have somewhat improved so that now the printing can be continued.

While the general condition of the *Journal* was very unsatisfactory, the printing of the *Memoirs* has proceeded at a rapid rate. Two *Memoirs*, Volume XV, *Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands* by Elsie Clews Parsons, and Volume XVI, *Folk Tales of the Sea Islands, South Carolina* by the same author, are nearly completed. The former volume is being published in cooperation with the Hispanic Society of America. The printing of Volume XVII, *Folk-Lore of Jamaica* by Martha Warren Beckwith has also been begun and will probably be completed during the summer of 1923.

Respectfully submitted,  
FRANZ BOAS.

A Committee, consisting of Dr. Parsons and Dr. Spinden, was appointed to represent the Society in the matter of the Bursum Indian Land bill.

The following officers were elected for 1923:—

PRESIDENT, Aurelio M. Espinosa.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Alfred M. Tozzer.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes.

TREASURER, Pliny Earle Goddard.

SECRETARY, Charles Peabody.

EDITOR, Franz Boas.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, George Lyman Kittredge, C.-Marius Barbeau, Elsie Clews Parsons.

COUNCILLORS: (for three years,) J. Frank Dobie, Edward Sapir, Frank G. Speck; (for two years,) Alfred L. Kroeber, Phillips Barry, C.-M. Barbeau; (for one year,) John R. Swanton, Edward K. Putnam, Stith Thomson.

Papers were then presented as follows:—

"Divination among the Bassa Clans of Southern Cameroun," George Schwab.

"Weather Lore of the Texas-Mexican Border," J. Frank Dobie.

"Variations at Taos from Pueblo Indian Culture," Elsie Clews Parsons.

"Sociological Effects of Ignorance in Regard to the Nature of Procreation," George Willis Cooke.

The following papers were read by title:—

"The Friendly Lion," Phillips Barry.

"The Primitive Mind," A. A. Goldenweiser.

"Folk Songs of French Canada," C. M.-Barbeau.

"On the Origin of Ornament—a Psycho-Physiological View," Adolfo de Hostos.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

**FOLK-LORE DE OAXACA.**—Pronósticos de tiempo y creencias supersticiosas de los indígenas del pueblo de Yalalag, Oaxaca.<sup>1</sup>

El pueblo de San Juan Yalalag está situado al N. E. de la capital del Estado de Oaxaca, en la sierra llamada *Ixtlán de Juárez* y en las estribaciones del Zempoaltepetl. Se encuentra como a cincuenta leguas de la capital, como a veinte de San Pedro Mitla y como a treinta de Tlacolula.

El cerro de Yalalag, en el cual se asienta la población, está rodeado por los de San Antonio, al N.; San Francisco y Zegache Bajo, al E.; Misistlán al S. y Chichicastepec al O. Estos cerros sirven de límites al Pueblo. Su población es de dos mil novecientos treinta y cinco habitantes, todos indígenas.

Los siguientes datos folklóricos fueron recogidos durante una visita hecha a dicha población para formar su censo etnográfico, encomendado por la Dirección de Antropología de México.

*Pronósticos del Tiempo.*

Cuando hay nubes de N. a S. como barridas por escoba, es señal de que va a temblar.

Un temblor de tierra en la mañana anuncia lluvias, y en la tarde, sequía.

Cuando en la estación de lluvias cantan los gallos temprano (de 6 a 8) auguran sequía; y cuando cantan en la noche, (de 10 a 12) vienen lluvias.

Cuando baja el nivel del agua de los pozos, o ésta se cubre de lama verde, es señal de que va a haber lluvias.

Cuando hay neblina en el arroyo es señal de lluvia.

Cuando los cerdos juegan, es señal de que el tiempo va a cambiar.

Cuando los zopilotes (*Cathartus aura* L.) pasan en parvada es señal de que el tiempo va a cambiar.

Cuando en el mes de enero cae hielo en los cerros, es señal de que va a haber buenas cosechas.

*Creencias Supersticiosas.*

Para evitar que a las criaturas les causen mal de ojo, se les prende en la ropa, espigas de huizache (*Pithecolobium albicans* Benth).

A los niños les amarran, las madres, en el pie una cuerdecita para que no se vayan muy lejos del pueblo cuando sean hombres.

Crean que los rayos son enemigos de pueblos contrarios.

Crean que cuando hay un eclipse es porque la luna se está quemando.

Crean que el canto del Tecolote o Lechuza (*Strix pratincola*) les anuncia la muerte.

Los caminantes, antes de emprender un viaje, cogen un guajolote (*Melleagris gallopavo* L.) y le dan un machetazo en el pescuezo; si el animal trata de correr rumbo a donde van, es señal de que harán un viaje feliz, si toma rumbo contrario, es mal augurio.

Cuando un caminante se encuentra un Pájaro Azul (*Cyanocitta cristata*) y éste se atravieza en su camino y grita es que le avisa una desgracia.

Los caminantes, para que les vaya bien en sus viajes, siempre recojen

<sup>1</sup> Yalalag: Cerro que se desparrama odesmorona. Varias interpretaciones se han dado a este nombre pero quizás la más acertada sea la anterior, pues es la que aceptan los habitantes más ancianos y el cura de la población.

una piedra del camino y la colocan haciendo un voto, bien en un árbol, o en un montón que de ellas otros caminantes han ido formando.

Los que construyen su casa "pagan tributo a la tierra," poniendo en el terreno tamales, pollos descuartizados y sangre de aves; pues de no hacerlo así, la casa se caería.

Al hacer sus siembras, para que la cosecha no se pierda, entierran en las sementeras: tamales, guajolotes, pollos guisados, y riegan sangre de estos animales.

Cuando un matancero al destazar una res, se encuentra en su interior una piedra, la conserva como amuleto y tiene la creencia de que con ella puede acercarse y domar al toro mas bravo. Los cazadores también guardan como amuleto la piedra encontrada en el cuerpo de algún venado y creen que con este amuleto siempre tendrán buena suerte en las cacerías.

Los jugadores, para tener fortuna en el juego, usan como amuleto un anillo hecho con el esfínter del coyote.

Si una mujer embarazada ve un eclipse de luna, su hijo nace "cucho" (labihendido).

Para curar el mal de los ojos: (Blefaritis Glándulo-celiar), pintan unos círculos en los ojos del paciente con tizne del comal y con esto el mal se asusta y abandona al enfermo.

Para curar la erisipela usan las espinas del puerco espín (*Coemdu mexicanum* Ker). Un puñado de estas espinas las pasan por la flegmasia a fin de "barrer" la enfermedad; también atan al extremo de ésta, un cordón de estambre rojo con el objeto de que no se extienda a mayor superficie.

Ya para dormirse beben agua para que durante el sueño el alma no abandone el cuerpo y vaya muy lejos a saciar su sed.

Creen que las almas de los que mueren se van a Mitla (Oaxaca) y entran, a su destino, por las ruinas arqueológicas de los sepulcros que allí existen.

El día 31 de diciembre de cada año van en grandes peregrinaciones a las ruinas arqueológicas de Mitla (Oaxaca), y en los sepulcros que allí existen, colocan velas encendidas, ofrendas de comida y dinero, pues creen que las almas de sus deudos allí recogen lo que les es más necesario para su bienestar en la otra vida.

Todo trozo de madera o rama de árbol que aparente aun caundo sea ligeramente la forma de una cruz, la recojen y la depositan en alguna ermita o en el altar de sus casas, pues creen que con esto les viene buena suerte.

Los ladrones siempre le rezan a Gestas<sup>1</sup> y le encienden velas para que les vaya bien en sus robos. El Cura del lugar tuvo que quitar de una ermita una de esas imágenes por la cantidad de devotos que tenía.

E. M. GOMEZ MAILLEFERT.

MÉXICO D. F.

DIRECCIÓN DE ANTROPOLOGÍA

**LAS CHANECAS OF TECUANAPA.**—The southern part of the State of Veracruz, around the Coatzacoalcos river, has been studied very little. There are practically no archaeological data and no material has been collected regarding inhabitants and customs.

The Coatzacoalcos river with its tributaries the Uspanapa and Coachapa

<sup>1</sup> El llamado mal ladrón, crucificado con Jesús.

drain the greater part of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and along the banks of these rivers vestiges of ancient habitation are frequently found.

Near the Gulf coast several Indian towns are situated among which may be mentioned Ixhuatlan, Moloacan, Chihigapa and Jaltipan, inhabited by Indians who speak the Nahuatl language. The country is intimately connected with some of the persons who played an important part in the Spanish conquest; Doña Marina, the interpreter of Cortez, came from Jaltipan. It was from here she was sold by her stepfather to Tabascan traders. It was here that she learned the Nahua tongue. Later, when brought to Tabasco by the traders, she learned the Maya language. The Indians from Jaltipan still hold land that pertains to the property given to Doña Marina by Cortez.

Bernal Diaz also had lands here, and he complains greatly when Cortez orders him to join the expedition to Guatemala.

Some miles above the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos may still be seen the slight remains of Espiritu Santo, the town conquered by Diego de Ordaz and through which Cortez passed on his way to Guatemala in 1524.

Returning from a trip into the dense tropical forests found along the banks of the Uspanapa river, one of the main tributaries to the Coatzacoalcos, my guide lost his way. At first he would not admit this, and seemed to hope he would see some sign that would bring him on the trail. But as he did not find such signs, he disappeared into the bush for a short moment. He returned with the stalk of one of the paddle-shaped leaves which grow so plentifully in the moist parts of the bush, along the small streams, and in swampy places. He had cut a part of the stalk about 50 centimeters in length. This he now cut and extracted some of the pulpy marrow in such a way that, by a slight twist, it would separate in two parts like the links of a chain. By another twist and pull, these two links would be pressed into their original position, forming again a part of a stalk, wherein hardly any cut could be seen. When opened this instrument looked like two interlinked violin bows, or a children's puzzle game.

While cutting the stalk he did not speak, and after having finished he threw the instrument on the ground. Thereafter we continued our walk and soon after came to the trail that led to Tecuanapa and camp.

On the way to camp I asked as to the significance of this strange action of his, and he only answered that it was meant for the "Chanecas."

Knowing that the Indians, even after one has known them for a long time, are not fond of letting a stranger into their secret mysteries of the forests, I did not press the question.

But later, in the evening in camp, I got hold of a small boy who had been my camp-boy for some time, and asked him who the "Chanecas" were.

He explained that they were some women, living deep in the forests, who sought to lead the wanderer off the road. They would make him follow them into the heart of the woods, live there with him in love and finally kill him. Long after, he would be found dead in the wilderness, a token of the powers of the beautiful "Chanecas."

Now, when a man lost his way in the forest, he would make an instrument, as the one my guide had made in the afternoon. The "Chanecas"

would come up behind, find the instrument, look at it, play with it and try to find out how it was made and how it worked. This would lead their thoughts away from the wanderer and give him time to regain the trail.

Often in the mornings the fogs will cover the forests. As the sun climbs higher in the sky, the fogs will lift, but here and there among the trees on the hills, small clouds will hang for a time. They will lift slowly like smoke from a fire. These, the Indians say, are the fires of the "Chanecas." There they cook their food, and there they live with their victims.

In the same region a few stories were collected of certain people who have the gift of transforming themselves into animal form whenever they wished to do so.

FRANS BLOM.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"HINKIE DINKIE PARLEVOUS."—A recent issue of *The American Journal of Folk-Lore* (No. 134, pp. 386-389) contains an article entitled "Communal Composition in the A.E.F." by Mr. Atcheson L. Hench. The article blandly illustrates the vitality of certain misconceptions concerning ballads and their composition. These misconceptions arose without valid evidence behind them and they linger only through the weight of tradition. Despite his heading, Mr. Hench's lyric material has nothing to do with ballads, i.e., songs that tell a story. His article might better have been called "Folk-Improvisation in the A.E.F.," since it has to do with improvised ephemeral songs, not with ballads.

Mr. Hench writes that in the summer of 1918 there appeared in the American army in France a "childish ditty" known usually by the name of "Hinkie Dinkie Parlezvous." "The tune," he says, "was always the same; but the subjects were of all sorts." Its existence was entirely oral and new stanzas were constantly improvised. It is not shown that the ditty ever developed a plot or story, or, indeed, that it developed unity of any type other than that arising from the persistence of the tune to which the words were sung. Yet Mr. Hench's concluding paragraph is as follows:

Such material confirms, in part at least, the conception of ballad composition as stated by Professor G. L. Kittredge in his introduction to F. J. Child's "English and Scottish Ballads." "Different members of the throng, one after another, may chant each a verse, composed on the spur of the moment, and the sum of these various contributions makes a song. This is communal composition, though each verse taken by itself, is the work of an individual. A song made in this way is no man's property and has no individual author. The folk is its author."

Now the English and Scottish traditional ballads are not "Hinkie Dinkies." Each tells a vivid story and the variants for each ballad are recognizable variants of that story. Mr. Hench's folk-improvisations are not like the Child ballads but resemble folk-improvisations everywhere. Improvisations by groups of singing soldiers were frequent in the United States, as well as in France, during the war period. I have collected group-improvisations for years, to see what they are like and what happens to them; but I have never found a single instance of their developing into song-narratives or ballads. They are never sung to original airs, are generally satires or lam-

poons, are simple and structureless in character, and are not a very important or durable type of lyric. To connect "Hinkie Dinkie" with the English and Scottish ballads, Mr. Hench would have to show: (1) that it developed plot, i.e., turned into a narrative song; (2) that it improved remarkably in structure and quality; and (3) that it achieved permanence and diffusion in its developed story form. Yet, no doubt, it has been as short-lived as the shifting improvisations of Texas cowboys, or of negroes at religious meetings, or of groups of singing students. In other words, if "Hinkie Dinkie" proves anything, it proves that the English and Scottish ballads were composed in no such way. No one has yet been able to bring forward a body of folk-improvisations achieving anywhere, through any kind of process, story form and high lyric quality and lasting diffusion. Yet how often, when someone improvises a few simple stanzas in public, or adapts some older song, or adds a few lines to something sung by others, we are told that this is "proof of communal origin" for that distinctive and much higher type of lyric, or lyric-epic, the English traditional ballad.

In general, I think it time that the term "communal" be dislodged from inevitable association with the composition of folk-ballads, whatever be the sense in which the term is used. Ballads or songs in oral tradition differ from ballads handed down in printed form in that they are in a state of flux, while ballads of the other type are static, their form fixed by the printed page. This is the only dependable distinction to be made between traditional ballads and other ballads. Genuine folk ballads are continually modified in the mouths of individual singers. But the modifications of individual singers do not permanently "represent a community," though some of them may originally have been made on a public occasion. As time goes on, one singer in a community makes one set of changes; another makes another set; indeed, the same singers do not always sing the same songs in the same way. There are no "communal changes" for there is no static communal ballad. Nor does it help much to say instead that ballads are "of composite authorship." It is the refashioning of the original text in the mouths of a succession of individual singers that deserves the emphasis. A permanent communal text, the result of composite authorship, or representing in any valid sense some community, is never achieved.

LOUISE POUND.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

**THE VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.**—The Ninth Annual Meeting of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society was called to order on December 1, 1922, at two o'clock P.M., by the President, Mr. John Stone, in the Broad Street Methodist Church, Richmond, Va. The attendance was good. Miss Alfreda M. Peel delighted the audience by singing a number of ballads, to a pipe-organ accompaniment.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Archivist, reviewed the history of the Society, congratulated the members on having received ballads from every county in Virginia, and urged a further search for three ballads that are still missing. He read aloud "The Cruel Brother" (No. 11) and said that it was typical in both form and content, and that he was sure it, as well as Nos. 99 and 248, would soon be reported from Virginia. He expressed again the appreciation of the Society for the generous aid extended by the

Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia, to whose financial assistance the success of the year's work was largely due. His report of the year's activity follows.

The following ballads have been collected in 1922: The figures in parenthesis show the number of the ballad as given by Professor Child in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* and retained by Professor Kittredge in his one-volume edition of Professor Child's larger work. The counties mentioned are those in which the ballads were found. Of the twenty-two ballads here listed, all those not otherwise credited were sent in by Mr. John Stone, President of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society.

"The Devil's Nine Questions" (1), with music, sent in by Miss Alfreda M. Peel. This ballad, so far as I know, has not hitherto been reported from the United States: (Giles).

"Seven Kings' Daughters" (4), with music, two versions, sent in by Miss Alfreda M. Peel, and another version by Mr. John Stone: Roanoke, King and Queen.

"Seven Brothers" (7), with music, sent in by Miss Martha M. Davis: Rockingham.

"Lord Randal" (12), with music, sent in by Miss Martha M. Davis: Rockingham.

"Edward" (13): King George.

"The Three Crows" (26). Chiefly fragments: Stafford, Essex (2), New Kent, Middlesex, Northumberland (3), Loudon, Warren, Frederick.

"The Two Brothers" (49), with music, sent in by Miss Martha M. Davis: Rockingham.

"Young Hunting" (68), with music, sent in by Miss Alfreda M. Peel: Giles.

"Fair Ellen and the Brown Girl" (73): Stafford (2), Northumberland.

"Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (74): Stafford (2).

"Lord Lovel" (75): Caroline, King and Queen, Stafford, Loudon.

"Lass of Roch Royal" (76). Fragments: King George, Westmoreland, King and Queen, New Kent, Middlesex (2), Loudon, Clark.

"Barbara Allan" (84): King and Queen, Stafford (3), New Kent, King George (2), Northumberland, Middlesex, Richmond, Warren, Clark.

"George Collins" (85), fragments sent in by Miss Martha M. Davis and Mr. John Stone: Rockingham, King George.

"The Hangman" (95): Stafford, King George, Westmoreland, King William, New Kent, Richmond, Warren.

"Mary Hamilton" (173), fragment, with music, sent in by Miss Alfreda M. Peel. Not hitherto reported from Virginia: Roanoke.

"The House Carpenter" (243), with music sent in by Miss Alfreda M. Peel, and two versions by Mr. John Stone: Roanoke, Stafford, King William.

"The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin" (277): Loudon, Warren.

"The Farmer's Curs't Wife" (278): Warren.

"Golden Vanity" (286): King William.

"The Mermaid" (289): Halifax, New Kent (2), King George.

"John O'Hazelgreen" (293), fragment: Albermarle.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

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*Secretary-Treasurer*—Mrs. J. Bowie Ferneyhough, Richmond, Va.

*Archivist*—Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Head of the Department of English, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

THE  
JOURNAL OF  
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FRANZ BOAS.

*Associate Editors.*

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE.  
AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.  
ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

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## CONTES POPULAIRES CANADIENS

(*Quatrième série.*)

COLLECTION ADELARD LAMBERT

PREPAREE ET PREFACEE PAR GUSTAVE LANCTOT.

### PREFACE.

Les vingt-quatre récits qui composent le présent volume appartiennent à une intéressante collection de contes recueillis par M. Adélard Lambert, sous la direction de la Section canadienne de la Société de folklore d'Amérique. Au point de vue de leur provenance, ces récits peuvent se diviser en trois groupes: contes de la famille Lambert, contes de M. Poudrier, et contes de M. Bernier.

Le premier groupe, et le plus important, comprend seize récits, racontés par différents membres de la famille Lambert. Pour le situer géographiquement, aussi bien que pour faire connaître ses narrateurs, il suffira de tracer l'historique de cette famille. Le père, Jean-Baptiste Lambert, dit Robillard, vit le jour en 1821 à Berthier-en-haut, dans le comté de Berthier (Québec). Fils de cultivateurs, cultivateur lui-même, il s'établit sur une terre à Saint-Cuthbert, dans le même comté, et épousa en 1844 Léocadie Rinfret, née en 1825 à Maskinongé, dans le comté du même nom, qui avoisine celui de Berthier. De ce mariage naquirent plusieurs enfants. Voici les noms, avec les dates de naissance, de ceux qui vivent encore: Honoré (1848), Joseph (1855), Georgiana (1857), Hormisdas (1859), Malvina (1863), Olivine (1865), Adélard (1867), et Marie-Louise (1869).

L'année 1869, M. Lambert émigra, avec toute sa famille, aux Etats-Unis, se fixant d'abord à Wonsocket, R. I., et plus tard à Fall River, Mass. Dans ces petites villes manufacturières s'entassait à cette époque une population cosmopolite plus ou moins recommandable. Une des distractions de ces immigrants, après la journée de travail dans les usines, était de circuler en groupes dans la ville et de faire du chahut, même assez souvent de rudoyer et de boxer les citoyens

paisibles. Aussi, dans les familles, après le repas du soir, on ne laissait pas sortir les enfants dans les rues.

Pendant ces longues veillées autour de la lampe, une fois les devoirs d'école finis, madame Lambert, pour occuper et distraire sa nombreuse petite famille, leur disait des contes, leur posait des devinettes, leur chantait des chansons ou leur enseignait des rondes. C'est ainsi que furent appris les seize premiers contes du présent volume.

Madame Lambert possédait une jolie voix, aussi bien qu'une mémoire remarquable. Dans sa jeunesse, au cours des nombreuses réunions qui agrémentent, dans les campagnes, les longs hivers canadiens et en rompent la monotonie, elle avait entendu force contes et surtout force chansons. Car au Canada la chanson voyage plus vite et plus loin que le conte. Ce dernier, d'habitude, ne sort que fort peu du cercle de la famille ou de la paroisse. Sa longueur, jointe à la plus ou moins grande monotonie de la narration, ne lui permet guère de se faire entendre dans une réunion un peu nombreuse ou quelque peu joyeuse. La chanson, au contraire, par le ton et par le rythme, s'impose à l'attention et la captive. Elle entraîne par le refrain qu'on reprend en chœur. Elle occupe ainsi la première place après la danse. Or ces soirées de campagne groupent des invités de plusieurs paroisses, parfois même de plusieurs comtés. Ainsi les chansons qui s'y chantent, peuvent représenter l'apport de plusieurs régions folkloriques différentes. Elles atteignent un auditoire nombreux, qui le lendemain les disséminera sur un vaste territoire. Voilà pourquoi, d'autre part, la chanson ne possède peut-être pas un caractère régionaliste aussi marqué que le conte.

Les récits du groupe Lambert réunissent plusieurs types caractéristiques de contes. On y trouve d'abord le conte le plus commun, celui qui se compose d'aventures extraordinaires, puis le conte qui est basé sur des événements de la vie quotidienne. Quelquefois ces deux éléments du merveilleux et de la réalité se mêlent assez curieusement dans la même narration. Un conte d'un genre assez rare est celui de *l'Abeille et le Crapaud*, qui relate comment le diable a créé le crapaud pour faire échec à Dieu, qui avait créé l'abeille. C'est la vieille donnée cosmogonique de la lutte entre le principe du bien et le principe du mal, l'un créateur du beau, et l'autre créateur du laid dans la nature. Un type également rare se rencontre dans *le Coq, le Cochon et le Bœuf*, qui explique comment s'est introduite dans le monde la façon actuelle de tuer ces trois animaux.

Il est à remarquer que, chose dont d'habitude les narrations légendaires s'embarrassent assez peu, plusieurs contes visent à une conclusion morale. Ainsi *Jean-le-sot* cherche à nous montrer que le bien et le mal ont chacun leur part dans notre vie. *Madeleine et l'Ogre de la forêt* nous avertit des dangers de l'imprudence. *Petit-Poucet* nous met

en garde contre la désobéissance, tandis que les *Trois petits moutons* enseigne que le mal souvent retourne à son maître.

Un ou deux contes introduisent la note comique, comme *Jean-le-sot* et surtout comme *Rendez-moi ma bourse*, où un coq extraordinaire loge à la fois dans son derrière de paille un loup, une fontaine et un essaim d'abeilles.

Une fin qui surprend est celle de *l'Aiguille qui parle*. Le récit se termine, après les noces de la belle Hélène, par la mort subite de son oncle, qui avait été très bon pour elle, mais qui avait le tort d'être vieux et laid. Il y a là une note d'injuste et gratuite cruauté, qui est plutôt exceptionnelle dans les récits populaires.

Le deuxième groupe du volume se compose de quatre contes de M. Alexandre Poudrier. Né vers 1842 à Yamachiche, dans le comté de Saint-Maurice, voisin de celui de Maskinongé, Poudrier passa sa jeunesse dans cette paroisse, qui lui a fourni les récits publiés sous son nom. Dans son milieu, il jouissait d'une réputation de beau conteur, ayant autant de verve que de mémoire. Il avait épousé Scholastique, l'aînée des filles de M. Lambert, ce qui le porta plus tard à aller se fixer à son tour aux Etats-Unis. C'est au cours de ses relations avec la famille Lambert qu'il narra au jeune Adélard les récits que ce dernier a recueillis. Poudrier mourut à Warren, R. I., il y a une dizaine d'années.

Le lecteur remarquera que les récits de Poudrier sont plutôt des anecdotes que des contes. Lui-même affirmait à ses auditeurs que les événements qu'il relatait s'étaient bel et bien passés à Yamachiche. On constatera d'ailleurs que l'élément merveilleux en est totalement exclus. Moins certaines exagérations, évidemment ajoutées pour l'effet et requises par le genre, on peut assez bien s'imaginer que les faits décrits ont eu lieu. En tout cas, il semble assez évident que le récit est basé sur des événements réels, que le narrateur a disposés, apprêtés, embellis, à sa manière, afin de mieux stimuler l'intérêt de son auditoire. On peut dire de ces contes, tirés de faits anciens ou récents, qu'ils sont le produit des conteurs du terroir. A ce point de vue, ils présentent un intérêt tout particulier.

Un autre détail à signaler à propos de ce groupe, c'est sa tendance à moraliser, à tirer du récit une conclusion qui soit une leçon. Ce trait, déjà relevé à propos du premier groupe, semble marquer, entre eux, une communauté d'origine. Or, de fait, les récits de ces deux groupes proviennent d'une même région. Si d'autres contes de cette région présentent également ce caractère moraliseur, il faudra peut-être y voir le résultat d'une influence intéressante à étudier.

Dans le *Veau vendu trois fois*, il est amusant de retrouver, adaptée à un nouveau milieu, la vieille et plaisante *Farce de maître Patelin*.

Le troisième groupe comprend quatre contes de M. Bernier, du père

Bernier, comme on l'appelait à cause de son grand âge. Il naquit vers 1795 et vécut généralement à Saint-Guillaume d'Upton, dans le comté de Drummond. Vers 1875, il résidait aux Etats-Unis, à Albion, R. I. C'est là qu'il raconta au jeune Lambert, qui n'avait alors qu'une dizaine d'années, les récits rangés sous son nom. M. Bernier retourna plus tard à Saint-Guillaume, où il mourut chez un M. Provençal, qui avait épousé sa fille adoptive.

Au sujet de ce dernier groupe, on peut remarquer que ses quatre pièces appartiennent au même cycle, celui de Tit-Jean, qui se rencontre partout. Elles mettent en scène les personnages habituels du merveilleux, rois et princesses, géants et nains, esprits et fées. Elles ne présentent, en conséquence, ni l'originalité ni la variété des récits des deux groupes précédents.

Quoique tous les contes du présent volume nous viennent des Etats-Unis, ils appartiennent cependant, de fait, libres d'éléments étrangers, au folklore canadien-français. C'est en terre canadienne et de source française que les ont appris les narrateurs, que le hasard de l'existence a plus tard fait émigrer dans un pays voisin. En somme, ces pièces représentent deux régions de la province de Québec: les contes Lambert et Poudrier viennent de la rive nord, et les contes Bernier de la rive sud du lac St-Pierre. Ce lac, qui résulte, comme chacun le sait, d'un élargissement considérable du fleuve Saint-Laurent, forme avec ses sept milles de large, une très effective barrière aux relations entre les deux rives. Aussi les traditions folkloriques se communiquent-elles en général parallèlement au fleuve, et non d'une rive à l'autre. On en voit un exemple dans le fait que les récits des deux premiers groupes, quoique provenant de trois comtés différents, mais voisins, offrent des caractères communs, qui n'existent pas dans ceux du dernier groupe, qui se rattache à un cycle particulier.

M. Adélard Lambert, qui a recueilli les contes du présent volume, est né à Saint-Cuthbert en 1867. Il n'avait que deux ans lorsque ses parents quittèrent le Canada pour s'établir aux Etats-Unis. Il grandit donc dans un milieu de langue anglaise, mais il fréquenta régulièrement les écoles françaises. Ses classes terminées, il prit un emploi dans une maison de commerce, puis alla résider à Manchester, N. H., où il devint placier en meubles. De bonne heure, il témoigna du goût pour la lecture et des penchants de bibliophile. Par distraction d'abord, par intérêt ensuite, il se mit à collectionner les ouvrages relatifs à la race française en Amérique. Avec un flair remarquable et une connaissance instinctive du bouquin, il sut réunir, en dépit de maigres ressources, une superbe collection de *Canadiana*, d'environ quatre mille volumes. En 1919, l'Association canado-américaine de Manchester en a fait l'acquisition et l'a placée dans une bibliothèque, où elle est à la disposition du public et des chercheurs.

Au sujet de la présente collection, il convient de faire ici quelques remarques. Ce n'est que dans l'âge mûr que M. Lambert, à la suite de sollicitations, a mis par écrit les nombreux récits qui ont distrait et charmé son enfance. Malgré la fidélité de sa mémoire, ses textes n'ont donc pas la prétention de transcrire de façon intégrale les contes entendus. Quoique ses frères et ses sœurs lui aient parfois aidé à compléter certains récits, il a dû nécessairement se perdre, au cours du temps, certains faits du conte original.

Surtout, les textes de M. Lambert ne rendent pas le langage des premiers narrateurs. Conséquemment sa transcription ne reproduit ni l'originalité ni la saveur du parler local, qui distinguent d'habitude les conteurs du terroir. Citadin, sorti de l'école primaire, vivant dans un milieu anglais, il a rédigé ces contes dans une langue correcte, mais plutôt incolore, où se rencontrent maintes expressions de journaux à nouvelles et de bons livres, moins forts en style qu'en morale. A ce point de vue, c'est moins le pittoresque de la langue et les tournures du terroir, que la fidélité et la probité du compilateur, qui donnent à sa contribution sa valeur folklorique.

C'est l'intention de la Société de folklore de publier plus tard les autres pièces du répertoire Lambert, qui fait partie des collections folkloriques de la Section d'anthropologie, ministère des Mines, à Ottawa.

GUSTAVE LANCTOT.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

## 92. LES TROIS PETITS MOUTONS.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

C'était, une fois, une brave famille qui vivait une vie heureuse. Elle se composait du père, de la mère, de trois grands garçons et d'une jeune fille de dix-sept ans, qui était bien bonne et surtout d'une beauté remarquable. Depuis deux jours, les grands garçons étaient partis travailler dans la forêt. La jeune fille dit à sa mère: "Laissez-moi aller trouver mes frères. Peut-être que je pourrai leur être utile, soit pour faire cuire leur manger, soit pour raccommoder leurs habits."

Les parents ayant consenti, la jeune fille partit donc pour se rendre au bois trouver ses frères. Elle marcha longtemps, enfin elle arriva à la cabane. L'heure du midi s'approchait. Vite elle dressa la table, mit les couverts, trancha le pain, versa du thé chaud, puis elle alla se cacher derrière la cabane dans un arbre creux, qu'elle avait remarqué en arrivant. Les trois frères furent surpris, en arrivant, d'apercevoir la table dressée, le dîner servi et, en plus, un bon feu qui pétillait dans la cheminée. "Qu'est-ce que cela veut bien dire? se demandaient-ils, en se regardant les uns les autres avec étonnement. Ce n'est pourtant pas la vieille sorcière qui demeure tout près d'ici, car depuis qu'on a été chercher un tison de feu et qu'on a refusé de lui faire des visites, elle nous en veut et elle serait capable de nous faire des malices: elle est si méchante."

Après dîner, les trois frères s'en allèrent travailler, et, le soir, ils furent de nouveau étonnés en voyant leur vaisselle toute lavée. Tout était rangé en ordre dans la cabane, un bon souper chaud mijotait sur la table, attendant leur arrivée. La jeune fille était retournée se cacher dans le gros arbre creux en arrière, tout près de la cabane, de sorte qu'elle entendait tout ce que ses frères disaient.

Le deuxième des garçons dit: "Demain, je reste ici et je trouverai bien ceux qui viennent nous faire du si bon manger pendant notre absence." Le lendemain matin, les deux autres frères partirent pour l'ouvrage et le deuxième des garçons resta à la cabane. Il attendit longtemps, mais l'ennui d'être seul à ne pas travailler le fit s'endormir. Tandis qu'il dormait, sa sœur vint doucement faire le dîner. Lorsque les deux frères arrivèrent, ils trouvèrent le dîner prêt et leur frère endormi. Ils le réveillèrent et, comme il ne pouvait donner aucun renseignement, ils se mirent à rire de lui.

Le plus jeune dit: "C'est moi qui vais rester ici, cet après-midi." Après que ses deux frères furent partis, il fit comme avait fait son frère; il attendit longtemps, mais, trouvant cela ennuyant de ne rien

faire, il s'endormit. Sa jeune sœur vint doucement, lava la vaisselle, rangea tout en ordre, dressa la table pour le souper et s'en alla se cacher dans le gros arbre creux. Les deux frères arrivèrent, ils rirent encore plus fort de voir que la même chose était arrivée à l'un comme à l'autre.

Le plus âgé dit: "C'est moi qui vais rester, demain matin; et, s'il n'y a pas de sorcellerie là-dedans, je découvrirai bien le mystère qui nous entoure depuis quelques jours." Le lendemain avant-midi, il arriva la même chose au plus âgé des garçons qu'aux deux plus jeunes frères. Il fit la garde quelque temps, il s'ennuya et s'endormit. La jeune sœur vint doucement, fit le dîner et en plus lava le linge pour que ses frères pussent changer d'habits. On se mit à rire de plus belle de ce qui venait d'arriver à l'aîné des garçons, qui dit: "On n'a pas à se plaindre, nous voilà avec des rechanges bien propres. Il ne nous manque qu'un peigne pour nous peigner. Si la petite fée qui a soin de nous veut nous en apporter un, il ne manquera plus rien à notre bonheur."

La jeune fille entendit cette demande qu'elle prit pour une plainte. Puisque ses frères parlaient de peigne, peut-être avaient-ils des poux. Elle décida d'aller au plus près, chez la vieille sorcière, emprunter un peigne. — "Oui, oui, la belle des belles, lui dit la sorcière d'un ton grincheux et significatif. Oui, en voici un bon peigne." Et elle ajouta à demi-haut, pour ne pas être comprise de la jeune fille: "Celui-là est tout ce qu'il faut pour peigner tes petits moutons de frères. Va! que mes souhaits s'accomplissent."

En retournant à sa cachette, la jeune fille ne fut pas peu surprise de se voir soudain entourée par ses trois frères, qui, cette fois, étaient restés tous trois à la cabane bien décidés à ne pas s'endormir et à guetter partout, afin de découvrir la personne qui entretenait leur demeure si proprement et leur faisait cuire de si bons repas.

La joie fut grande, lorsqu'en l'entourant, ils reconnurent leur jeune sœur. "Pourquoi ces agissements mystérieux?" questionnèrent-ils. "Mais c'était pour jouir de votre surprise," répondit la jeune fille en riant. "D'où viens-tu?" demanda le plus âgé des trois frères. "Comme vous aviez manifesté le désir d'avoir un peigne, j'ai été chez votre voisine, la sorcière, en quérir un. N'est-ce pas cela que vous vouliez?" — "Chez la vieille sorcière, dirent les trois frères; n'y vas plus jamais, car il pourrait nous arriver malheur."

Sur cette remarque, ils entrèrent dans la cabane et la jeune sœur se mit à préparer le repas du soir. Le lendemain matin, le plus jeune des garçons resta avec sa jeune sœur pour préparer du bois, afin qu'elle pût faire le dîner. Après que le dîner fut mis au feu, la jeune fille dit à son frère: "Viens ici, que je te peigne au peigne fin, voir si tu aurais des poux." Quelle ne fut pas sa consternation, au troisième coup de

peigne fin, de le voir subitement changer en un petit mouton. Lorsque les deux autres arrivèrent pour le repas du midi, ils furent étonnés d'apercevoir dans la cabane un petit mouton et leur jeune sœur étendue sur le plancher sans connaissance. Ils s'empressèrent de la ranimer, et elle leur raconta que leur jeune frère avait été changé en petit mouton. Après dîner, ne voulant pas laisser leur jeune sœur seule, le deuxième des garçons resta à la cabane, et l'autre partit pour l'ouvrage. La jeune fille lava la vaisselle, rangea tout en ordre et dit : "Viens que je te peigne, voir si tu as des poux." Il arriva ce qui était arrivé pour le premier : au troisième coup de peigne fin, il fut changé en petit mouton.

Le soir, à son retour, le plus âgé des garçons constata avec peine ce nouveau malheur qui venait d'arriver, consola du mieux qu'il put sa jeune sœur, et se prépara à aller chercher ses autres parents, ou du moins leur apprendre la triste nouvelle. Il se rappela la visite de la jeune fille à la vieille sorcière. Avant de changer d'habits, il prit le peigne fin et commença à se peigner, pour son grand malheur. Au troisième coup, il fut lui aussi changé en petit mouton et vint ajouter à la grande douleur de la jeune fille, qui s'affaissa sans mouvement.

Lorsqu'elle reprit ses sens, elle se vit entourée par les trois petits moutons, qui bêlaient lamentablement : "Ma sœur, ma sœur, ma sœur, reviens à toi." Au même instant la vieille sorcière entra, saisit la jeune fille, qu'elle alla jeter dans un vieux puits derrière la cabane, le couvrit, plaça une pierre sur le couvercle et s'éloigna en ricanant.

La fée Dulcine, tel était son nom, n'avait pas toujours eu cette réputation d'être une méchante sorcière. Jadis, lorsqu'elle était encore jeune, elle avait été bonne et charitable au point qu'à la naissance du fils du roi, elle avait été mandée au château pour prendre part aux réjouissances. Le fils du roi avait été comblé de bons souhaits et de douces faveurs par la jeune fée. Plus tard, plus l'enfant grandissait, plus la jeune fée multipliait ses visites au château. Elle lui faisait ses caresses et ses souhaits de bonheur, à tel point qu'après chaque visite l'enfant devenait de plus en plus intraitable, si bien que le roi et surtout la reine lui firent interdire l'entrée du château.

Depuis cette époque, la bonne petite fée changea complètement de manière et devint la méchante sorcière que l'on connaît. Mais le fils du roi en avait gardé un bon souvenir et souvent il s'aventurait dans la forêt pour voir son ancienne amie, la fée Dulcine. Or ce jour-là, peu de temps après que la fée eût enfermé la jeune fille dans le puits, le fils du roi vint à passer, s'acheminant vers la demeure de la vieille sorcière. Il aperçut les trois petits moutons couchés près du puits, sans y faire autrement attention.

La fée méchante le vit venir : promptement elle se coucha et fit semblant d'être malade. Lorsque le fils du roi fut entré, elle se mit à

gémir et à se lamenter de son mieux. "Cher enfant, disait-elle, c'est le bon destin qui t'envoie pour me sauver la vie! Une seule chose peut me sauver, c'est de la chair de jeune mouton. Va tout près d'ici me quérir un jeune agneau, que tu pourras tuer afin de me faire un bouillon. C'est la seule nourriture qui, à l'heure présente, peut me ramener à la santé."

Le fils du roi ne se fit pas répéter cette demande, qui lui semblait très raisonnable. Il se dirigea donc vers l'endroit où il avait, quelques instants auparavant, aperçu les trois petits moutons. Ceux-ci, à son approche, se mirent à courir autour du puits en bêlant des lamentations telles que le jeune prince s'arrêta tout interdit: "Ma sœur, ma sœur, ma sœur," bêlaient les petits moutons, "on veut nous faire mourir." Le fils du roi s'approcha tout doucement du puits, pensant qu'il devait y avoir là quelque chose d'étrange.

Les petits moutons se mirent à se lamenter plus fort: "Ma sœur, ma sœur, ma sœur, ils veulent nous faire mourir!" De voir courir les petits moutons autour du puits, et de les voir se lamenter ainsi, cela éveilla la curiosité du jeune prince. Il ôta la pierre et le couvercle qui fermaient l'ouverture du puits, et quelle ne fut pas sa surprise d'y voir, au fond, une jeune fille, qu'il s'empressa d'aller chercher. Lorsque la jeune fille fut hors du puits, il la fit coucher sur l'herbe afin qu'elle pût respirer et reprendre des forces, car elle était très faible. Remise de la peur et des souffrances qu'elle avait endurées, elle lui raconta, à sa demande, tout ce qui était arrivé depuis qu'elle était venue trouver ses trois frères dans la forêt.

Le fils du roi fut si touché par ce récit, il trouva la jeune fille si belle et si courageuse dans son malheur, qu'il en fut charmé. Aussitôt qu'il la jugea capable de marcher, il lui prit le bras, et pendant que les trois petits moutons suivaient en gambadant, il prit le chemin du château. En arrivant, il commanda d'apprêter la plus belle chambre et ordonna à ses servantes de la servir comme une reine. Il fit enfermer, dans une bergerie bien propre, les trois petits moutons, et le lendemain matin, il se rendit lui-même à la bergerie pour les soigner.

Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise en apercevant les trois frères de la jeune fille qui étaient redevenus les trois garçons joyeux et qui, en apercevant le fils du roi, s'empressèrent de demander des nouvelles de leur sœur jolie. La joie fut grande de part et d'autre lorsque le prince vint conduire les trois frères à leur sœur.

Le prince, toujours de plus en plus charmé de la grande beauté de la jeune fille, la donna en mariage. Le roi et la reine la trouvèrent si belle et si gentille qu'ils consentirent tout de suite au mariage de leur fils. Trois jours après, on fêta les plus belles noces qui s'étaient jamais vues au château du roi.

Il va sans dire qu'on était allé chercher le père et la mère de la jeune

mariée, qui goûtaient fort le bonheur de leur fille. Les trois frères accompagnaient trois princesses, qui étaient les sœurs du marié.

Après les fêtes des noces, la jeune mariée témoigna le désir d'aller visiter les lieux qui, pour avoir été la scène de dures épreuves, n'en restaient pas moins le point de départ de son présent bonheur. Les jeunes mariés se mirent donc en route, suivis des parents et des gens de la cour du roi, pour aller visiter la cabane de la forêt. Quelle ne fut pas la surprise des visiteurs en constatant que le feu avait détruit la cabane et tout ce qui se trouvait dans les environs.

Voici ce qui était arrivé. La vieille sorcière, comme on se le rappelle, avait envoyé quérir un jeune agneau par le fils du roi. Voyant que le jeune prince ne revenait pas, elle s'était levée et s'était rendue jusque sur les lieux. Elle arriva trop tard; le prince, la jeune fille et les petits moutons, tout était disparu. Prise d'un accès de rage, elle entra dans la cabane et y mit le feu. Lorsqu'elle fut sortie et que le feu commença à causer des ravages, elle sentit un grand malaise s'emparer d'elle. Aussitôt elle pensa à son peigne, auquel elle avait transmis ses méchants souhaits. Si le peigne brûlait, c'était la délivrance des trois garçons qui avaient été métamorphosés en petits moutons, et pour elle-même les souffrances des réprouvés. Elle fonça dans la cabane qui, en cet instant, était presque tout embrasée, saisit le peigne qui était resté sur la tablette du foyer et voulut s'en retourner. Mais il était trop tard, elle fut suffoquée par la fumée et tomba à la renverse.

Lorsque les visiteurs approchèrent de la cabane incendiée, ils s'aperçurent qu'au milieu de la cabane il y avait un corps; c'était le corps carbonisé de la vieille sorcière. En regardant de plus près, ils s'aperçurent qu'elle tenait dans sa main un objet difforme; c'était le peigne du maléfice, qui avait fini par châtier la vraie coupable pour les maux commis par sa méchanceté.

#### 94. LA TUQUE PERCEE.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

Jacques Rusot était un homme dans les cinquante ans. Il avait jadis possédé une certaine richesse en terres, en troupeaux de bêtes à cornes et surtout en pièces d'argent. Il avait été renommé pour son habileté à faire des marchés fructueux; lorsqu'il se rendait sur le marché avec ses troupeaux d'animaux gras, il en revenait toujours avec un gousset bien rempli de pièces sonnantes d'or et d'argent.

Au moment où commence cette histoire, tout était changé, et Jacques qui avait subi malheurs sur malheurs, comme Job, en était réduit à la misère noire, et sa détresse était pénible à voir. Tard l'automne, lorsque toutes ses récoltes étaient engrangées, une nuit, la foudre était tombée sur ses bâtiments et avait réduit tout en cendre.

Ce n'est pas tout : le feu s'était propagé à ses étables, et tous ses beaux animaux gras avaient péri dans les flammes. Pour comble de malheur, dans l'hiver qui suivit, un nouvel incendie consuma sa maison, au moment où toute la famille était plongée dans un profond sommeil. Sa femme et ses enfants périrent et, seul, Jacques put se sauver à temps avec grande difficulté. Il se laissa abattre par ce dernier malheur et s'abandonna au désespoir jusqu'à proférer les invocations les plus insensées.

Le diable apparut à Jacques et lui dit : "Jacques Rusot, j'ai entendu tes lamentations et je suis venu te proposer un marché. Si tu veux me signer un papier comme quoi tu m'appartiendras, corps et âme, dans un an et un jour, je m'engage à te procurer tout l'or et l'argent, ainsi que tous les plaisirs, d'ici à ce que ce temps-là soit expiré."

Devant l'apparition, Jacques resta tout interdit, mais il se remit bientôt de son émotion. Son instinct de rusé à faire des marchés reprenant le dessus, il regarda le diable fixement et lui répondit : "Je ne saurais que faire de tout l'or et l'argent que tu pourrais me procurer. Cependant je signerai un papier, m'engageant à t'appartenir au bout d'un an et un jour, à trois conditions : premièrement, tu rempliras ma tuque d'or et d'argent ; deuxièmement, je percerai un trou au faîte de ma grange ; j'y clouerais ma tuque par en dedans et ce sera par cette ouverture que tu l'empliras ; et enfin, la troisième condition, qui revient au même, c'est que tu me promettes de ne pas te montrer d'ici un an et un jour, afin que je jouisse tranquille de l'argent que tu auras versé dans ma tuque." — "Accepté, dit le diable en riant, et quand commençons-nous ?" — "Demain à neuf heures de l'avant-midi," répondit Jacques Rusot. Le diable partit en ricanant et Jacques le regarda s'éloigner, en souriant ; tous deux semblaient satisfaits de leur marché.

Le lendemain de grand matin, Jacques alla percer un petit trou sur la couverture de sa grange ; il y cloua par en-dedans, vis-à-vis de la grande tasserie, sa tuque, dont il avait eu soin de découdre le fond. Il avait aussi faufilé deux ficelles à même la tuque, afin de pouvoir en ouvrir ou fermer le fond au besoin. A neuf heures le diable arriva avec deux sacs d'argent sous le bras, grimpa sur le toit de la grange et versa le contenu dans la petite ouverture. Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise en s'apercevant que ses deux sacs n'avait pas suffi à emplir la tuque. Il passa la main par le petit trou, la tuque était bien là, mais vide.

Il descendit chercher six sacs d'argent, et remonta les vider dans la tuque. Il passa la main, la tuque était toujours là, mais toujours vide. Jacques était dans la grange et manœuvrait ses ficelles. Lorsque le diable vidait l'argent, il lâchait les ficelles et l'argent passait par le fond percé de la tuque pour venir tomber au milieu de la tasserie. Le diable charroya des sacs d'argent toute la journée et la tuque n'était pas encore pleine.

Le lendemain, il recommença, mais, chose étrange, la tuque ne s'emplissait point. Le diable commença à penser qu'il pouvait bien y avoir quelque tour de Jacques, car, durant la journée, à plusieurs reprises, il lui avait entendu fredonner un couplet, qui semblait vouloir le gouailler :

Tu es bon diable, tu es bon diable;  
Verse, verse dans ma tuque,  
Regarde, cherche et reluque.  
C'est un bon diable, c'est un bon diable,  
Ces beaux écus, ces beaux écus,  
Oui, de ma tuque sont disparus.

Jacques chantait en effet, car l'argent versé, qui passait à travers la tuque, était tombé dans la grande tasserie, qui était presque à moitié remplie.

Le surlendemain, le diable recommença à charroyer des sacs d'argent, mais, voyant que la tuque ne s'emplissait pas plus que les jours précédents, il commença à tempêter et à menacer Jacques d'aller voir ce qui se passait dans la grange. Mais Jacques l'avertit que, s'il se montrait à lui, il se trouvait à rompre son marché. Le diable fit encore quelques voyages, finalement entra dans une grande fureur et abandonna la partie, hurlant des imprécations et furieux de s'être fait jouer ainsi par Jacques Rusot. Il partit en soufflant tellement de feu et de fumée qu'il faillit mettre le feu aux bâtiments. Jacques le regarda s'éloigner, en se frottant les mains avec grande satisfaction. Il fredonnait :

C'est un bon diable, c'est un bon diable,  
.....  
Tes beaux écus, tes beaux écus  
Pour moi ne sont pas disparus.

Jacques Rusot vécut plusieurs années d'une vie bien tranquille et s'employa à faire la charité aux pauvres. Le tour joué au diable avait été son dernier marché.

#### 95. MADELEINE ET L'OGRE DE LA FORET.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

Depuis la mort de sa mère, Madeleine avait pris soin de la maison. C'était elle qui s'occupait à faire l'ordinaire et à reprendre les habits de son père et de ses cinq grands frères, ce qui ne manquait pas de la tenir continuellement occupée. Or, un vendredi matin, après que son père et ses frères furent partis pour l'ouvrage, Madeleine songea au grand ménage qui devait se faire le lendemain, samedi, et, comme son balai était usé, elle résolut d'aller en chercher un neuf. Elle partit donc de bonne heure, se faisant accompagner par son fidèle petit chien, Tit-fin.

Elle marcha longtemps. Enfin elle arriva à une belle talle de cèdres et se mit à casser du balai, casse du balai, casse du balai, casse du balai. Elle se disait qu'elle ne pouvait faire ce long trajet tous les jours, et quant à être sur les lieux, autant en emporter une bonne provision. Casse du balai, casse du balai, casse du balai. Après en avoir cassé longtemps, elle se sentit fatiguée et se jeta sur son amas de balai pour se reposer un peu. Elle était si lasse du travail qu'elle venait d'accomplir qu'elle s'endormit.

Or, au moment qu'elle dormait d'un profond sommeil, l'ogre de la forêt vint à passer et, apercevant Madeleine endormie, il se mit à bâtir un beau château tout autour d'elle. Lorsque Madeleine se réveilla, elle fut bien étonnée et saisie d'effroi de se voir enfermée dans cette nouvelle demeure, bâtie durant son sommeil. Son effroi augmenta encore lorsque l'ogre vint la voir et lui annonça qu'elle était sa prisonnière, et qu'elle ne devait pas chercher à s'évader, car elle encourrait les plus grands malheurs. "Je dois m'absenter, dit-il, pour quelques jours. Vous serez la maîtresse du château durant mon absence. Voici les clefs; vous pourrez tout visiter, excepté cette chambre-ci. Si vous me désobéissez, en ouvrant cette porte, vous mourrez."

Après le départ de l'ogre, Madeleine passait son temps à visiter le château. Mais, l'absence se prolongeant, Madeleine commença à s'ennuyer, et un jour il lui prit fantaisie d'ouvrir la porte de la chambre défendue. Ce fut sa perte: car c'était la chambre où l'ogre, après ses orgies de cannibale, enfermait les ossements de ses victimes. Madeleine, en apercevant tous ces squelettes, des bras, des jambes, des têtes rongées, fut saisie d'épouvante et s'affaissa, sur le seuil de la porte ouverte, sans connaissance.

Juste à ce moment, l'ogre faisait son entrée au château. Il trouva Madeleine étendue, sans connaissance, sur la porte restée ouverte de la chambre défendue. Il la prit dans ses bras, la porta en haut dans sa chambre, lui prodigua les soins voulus pour lui faire prendre ses sens et, quand elle fut ranimée, il lui annonça son arrêt de mort, vu qu'elle avait désobéi à ses ordres. Il retourna en bas, tout en lui ordonnant de se dévêtir de ses habits et de l'avertir aussitôt que ses habits seraient ôtés. Madeleine, toute tremblante, saisie d'horreur à la pensée de se faire dévorer vivante par ce monstre, se leva cependant et se mit à écrire à son père et ses frères à la hâte ces lignes: "Venez vite à la talle de cèdres, vous me trouverez enfermée dans le château en grand danger de mourir. Hâtez-vous! Votre Madeleine."

Elle confia ce papier à son fidèle petit chien Tit-fin, qu'elle sortit par la fenêtre, et retourna près de son lit, attendant le secours que la Providence daignerait lui accorder.

Après la disparition de Madeleine, son père et ses frères s'étaient mis à sa recherche. Il y avait déjà plusieurs jours qu'ils cherchaient,

lorsque tout à coup, à leur grande surprise, ils virent venir Tit-fin, le petit chien de la maison. Il portait dans sa gueule un papier qu'ils s'empressèrent de lire, et ils partirent, pressés, du côté du château de la talle de cèdres.

Madeleine, toute tremblante près de son lit, fut tout à coup saisie d'épouvante, en entendant d'en bas la voix de l'ogre qui demandait : "Es-tu prête?" — "Non, répondit-elle, je suis à ôter mes bas." — "Es-tu prête?" — "Non, je suis à ôter ma jupe." — "Es-tu prête?" répétait l'ogre, de plus en plus pressé. "Non, je suis à ôter mon mantelet." — "Es-tu prête?" — "Non," allait encore répondre Madeleine, mais il se fit un grand bruit à la porte du dehors, et l'ogre monta l'escalier à la course. Passant devant Madeleine, il lui dit : "Il y a toute une troupe d'hommes armés qui entoure le château. S'ils entrent ici, je vais me cacher sous le lit, mais tu leur répondras, s'ils me demandent, que je suis allé à la chasse."

Madeleine s'empressa de descendre, car elle ne doutait pas que son père et ses frères fussent arrivés pour la délivrer. En effet, après avoir témoigné sa joie en les voyant entrer, elle répondit à haute voix à son père qui lui demandait : "Où est l'ogre du château?" — "Il est allé à la chasse." Puis tout bas, elle ajouta : "Sous le lit." — "Où est l'ogre du château?" crièrent en chœur le père et les frères de Madeleine? — "Il est allé à la chasse, sous le lit."

Alors ils montèrent en haut, trouvèrent l'ogre sous le lit et l'emmenèrent prisonnier, après l'avoir bien garrotté. Le lendemain matin, ils le firent écarteler par quatre chevaux et le firent enterrer sans plus de cérémonie. Longtemps, longtemps, Madeleine songea à l'imprudence, qu'elle avait commise, d'aller chercher du balai seule, à la talle de cèdres.

### 93. MORVETTE.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

Il y avait, une fois, un homme et une femme. Ils avaient pour unique enfant un jeune garçon, connu sous le nom de Morvette. On lui avait donné ce nom, parce que, depuis son enfance, il avait toujours la morve au nez et qu'il était sans cesse occupé à se moucher avec ses doigts. Ils étaient pauvres, et le père gagnait péniblement sa vie et celle des siens avec le produit de sa pêche. Un jour qu'il s'apprêtait à partir pour aller pêcher, Morvette dit à son père : "Aujourd'hui, je veux aller avec vous à la pêche. Voilà longtemps que vous me promettez de m'emmener, et vous remettez toujours d'une journée à l'autre." — "Tais-toi, petit malpropre, dit le père, ça serait assez pour faire peur aux poissons."

Morvette se mit à pleurer et à se moucher de plus belle. Sa mère, le voyant se désoler à ce point, dit à son mari : "Voyons, emmène-le

donc une fois. Il est assez âgé pour apprendre à travailler et, s'il n'apprend jamais rien, qui est-ce qui nous fera vivre sur nos vieux jours?"

Sur ce raisonnement, le père se décida à emmener Morvette. Mais quand ils furent rendus sur l'eau, le père choisit une barque pour lui-même et une autre pour Morvette, qu'il fit s'éloigner au large, et qu'il laissa s'arranger du mieux qu'il put. Morvette tendit sa ligne et pendant quelque temps il trouva cela ennuyant, car rien ne venait mordre à son hameçon. Tout à coup, il sursauta et manqua d'échapper sa ligne tant la surprise avait été soudaine. Il tira sa ligne avec hâte et quel ne fut pas son étonnement de voir apparaître hors de l'eau un beau petit poisson d'or.

Sa surprise redoubla lorsque le petit poisson d'or se mit à lui parler. "Mon bon petit Morvette, jette-moi à l'eau d'où je viens et tu ne le regretteras pas." — "Tu es bien trop beau, répondit Morvette. Tu t'es laissé prendre, tant pis, je te garde." — "Mon bon Morvette, je suis le petit génie de l'eau, et si tu veux me laisser retourner d'où je viens, tout ce que tu souhaiteras, tu l'auras." Entendant ces supplications et cette promesse, Morvette se décida et jeta le petit poisson d'or à l'eau, et se remit à pêcher.

Comme rien ne venait mordre à sa ligne, il s'écria: "Mon petit poisson d'or, si ce que tu m'as dit est la vérité, je veux que tu remplisses ma barque de poissons." Il n'avait pas fini de parler que la barque était remplie de poissons jusqu'au bord. Morvette cria à son père de venir lui aider. Celui-ci fut bien surpris de voir que Morvette avait pris tant de poissons. Il en mit une partie dans sa barque, et tous deux s'en retournèrent à la maison, bien contents de leur journée.

Le père dit: "Mon bon Morvette, comme on a du poisson à en perdre et que voilà longtemps que je n'ai rien envoyé au roi, tu vas prendre les deux plus beaux poissons qu'il y a là, et tu vas les porter au château du roi, de ma part."

Morvette fit comme son père lui avait dit. En arrivant au château, il alla frapper à la porte. Ce fut la jeune princesse qui vint ouvrir. "Ma bonne princesse, dit Morvette, je viens vous porter ces poissons de la part de mon père." — "Où donc as-tu pris ces beaux poissons, dit la princesse?" — "Dans l'eau, répondit Morvette, et je vous dirai aussi que je puis avoir tout ce que je veux." — "Vraiment, dit la princesse en riant, veux-tu bien me dire ton nom?" — "Mon nom, c'est Morvette, pour vous servir." — "Tu peux bien dire que tu as tout ce que tu veux, dit la princesse en éclatant de rire, car tu as un beau nom." Elle s'appêtait à s'en retourner, en riant encore plus fort, mais Morvette, fâché, lui cria: "Ah! c'est comme ça que vous riez de moi, vous, mais par la vertu de mon petit poisson d'or vous le regretterez, car avant longtemps vous aurez un souvenir de moi."

A quelque temps de là, tous les gens du château étaient dans la consternation. La princesse donna le jour à un enfant, un beau petit garçon. Comme la princesse ne pouvait expliquer la chose à ses parents, le roi consulta la fée du domaine. Celle-ci lui répondit que tout ce qu'elle pouvait faire pour trouver le père de l'enfant était de donner au petit une boule d'or, que le roi devait faire défiler devant l'enfant tous les hommes du royaume, et celui à qui l'enfant présenterait la boule d'or était le père de l'enfant.

Le roi fit donc proclamer par tout son royaume que tous les hommes eussent à se rendre au château à tel jour, ou, sinon, ils encourraient la peine de mort.

Le jour arrivé, comme le père s'appêtait à se rendre au château, Morvette dit: "Moi aussi, je veux aller au château, comme tous les autres."—"Si fait, dit le père, tu vas venir, mais tu n'iras pas plus loin que derrière la porte, car, malpropre comme tu es, le roi pourrait bien te faire chasser dehors."

Arrivés au château, le père et Morvette se mirent à suivre la foule. Etant entré, le père continua à avancer, et Morvette se cacha derrière la porte. A la grande surprise des gens du château, Morvette n'était pas sitôt rendu derrière la porte que l'enfant se mit à marcher et s'en alla lui présenter la boule d'or.

En apercevant Morvette qui était à se moucher de plus belle, le roi entra dans une grande colère et donna l'ordre à ses gens de prendre Morvette, la princesse et l'enfant, de les mettre dans un canot et d'aller les abandonner à leur sort au milieu de la mer.

Peu de temps après qu'ils furent abandonnés sur les flots de la mer, l'enfant eut faim et demanda à manger. La princesse dit à Morvette: "Tu t'es vanté que tu pouvais avoir tout ce que tu voulais; n'es-tu pas capable d'avoir de la bouillie à ton enfant?" Morvette pensa au petit poisson d'or et il eut de la bouillie pour l'enfant et du manger en abondance pour la princesse et pour lui-même.

Après qu'ils eurent bien mangé, la princesse dit à Morvette: "Puis que tu peux tout avoir, pourquoi ne pas demander un château voisin de celui de mon père, même plus beau que le sien?" Morvette invoqua encore le petit poisson d'or et ils furent transportés dans un château, cent fois plus beau que celui du roi.

Le lendemain matin, lorsque le roi se leva, il ne pouvait regarder le château voisin tant il était étincelant d'or et de pierres précieuses. Le roi envoya ses serviteurs voir qui habitait le château si riche, et fut très surpris quand il sut que c'était Morvette, qui était rendu là avec la princesse.

Après qu'ils furent transportés au château, la princesse voyant comment les choses venaient à souhait, dit à Morvette: "Puisque tu peux tout obtenir de ton petit poisson d'or, pourquoi ne lui demandes-

tu pas de ne plus morver." Morvette, si habitué à se moucher, n'aurait jamais pensé à cela, mais à la demande de la princesse il invoqua encore son petit poisson d'or et l'envie de se moucher disparut tout de suite; de sorte que, lorsque le roi se présenta au château de Morvette, c'était un beau jeune homme avec de belles manières.

Le roi, enchanté, fit l'accord avec le mari de sa princesse. Comme il n'avait pas de garçon, il lui fit porter son nom et lui donna le droit de lui succéder à la tête du royaume après sa mort. Morvette vécut heureux avec la princesse, entouré de nombreux enfants, dont aucun n'avait hérité de la manie de leur père de se moucher continuellement. Ainsi Morvette avait toujours recours à son petit poisson d'or, qui n'a jamais oublié sa promesse, pour la bonne action de Morvette en le remettant à l'eau, domaine de sa vie.

#### 96. L'ABEILLE ET LE CRAPAUD.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

Dieu, après avoir fait sortir la terre du néant, créa le soleil, la lune et les étoiles, les ruisseaux, les arbres et les fruits. Puis il plaça Adam et Eve comme roi et reine de la terre. Il n'avait rien ménagé pour assurer le bonheur de nos premiers parents. Parmi les mille et une douceurs prodiguées, il ne faut point oublier l'abeille, cette petite fine mouche, qui produit si abondamment la cire et le miel. Après la chute des mauvais anges, Lucifer, le chef de la bande infernale, fit tout ce qu'il put pour imiter ou déprécier les œuvres du Tout-Puissant.

Un jour qu'Adam et Eve avaient mangé du miel d'abeille et s'étaient fort régalés de ce mets délicieux, Satan en fut jaloux et chercha le moyen de détruire cette source de contentement de nos premiers parents. Se faufilant, il alla se cacher dans une touffe de broussailles, non loin d'un essaim d'abeilles, et il se mit à travailler pour donner la vie à un animal, dont l'occupation serait la destruction de la mouche à miel.

Si le bon Dieu avait créé l'abeille, qui est l'emblème de la vaillance, du travail industriel et même du respect à l'autorité (puisque les abeilles témoignent tant de déférence respectueuse à leur reine), c'était là une raison pour Satan de désirer sa destruction.

Il prit donc un peu de terre, qu'il pétrit longuement dans ses mains de réprouvé. Après avoir pétri cette boue assez longtemps, il souffla dessus par trois fois, en marmottant des mots cabalistiques, regardant dans la direction où se trouvait l'essaim d'abeilles. Puis il lança son nouveau-né dans cette direction.

Satan était encore novice dans l'art de créer. Il oublia de poser des ailes à son nouvel ami destructeur, qui passa dans l'air en frôlant les petites mouches à miel. Celles-ci, à cet instant, pendaient en grappe à

une branche d'arbre, et l'animal alla s'aplatir à terre tout près. Satan venait de créer le crapaud. Celui-ci, en tombant, resta un instant comme étourdi de cette première chute, puis il commença à remuer petit à petit, puis à bâiller et finalement à respirer pour de bon.

Quelques mouches s'étant détachées du groupe, vinrent en frôlant la terre voltiger tout près de l'animal étourdi; d'autres suivirent bientôt dans le but de reconnaître cet intrus, nouvel ennemi inconnu jusque là. Le crapaud, se réveillant avec la faim et cet instinct de destruction pour lequel il avait été créé, se mit à sauter et même réussit à happer quelques mouches à miel, qui à cet instant ne cessaient de passer et repasser en voltigeant autour de lui.

Depuis ce temps, de nos jours encore, pour tout où il y a des ruches d'abeilles, si vous vous approchez le soir, à la brunoise, regardez avec attention, vous êtes certains d'y trouver tapis, tout près de l'ouverture de la ruche, un ou plusieurs crapauds. Ils ne manquent point de happer au passage l'abeille entrant en retard au logis. Ce sont les sales crapauds, vivante image du démon, leur créateur.

#### 97. L'AIGUILLE QUI PARLE.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

La belle Hélène était devenue orpheline de père et mère, lorsqu'elle était jeune. Elle était demeurée depuis chez un oncle jusqu'à l'âge de seize ans. Un jour, son oncle qui l'adorait lui dit: "Ma chère petite Hélène, je t'ai toujours aimée comme faisant partie de la maison. Aujourd'hui je veux compléter mon désir en te demandant de m'épouser. Depuis que ta tante est morte, j'ai toujours patienté, attendant que tu deviennes assez âgée pour devenir ma femme."

La jeune fille fut très surprise de cette demande. Elle n'aurait pas voulu déplaire à son oncle. Or, si d'un côté la jeune Hélène était douée d'une beauté sans pareille, son oncle, d'autre part, incarnait la laideur repoussante, au point d'être un objet de dégoût pour tous ceux qui l'approchaient. La jeune fille, craignant par un refus de provoquer sa colère, essaya de lui représenter la différence d'âge, et finalement lui dit: "Mon oncle, vous savez que je suis jeune et fière; d'un autre côté, vous possédez de grandes richesses. Si donc vous pouvez me trouver une robe couleur du temps, je vous épouserai."

L'oncle ne voulut pas refuser, et se mit immédiatement en chemin pour trouver l'objet désiré. Il revint au bout de dix jours, apportant la robe couleur du temps, telle que de nandée. "Cela est bien ce que j'ai de nandé, dit la jeune Hélène, mais ne me satisfait pas. Mon oncle, je suis jeune et fière: trouvez-moi une robe couleur d'étoiles, et je vous épouserai." L'oncle, cette fois encore, ne voulut pas faire voir que les demandes de sa nièce étaient extravagantes; immédiate-

ment il se remit en route. Au bout de trente jours, il arriva à la maison, apportant la robe couleur d'étoiles, telle que demandée. "C'est bien ce que j'ai demandé, dit la belle Hélène; mais, mon oncle, je suis jeune et fière, et vous êtes riche; trouvez-moi une robe couleur de soleil pour le jour de mes noces, et je vous épouserai."

L'oncle ne dit rien, puisque la jeune Hélène voulait se mettre belle pour le jour des noces. Cela réglait les objections. Il se remit donc de nouveau en route. Au bout de soixante jours, il était de retour avec la précieuse robe couleur de soleil. "C'est bien ce que j'ai demandé, dit la jeune fille; mais, mon oncle, vous êtes riche: avant le grand jour des noces, je veux vous faire une dernière demande de deux objets. Ce sera la dernière. Je désire avoir une aiguille qui parle et un coffre volant."

L'oncle pensa protester pour un instant, mais, vu la promesse formelle que ce serait sa dernière demande, il partit. Il fut un an en voyage. Au bout de ce temps, il arriva à la maison avec les deux objets demandés, qu'il présenta à la jeune fille, en lui demandant si elle était enfin satisfaite, et quand elle serait prête à l'épouser. "Demain, mon oncle, à huit heures, vous viendrez frapper à la porte de ma chambre et nous irons nous marier."

Le lendemain matin, à l'heure convenue, l'oncle alla frapper à la porte de la chambre et une voix lui répondit: "Attendez, mon oncle, dans un instant je serai prête." Une deuxième, une troisième, une quatrième fois, l'oncle alla frapper à la porte de la chambre et toujours la voix de lui répondre: "Attendez, mon oncle, je serai à vous dans un instant." L'oncle, impatienté, ouvrit la porte, mais il faillit tomber à la renverse. Tout était en ordre dans la chambre, mais la jeune fille n'y était point. Il y fit quelques pas et tout à coup il entendit une voix qui disait: "Mon oncle, je serai à vous dans un instant." En regardant de plus près, il aperçut sur l'oreiller l'aiguille parlante, qu'il avait apportée la veille. Il vit aussi la fenêtre ouverte par laquelle avait dû s'envoler la jeune Hélène, car le coffre volant était disparu. L'oncle eut un accès de rage épouvantable, mais il ne pouvait remédier à ce qui venait de lui arriver.

La belle Hélène avait bien calculé son plan, car elle n'avait jamais songé à épouser son oncle. Le matin, en se levant, elle avait arrangé sa chambre proprement, avait piqué l'aiguille parlante sur sa taie d'oreiller avec mission de répondre à son oncle à sa place, puis avait mis ses belles robes dans le coffre volant. Elle-même y avait pris place, avait ouvert la fenêtre et commandé au coffre de s'envoler. Le coffre volant, sous l'ordre de la jeune fille, avait pris une direction quelconque.

Longtemps le coffre voltigea dans les airs. Enfin, arrivant près de la mer, la jeune fille lui commanda d'arrêter. Elle souleva le couvercle

et descendit faire quelques pas sur la grève. Tout à coup, elle aperçut un objet noir qui lui barrait le chemin; c'était une peau de négresse. Elle la ramassa, s'en revêtit, retourna prendre place dans le coffre, auquel elle commanda de la conduire au château du roi, où elle s'engagea pour garder les moutons.

Un jour qu'elle s'en allait garder ses moutons dans un champ très éloigné, il lui prit fantaisie d'apporter sa robe couleur du temps. Se croyant seule, elle ôta sa peau de négresse pour se vêtir de celle-ci. Mais ne voilà-t-il pas que le fils du roi, qui, étant malade, était sorti prendre l'air, se trouvait à cet instant dans les environs. Il vit la belle Hélène se dépouiller de sa peau de négresse et se vêtir ensuite de sa belle robe couleur du temps. Il la trouva si belle que, le soir, il en était que plus malade. On s'empressa autour de lui et l'on se mit à l'interroger sur ce qu'il voulait pour soulager sa maladie. On fut très surpris de l'entendre exprimer le désir d'avoir son manger fait par la petite négresse et qu'il fut lui-même transporté dans une chambre voisine de la cuisine. On prit cela comme fantaisie de malade, et le roi commanda de faire selon ses désirs.

Le prince perça un trou dans le mur, et regardait souvent travailler la petite négresse qu'il avait vue, un jour, dans le champ, lui paraître si belle. Il voulait approfondir le mystère de cette merveilleuse transformation.

Or, un jour, la petite négresse, se voyant seule dans la cuisine, dépouilla sa peau de négresse et revêtit sa belle robe couleur d'étoiles. Le prince, qui regardait, en fut si charmé, si ébloui, qu'il feignit une crise et appela toute sa famille à son secours. Le roi et les membres de la famille furent si alarmés de le voir dans cet état qu'ils lui demandèrent ce qu'il désirait qui pourrait l'aider. Le jeune prince demanda qu'on lui amenât la petite négresse tout de suite, car il voulait l'épouser.

Le roi et tous les parents, étonnés de cette demande singulière, commencèrent par s'objecter, mais le prince feignit une crise si forte, qu'ils consentirent, quitte à arranger cela plus tard.

Le lendemain avaient lieu les noces, mais, quand la mariée apparut au bras du prince, habillée de sa robe couleur de soleil, tout le monde fut ébloui par la merveilleuse beauté de la belle Hélène. L'éblouissement fut tel qu'on prit quelque temps avant de se remettre. Le roi fut si enchanté de cette beauté rare qu'on fêta les noces pendant trente jours, et tous ses sujets furent invités à venir participer à cette grande réjouissance. Après les noces, la belle princesse Hélène prit la petite peau de négresse, la mit dans le coffre volant et la retourna à son vieil oncle qui était si laid. L'oncle ne goûta pas cet envoi, car en le recevant, il fut pris d'un tel accès de rage qu'il mourut d'une attaque d'apoplexie.

## 98. LA BONNE MADELEINE.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

C'était un garçon et une fille dont les parents étaient morts. Les deux étaient bons, mais surtout la jeune fille, que l'on dénommait partout "la bonne Madeleine." Le garçon se maria, et le destin voulut qu'il prit pour femme une personne jalouse, qui était possédée des mauvais instincts de toutes les méchancetés. Pendant plusieurs années, Madeleine eut à souffrir toutes les cruautés de la part de sa belle-sœur, mais toujours sans murmurer.

Un jour que son frère était allé à la chasse, sa femme qui, le matin, s'était dite malade, se leva durant la journée, s'en fut à l'étable, tua deux gros bœufs et revint se coucher. Lorsque son mari arriva, trouvant ses bœufs morts, il demanda à sa femme qui les avait tués. "Mon cher mari, tu sais bien que je suis malade. Je n'ai eu connaissance de rien, il faut que ce soit la belle Madeleine." Le frère ne dit rien à sa sœur; mais à quelques jours de là, s'étant en allé chasser, sa femme se leva, alla à l'étable et, cette fois, tua les deux plus beaux chevaux de son mari.

En arrivant le soir, trouvant ses deux chevaux morts, il questionna encore sa femme: "Tu sais bien que je suis malade; je ne puis me lever. Il faut que ce soit encore ta belle Madeleine qui ait fait cela; elle est si hypocrite." Le frère alla voir sa sœur et lui fit doucement des reproches. Madeleine cria et se mit à pleurer, et son frère la quitta sans plus rien dire.

Deux jours après, le mari était encore allé chasser. Sa femme tua le plus jeune de ses enfants et alla cacher le couteau sous les oreillers de Madeleine, pensant que, cette fois, elle parviendrait à la faire chasser de la maison. Lorsque le mari arriva, il trouva sa femme à se lamenter près du corps de l'enfant tué. En voyant entrer son mari, la méchante épouse s'écria: "Regarde ce qu'a fait encore ta belle Madeleine! Il est temps que tu fasses des recherches pour trouver la coupable et la chasser de la maison, car sans doute nous y passerons tous, chacun à notre tour."

Le frère alla dans la chambre de sa sœur, fit des recherches et finalement trouva le couteau sous les oreillers. Il n'y avait plus de doute possible, c'était convaincant. Tout courroucé, il alla trouver sa sœur et lui commanda de le suivre. Il la mena bien loin dans la forêt. Et l'accusant des crimes commis, il lui coupa les deux mains, qu'il jeta dans un ruisseau tout près, et l'abandonna à son sort, à mourir de faim dans les bois.

En quittant sa sœur dans cette triste condition, le frère s'en retournait précipitamment, lorsqu'il s'empêtra dans un embarras d'épines. Il se planta une épine dans le pied droit et s'affaissa en ressentant de

la douleur. Madeleine souffrante, voyant son frère tomber s'approcha et lui dit avec douceur: "Mon frère, je ne suis pour rien dans tout ce qui est arrivé dernièrement. Je vais souffrir encore longtemps pour les méchancetés d'une autre personne. Mais toi aussi, mon frère, tu vas souffrir. Car cette épine, que tu viens de te planter dans le pied, ne pourra être extraite que par moi." Sur ces dernière paroles elle quitta son frère souffrant et disparut, s'enfonçant dans l'épaisseur de la forêt.

Madeleine marcha longtemps, cherchant à sortir de la forêt sombre qui l'effrayait. Tout à coup elle aperçut une éclaircie, s'avança et vit un beau château entouré d'immenses vergers. Elle s'arrangea, tant bien que mal, un petit abri au bord du bois, et tous les jours elle se rendait dans le verger se nourrir de pommes. Comme elle n'avait pas ses mains, elle abaissait les branches et rongait du mieux qu'elle pouvait les pommes des branches à portée de sa bouche.

Un jour, le gardien du verger vint annoncer au roi que ses pommes étaient rongées d'une étrange façon. Le jeune prince, qui était présent, demanda à son père de lui confier la tâche de découvrir le rongeur inconnu. Le roi ayant consenti, le jeune prince se cacha dans les environs et attendit. Lorsque Madeleine sortit du bois pour venir manger des pommes, le fils du roi alla au-devant d'elle, la fit prisonnière et l'emmena au château.

Tout en marchant, Madeleine lui raconta ses souffrances et ses misères. Le jeune prince en fut si touché qu'il fit préparer une chambre au château, où, souvent, durant les jours qui suivirent, il allait lui faire des visites. Il fut si ému des malheurs que Madeleine avait endurés, si charmé de sa beauté et de son air de bonté, que bientôt il demanda au roi la permission de l'épouser.

Le roi refusa, mais s'apercevant que l'amour du prince pour Madeleine persistait, il leva des troupes, mit son fils commandant, et l'envoya combattre en guerre pour aider un ami, roi d'un royaume très éloigné. Se voyant sur son départ, le prince avait secrètement épousé Madeleine, lui promettant qu'après son retour, il l'emmènerait vivre avec lui, loin du château de son père.

Le jeune prince resta à la guerre au-delà d'un an, et, pendant son absence, Madeleine donna naissance à un enfant, qui était d'une beauté extraordinaire. A la nouvelle de cet événement, le roi entra dans une grande colère, et, au bout de quelques mois, il fit porter l'enfant chez une nourrice dans un village éloigné, fit reconduire Madeleine dans la forêt, en lui enjoignant de ne pas se montrer même dans le verger pour se procurer de la nourriture.

Rendue dans la forêt, Madeleine s'affaissa sur un corps d'arbre, couché par terre, et pleura amèrement sur sa triste destinée, songeant aux terribles souffrances qu'elle endurerait dans cet abandon. Tout

à coup, elle entendit une voix et leva la tête. Devant elle, se tenait debout la fée Clémence, qui l'examinait d'un air de bonté: "Ma bonne Madeleine, lui dit la fée, voilà assez longtemps que tu souffres. Je connais tous les malheurs que tu as endurés. Je suis la fée Clémence, c'est-à-dire que je suis la bonté même. Je ne crois pas pouvoir rencontrer sur la terre une autre personne qui puisse endurer les malheurs que tu as eu à subir, sans murmurer, avec une bonté qui égale à la tienne. Tu as assez souffert; voici une petite boîte remplie de pâte magique. Tu iras dans cette direction et tu verras un petit ruisseau. Trois fois tu te frotteras les bras avec cette pâte et trois fois tu les tremperas dans l'eau du ruisseau. Tes mains, qui ont été jetées là par ton frère, y sont encore. Elles reviendront à toi. Puis tu te rendras chez ton frère, car il a été assez puni, lui aussi, par sa méchante femme. Tu lui arracheras cette épine du pied, qui le fait souffrir depuis votre séparation. Tu lui appliqueras de cette pâte magique et il sera guéri." Et la bonne fée s'en alla.

Madeleine, transportée d'espérance et de joie, se rendit tout de suite à l'endroit désigné, se frotta les bras avec la pâte magique, les trempa trois fois dans le ruisseau, et, à son grand plaisir, ses mains vinrent se replacer d'elles-mêmes, comme si elles n'avaient jamais été coupées.

Vite, elle se hâta d'aller chez son frère. Là, une surprise pénible l'attendait. En entrant, elle vit sa belle-sœur assise dans un coin de la cuisine, dans un état d'ivresse déconcertant, incapable de faire aucun mouvement. La pièce était remplie de petits diabolins qui dansaient et faisaient un vacarme d'enfer. Madeleine traversa la cuisine sans hésitation, cependant, car dans la chambre voisine elle avait entendu des plaintes et des gémissements. Elle trouva son frère étendu sur son lit, souffrant d'atroces douleurs causées par l'épine dans son pied droit, qu'il n'avait jamais pu arracher. Elle s'approcha vivement, arracha l'épine et, prenant la pâte magique, elle lui frotta le pied. Aussitôt il fut guéri.

Après quelques mots échangés, ils passèrent dans la cuisine, chassèrent les diabolins et renfermèrent la méchante épouse dans une chambre, où elle mourut le lendemain du délire causé par l'excès des liqueurs. Madeleine raconta alors à son frère tous les mensonges de la méchante femme, et ce qu'elle avait souffert. Le frère, qui avait eu sa part des souffrances endurées, lui demanda pardon, en pleurant à chaudes larmes. Madeleine lui dit avec sa bonté ordinaire: "Mon frère, oublions tout cela et songeons à autre chose, à notre avenir."

Le fils du roi était arrivé au château, dans ces jours-là, avec son armée triomphante. En arrivant, il s'empressa de se rendre à sa chambre pour y voir Madeleine. Ce fut avec rage et désespoir qu'il apprit de son père que sa Madeleine, après avoir donné le jour à un

enfant d'une laideur repoussante, avait été chassée du château et reconduite dans la forêt par le chemin où elle était venue.

Malgré tout ce que put lui dire son père, le prince se mit en chemin, espérant retrouver celle qu'il aimait de toute son âme. Rendu dans la forêt, il rencontra la fée Clémence, qui lui apprit où il pourrait retrouver son épouse et même son enfant, qu'il pensait ne jamais revoir. Quel ne fut pas le plaisir de Madeleine en voyant venir son époux, et quelle joie, quel bonheur pour le prince en retrouvant sa Madeleine avec ses mains et plus belle que jamais!

Après avoir épanché leur bonheur, ils se mirent tout de suite en route pour aller chercher leur enfant, que le prince trouva encore plus beau qu'il ne s'y attendait après les paroles de Madeleine. En retournant au château, le roi voulut s'objecter au retour de Madeleine. Il fit un accès de colère si fort qu'il mourut de rage. Le prince prit tout de suite la gouverne du royaume et jamais les sujets du pays n'avaient eu un si bon roi, et surtout une si bonne reine que la bonne Madeleine, qui s'employait sans cesse au soulagement des pauvres malheureux.

#### 99. LE QUÊTEUX.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

C'était un homme et une femme qui avaient trois grandes filles. Un jour que le mari était allé travailler, les filles prenaient soin du ménage, vu que leur mère était malade. Vers les dix heures de l'avant-midi, les trois filles étaient dans la chambre d'en haut; la mère malade reposait dans un grand fauteuil, lorsque tout à coup elle entendit frapper à la porte, qui presque aussitôt s'ouvrit pour livrer passage à un étranger. C'était un quêteux, d'après toutes les apparences. Il ne laissa pas le temps à la malade de revenir de sa surprise, et tout de suite demanda la charité. La mère cria à la plus âgée des filles de descendre et d'apporter une mesure de farine au quêteux, qui attendait debout près de la porte de sortie.

Ce fut avec un sentiment de crainte que la fille s'approcha du quêteux pour lui présenter la mesure de farine, et non sans raison, car, au moment où elle la lui donnait, il la prit brutalement, la jeta de côté, et, saisissant la fille, la mit sur son dos et partit au pas de course dans la direction du bois.

Aux cris de la mère, les deux autres filles descendirent tout effrayées, mais déjà il était trop tard. Le quêteux venait de disparaître aux yeux de tous. Lorsque le père fut revenu, il rassembla les voisins. On fit des recherches dans les bois environnants, mais sans résultat.

Six mois après cet enlèvement, le père était absent de la maison; les filles étaient dans la chambre d'en haut; et la mère, toujours malade, reposait dans le même fauteuil, lorsqu'elle entendit frapper à la porte.

Elle cria à la deuxième des filles de venir ouvrir. C'était encore un quêteux, mais habillé différemment du premier. Il demanda la charité, et la mère dit à sa fille d'aller chercher une mesure de farine. Ce fut avec crainte que la fille fit ce que lui commandait sa mère, et non sans raison, car, au moment où elle présentait la mesure de farine au quêteux celui-ci fit voler la mesure à terre et, s'emparant de la fille, il la mit sur son dos et disparut avec elle, dans la même direction que le premier.

La mère cria et s'affaissa sans connaissance; la jeune fille descendit tout effrayée, mais trop tard encore pour cette fois, car le quêteux venait de disparaître aux abords de la forêt. En arrivant le soir, le père rassembla les voisins, et l'on fit pendant trois jours des recherches dans les bois sans découvrir aucune trace du voleur.

Au bout d'un an, la mère se trouvait, un jour, seule avec sa dernière fille et de plus en plus malade, car l'enlèvement étrange de ses deux enfants l'avait terriblement affectée. Comme auparavant, elle entendit frapper à la porte et dit: "Entrez." Cette fois encore, c'était un quêteux, mais tout différent des premiers. Celui-ci était un vieillard à grande barbe blanche, tout courbaturé, et ce fut avec une voix tremblante qu'il demanda la charité. La mère, très inquiète, examina le quêteux avec défiance, mais, voyant sa mine piteuse, dit à la jeune fille de lui donner une mesure de farine. "Je ne veux pas donner au quêteux, disait la jeune fille, j'ai trop peur." — "Voyons, reprit la mère, tu vois bien que ce pauvre vieillard infirme ne peut te faire de mal. Va sans crainte lui donner une mesure." Comme elle approchait, inquiète et tremblante, tout à coup le quêteux se redressa, jeta la mesure par terre et, paisissant la fille, la mit sur son dos et partit au pas de course pour disparaître, comme les deux premières fois, dans le grand bois tout près. Comme les fois précédentes, le père organisa une battue. Pendant huit jours l'on fit des recherches, mais inutilement.

. . . . .

Bien loin dans l'immense forêt, il y avait un beau château. C'est là qu'habitait l'ogre-quêteux, voleur de femmes, dont nous venons de raconter les exploits. En arrivant au château avec sa dernière victime, il lui dit: "Tu seras reine de ce château à condition que tu m'obéisses en toutes choses, sinon malheur à toi." Il lui remit aussi les clefs, en lui disant qu'elle pouvait tout visiter, à l'exception d'une chambre secrète, dont il lui montra la porte, en lui défendant d'y entrer sous peine de mort.

La jeune femme, laissée seule au château, se remit peu à peu de ses craintes et commença à visiter sa nouvelle demeure. La beauté de la place acheva de la rassurer complètement. Un jour que l'ogre était absent, elle décida d'aller visiter la chambre secrète, malgré les terribles

avertissements de son maître. Elle se rendit donc à la chambre, impatiente de savoir ce qu'elle renfermait. Elle tourna la clef dans la serrure et ouvrit brusquement la porte. Le spectacle, qui s'offrit à ses yeux, était si horrible qu'elle fut saisie d'un tremblement nerveux et laissa échapper par terre la petite clef qu'elle tenait dans sa main droite. Elle fut quelque temps avant de reprendre contenance, car, parmi les corps morts rangés dans ce cachot, elle avait reconnu ceux de ses deux sœurs, disparues depuis longtemps, qui gisaient par terre, décapitées.

Elle ramassa la petite clef, referma la porte et s'enfuit, poursuivie par l'horreur du lieu qu'elle venait d'entrevoir. Elle se rendit au jardin pour respirer l'air, qui lui manquait. Rendue au milieu du jardin, un autre sujet d'inquiétude vint ajouter à son émoi et la mettre dans l'embarras. Elle venait de constater que la petite clef et sa main droite étaient tachées de sang. Elle courut promptement pour laver les taches, mais elle ne put les faire disparaître. Elle retourna alors se cacher dans le jardin, où elle se laissa aller à des lamentations, car les paroles que l'ogre avait prononcées lui annonçaient suffisamment le sort qui l'attendait.

Mais elle n'était pas rendue au bout de ses surprises : car, au plus fort de ses lamentations et de ses pleurs, elle entendit tout à coup une voix qui lui disait d'aller au fond du jardin, d'y soulever une petite pierre blanche et de regarder dessous ; que là elle trouverait un petit pot d'onguent merveilleux, la seule chose qui pût faire disparaître les taches de sang sur la clef et ses mains. Elle s'empressa de faire ce qui lui disait la voix, et fut transportée de joie en constatant que par cet onguent, les taches avaient disparu. Elle retourna au jardin voir si elle pourrait trouver quelque chose au sujet de cette voix mystérieuse.

Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise d'entendre de nouveau la voix, qui lui disait qu'avec l'onguent merveilleux elle réussirait à ramener à la vie ses deux sœurs, qu'elle avait vues dans la chambre des horreurs. Toute joyeuse de cette nouvelle, elle rentra au château.

Le soir, lorsque l'ogre fut arrivé, elle se rendit au-devant de lui et, d'un air joyeux, elle lui dit : "J'ai une demande à vous faire : c'est que mes vieux parents restés seuls là-bas, à la vieille maison, doivent être en grand besoin de linge et de quoi manger. J'ai pensé préparer une grande boîte que vous pourriez leur porter demain matin." L'ogre, qui était de bonne humeur, y consentit tout de suite.

Alors, durant la nuit, la jeune femme se rendit à la chambre secrète, prit une de ses sœurs qu'elle frotta avec l'onguent merveilleux pour la ramener à la vie, la plaça dans la boîte que l'ogre devait porter le lendemain, et vite courut se coucher.

Le lendemain matin, l'ogre prit la boîte sur son dos et partit au pas

de course pour la porter à destination avant que le jour parût. Il arriva à la vieille maison, mit la boîte devant la porte, frappa trois coups et s'en retourna sans plus s'inquiéter.

Au bout de trente jours, comme l'ogre entraît au château, la jeune femme s'en fut au-devant de lui, toute joyeuse, et lui demanda s'il voulait être assez bon de porter une autre boîte chez ses vieux parents. "Oui, j'irai, dit l'ogre; mais tâche qu'elle ne soit point pesante comme la première, car c'est loin, chez vous."

Durant la nuit, la jeune femme se rendit encore à la chambre secrète, usa de l'onguent pour son autre sœur, qu'elle plaça dans la boîte, et retourna à son lit. De grand matin, avant le jour, l'ogre fit comme la première fois, mit la boîte sur son dos, porta la boîte sur le perron de la vieille maison, frappa trois coups et disparut.

La jeune femme n'avait pas été sans inquiétude à propos du rôle qu'elle faisait jouer à son maître, mais voyant que tout réussissait selon ses désirs, elle s'en fut le trouver et lui dit: "Voilà longtemps que je n'ai rien envoyé à mes parents. Pourriez-vous y porter encore une autre boîte, ce sera la dernière: car ce que j'y placerai mettra mes parents à l'abri du besoin pour longtemps." — "J'irai encore cette fois, dit l'ogre, de mauvaise humeur, mais ce sera fini, car je ne veux plus courir le risque de me faire arrêter, et aussi ces boîtes sont trop pesantes." — "Vous êtes bon, dit la jeune femme, et comme je vais travailler une partie de la nuit, je vous demande une autre faveur, c'est de me laisser dormir tard demain avant-midi, afin de me reposer de toutes mes fatigues." L'ogre le lui promit et elle se retira. Mais après quelques instants elle se mit à préparer la boîte, se coucha dedans, ramena le couvercle qu'elle referma sur elle-même et attendit.

Comme précédemment, l'ogre arriva avant le jour, prit la boîte sur son dos et partit. La boîte était aussi lourde que les autres, et l'ogre se demandait ce que sa femme pouvait bien envoyer à ses parents. Un peu avant d'arriver à la vieille maison, n'y tenant plus, il posa la boîte par terre et se mit en frais de l'ouvrir. Comme il était à soulever le couvercle, il entendit soudain des pas se rapprocher et en même temps une voir sortir de la boîte: "Malheureux, je te poigne!" L'ogre, saisi d'épouvante, lâcha la boîte et s'enfuit. La femme acheva de l'ouvrir et sortit, s'enfuyant précipitamment vers la maison de ses parents.

Les pas que l'ogre avait entendus étaient ceux de trois hommes, qui, voyant l'ogre fuir, donnèrent l'éveil. Bientôt on fut assez nombreux pour organiser une battue générale. On poursuivit l'ogre jusqu'à son château, que l'on cerna. On s'empara du voleur de femmes et on le fit écarteler sur le champ à la porte du château.

## 100. LE PETIT POUCKET.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

C'était un homme et une femme. Ils n'avaient qu'un petit garçon, mais il était si petit, si petit, pas plus gros que le pouce, qu'ils le nommèrent le Petit-Poucet. Un jour que le père de Petit-Poucet était allé travailler dans un endroit assez éloigné, la mère dit à son petit garçon: "Tu vas aller porter le dîner de ton père là-bas, à l'autre bout de la terre; mais prends bien garde de passer par l'enclos du gros bœuf roux, car il est si méchant qu'il pourrait bien courir après toi."

Petit-Poucet partit donc avec le dîner de son père. En s'en allant, il fit comme beaucoup d'autres enfants désobéissants; il lui prit fantaisie de passer par l'enclos pour voir si le gros bœuf courrait après lui, comme sa mère le lui avait assuré. C'est bien ce qui arriva. Poucet n'avait pas plus tôt sauté par-dessus la clôture que le gros bœuf roux s'en vint à sa rencontre, en beuglant et mugissant avec des cris épouvantables. Petit Poucet, pris de peur, se réfugia sous une feuille de chou, pensant être bien à l'abri, et, tremblant, il attendit. Le gros bœuf arriva où était disparu Petit-Poucet et se mit à beugler de plus belle: "*Bou-ou-ou!* où est Petit-Poucet, que je le mange? *Bou-ou-oui* où est Petit-Poucet, que je le mange?"

Petit-Poucet n'était pas gros sous sa feuille de chou. Le gros bœuf, enragé, se mit à manger les feuilles de chou et avala Petit-Poucet. Petit-Poucet était bien en peine et découragé dans la panse du gros bœuf roux. Comment faire? Il se souvint que sa mère, le matin, en partant avait attaché son gilet avec une épingle. Prenant vite cette épingle, il se mit à piquer la panse du gros bœuf. Le gros bœuf, se sentant piquer, se mit à courir en sautant, lançant des mugissements terribles. Le père de Petit-Poucet, ne recevant pas son dîner tel qu'il avait été convenu, le matin avant son départ, s'en revint de bonne heure dans l'après-midi.

En arrivant à la maison, il s'informa à sa femme pourquoi elle ne lui avait pas envoyé porter son dîner. Elle lui répondit qu'elle l'avait fait porter par Petit-Poucet, et fut fort étonnée et inquiète de voir son mari revenir seul. Ils partirent donc à sa recherche, et s'en revinrent le soir, sans avoir pu rien découvrir. En passant devant l'enclos, ils aperçurent le gros bœuf roux qui, se sentant toujours piqué, quoique resté de fatigue, se démenait encore comme un forcené.

"Qu'a donc le gros bœuf roux? dit la femme à son mari. Regarde comme il se démène." — "J'ai remarqué la même chose, en revenant cet après-midi, répondit le mari. Il y a certainement quelque chose que je ne comprends pas. Je vais le tuer tout de suite, car il ne peut pas vivre à se démenier longtemps ainsi."

Le père s'en fut donc à la maison quérir une hache et son couteau à

boucherie, et revint tuer le gros bœuf. Il le sépara en deux parties, il en chargea une partie sur ses épaules et sa femme prit l'autre. Les voilà partis dans la direction de la rivière voisine pour laver la viande avant de la saler.

Petit-Poucet avait assisté au débitage du gros bœuf sans rien dire. Quand il put ouvrir les yeux, il s'aperçut que c'était sa mère qui portait le quartier de bœuf dans lequel il se trouvait enseveli. Fier de se voir sur le point d'être retrouvé par ses parents, il se mit à chanter à mi-haut :

“Porte, porte, vieille bougresse!  
Tu sais pas c'que tu portes là.”

En entendant chanter, sa mère se retourna à-demi et, inquiète, elle dit ! “Qu'est-ce que c'est ça ? Qu'est ce que c'est ça ?” N'entendant plus rien, elle se remit à marcher ; mais la voix se fit entendre de nouveau :

“Porte, porte, vieille bougresse!  
Tu sais pas c'que tu portes là.”

La mère s'arrêta de nouveau et dit : “Qu'est-ce que c'est ça, qu'est-ce que c'est ça ?” Mais Petit-Poucet se taisant, elle n'entendit plus rien, crut s'être trompée et continua sa marche. Mais de nouveau la voix se fit entendre :

“Porte, porte, vieille bougresse!  
Tu sais pas c'que tu portes là.”

“Qu'est-ce que cela peut bien vouloir dire ?” se dit la mère. Comme la rivière était là, tout près, elle s'empressa de rejoindre son mari, qui y était déjà rendu. En arrivant à la rivière, toute haletante, elle se retourna et laissa glisser son quartier de bœuf à l'eau, et, se retournant vivement, elle s'empressa de le retenir, afin que sa précieuse provision ne pût trop s'éloigner du bord.

Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise, en se penchant, d'apercevoir quelque chose qui se débattait dans l'eau. C'était son cher Petit-Poucet qui, s'était échappé du quartier de bœuf et prenait un bain forcé. La mère poussa des cris de joie et appela son mari, qui ne pouvait revenir de sa surprise. Petit-Poucet n'était pas propre à voir. Sa mère le déshabilla, le lava bien net et l'emmena à la maison pour le changer d'habits. Il promit de ne plus désobeir à ses bons parents, et son père et sa mère aimèrent leur Petit-Poucet plus que jamais, car ils l'avaient cru perdu pour toujours.

101. JACQUOT.

*Raconté par M<sup>me</sup> J.-B. Lambert.*

C'était, une fois, une pauvre femme qui travaillait sans cesse et péniblement pour gagner sa vie, ainsi que pour subvenir au besoin de

sa vieille mère et d'un jeune garçon qui n'était pas fin-fin et qu'on appelait Jacquot. Quelquefois, accablée sous le poids du travail, fatiguée, elle essayait de son mieux d'employer Jacquot à faire des commissions pour l'accoutumer à travailler. Un matin, elle lui dit: "Jacquot, j'ai une grosse journée de couture à faire. Tu vas aller au village me chercher deux aiguilles, une grosse et une petite. Va vite!"

Jacquot partit donc au village chercher les aiguilles, mais, en s'en revenant, car il n'était jamais pressé, il s'amusait fort le long du chemin. Vint à passer un homme qui conduisait une voiture chargée de foin. "Ah! dit Jacquot, comme maman est bien pressée d'avoir ses aiguilles que voici, et que vous allez plus vite que moi, voulez-vous en passant chez nous jeter ces deux aiguilles par la fenêtre. Je vais les piquer ici dans votre charge de foin."

L'homme ne fit pas la moindre attention à ce que disait Jacquot, et celui-ci continua à s'amuser en chemin sans plus d'inquiétude. En arrivant à la maison, vite sa mère lui demande ses aiguilles. Jacquot lui raconta ce qui était arrivé et se mit à pleurer en disant: "Je ne savais pas que c'était un voleur. Une autre fois je ferai autrement."

Sa mère soupira, en disant: "Pauvre Jacquot!" Comme elle savait que gronder ne servait point à grand'chose, elle lui dit: "Retourne vite me chercher deux autres aiguilles! Cette fois emporte-les-moi toi-même, et en même temps tu emporteras dans ce bidon un peu d'huile à éclairer pour ce soir."

Jacquot partit en courant. Il acheta les deux aiguilles et l'huile, et reprit le chemin de la maison. Il avait gelé fort la veille, si bien que la terre en était fendue en différents endroits. Jacquot remarqua les crevasses ici et là, et dit: "Pauvre terre, que tu dois avoir soif; je n'ai pas grand'chose à te donner, seulement un peu d'huile." Et il versa l'huile dans les crevasses de la terre.

Arrivé à la maison, sa mère prit ses aiguilles, mais s'aperçut que le bidon était vide. "Eh! dit-elle, qu'as-tu fait? Tu ne m'as point apporté d'huile? Jacquot lui raconta que la terre avait soif et qu'il lui avait versé l'huile pour la faire boire. "Pauvre Jacquot, dit la mère en soupirant, tu n'en feras donc jamais d'autre. Va vite au village me chercher un peu d'huile pour la veillée, car j'ai terriblement de couture à faire. La brunante va bientôt arriver, et je n'ai rien de fait."

Jacquot partit en courant, mais, en passant sur le pont du petit ruisseau, il entendit les grenouilles crier: "Ouite, ouite, ouite!" Il s'arrêta, compta les sous que sa mère lui avait remis. Il en avait neuf. Alors s'adressant à l'endroit d'où partaient les cris, il s'écria: "Ce n'est pas huit, c'est neuf. "Ouite, ouite," criaient les grenouilles. "Ce n'est pas huit, c'est neuf sous que ma mère m'a donnés," criait Jacquot, prêt à pleurer. "Ouite, ouite," continuait le cri provocant. "Entêtées que vous êtes, cria Jacquot, vous pouvez les compter vous-

mêmes." Et prenant ses neuf sous, il les jeta dans le ruisseau, puis s'en retourna chez lui raconter à sa mère ce qui venait d'arriver. "Pauvre Jacquot!" soupira-t-elle; mais cette fois elle ne put s'empêcher de lui adresser des reproches, et s'apprêta à aller elle-même au village faire ses achats.

Avant de partir, elle recommanda à Jacquot d'aller soigner la cane qui couvait, et aussi de faire un bon feu dans la cheminée, afin que la vieille grand'mère, qui était frileuse, ne souffrît pas du froid. Après que sa mère fut partie, Jacquot, travaillé par le ressentiment des quelques mots que sa mère lui avait adressés, sortit trouver la cane qui couvait et lui tordit le cou. Puis revenant à la maison il fit un grand feu, et poussa dans la cheminée le fauteuil sur lequel était assise sa grand'mère. Et le feu prit bientôt au fauteuil et aux vêtements. Lorsque la pauvre mère arriva du village, elle passa par le poulailler, voir si Jacquot avait soigné la cane. Elle trouva sa cane morte. Elle rentra au logis et resta un instant sur le seuil de la porte, pétrifiée d'horreur; elle venait d'apercevoir sa vieille mère brûlée dans la cheminée. "Jacquot! qu'as-tu fait là?" cria la mère, hors d'elle-même. Puis soudain perdant patience, elle administra à Jacquot une correction qui le fit hurler de douleur. C'en était trop pour le pauvre Jacquot; il ne put supporter cette honte d'avoir été repris. Dans la nuit, durant le sommeil de sa mère, il se leva, se rendit au bâtiment et se pendit à la grosse poutre de la tasserie, où sa mère le trouva le lendemain matin. Et ce fut la dernière sottise de Jacquot.

#### 102. JEAN-LE-SOT.

*Raconté par Honoré Lambert.*

Son mari étant mort, la pauvre femme était restée veuve avec deux enfants, dont l'un encore dans le berceau. L'autre, âgé d'environ douze ans, n'avait pas la réputation d'être une grande intelligence. Au dire de quelques mal-intentionnés, il n'en avait pas pour deux sous. Son nom était Jean, mais il était plus connu sous le nom de *Jean-le-sot*. La mère faisait des travaux durs et pénibles pour gagner sa vie et celle de ses deux enfants. De grand matin, elle partait pour le marché avec les quelques sous gagnés la veille, afin d'acheter quelque nourriture pour les enfants, avant de commencer sa journée d'ouvrage.

Or, un matin d'été bien chaud, la mère réveilla Jean-le-sot et dit: "Fais attention d'avoir soin de ton petit frère. S'il se réveille et s'il vient des mouches, tu les enverras."

Dès que sa mère fut partie, Jean-le-sot se plaça près du berceau et attendit. Tout à coup une mouche vint se poser sur la figure du jeune bébé. "Va-t-en, mouche, dit Jean-le-sot; maman l'a dit." La mouche continuant à rôder sur la figure de l'enfant, il cria plus fort: "Va-t-en,

mouche, maman l'a dit. Va-t-en, mouche, maman l'a dit!" Voyant que la mouche revenait sans cesse rôder sur la figure de l'enfant endormi, Jean-le-sot s'impatienta pour tout de bon.

Il s'en fut quérir un gourdin, et revint vers le berceau, en criant de plus belle: "Va-t-en, mouche, maman l'a dit." La mouche s'envola, mais revint tout aussitôt. Alors Jean-le-sot, à bout de patience, souleva son gourdin et le rabattit avec force, mais, au lieu de frapper la mouche, le gourdin vint s'abattre sur l'enfant dans le berceau et l'assomma du coup.

La mère entraînait en ce moment. Elle s'en vint voir si l'enfant s'était réveillé et s'aperçut qu'il était mort. Saisie d'horreur elle s'écria: "Pauvre enfant, tu as tué ton petit frère. Enfuyons-nous d'ici avant que la nouvelle se répande, car les gendarmes vont bientôt arriver et nous emmener en prison." La mère, tout affolée, partit en courant, disant à Jean-le-sot de la suivre. Après avoir marché quelque temps, elle se retourna pour voir si Jean-le-sot la suivait, mais elle l'aperçut sur le seuil de la porte, ne semblant pas comprendre ce qu'elle lui avait dit. "Ferme la porte et viens-t-en," cria la mère, de plus en plus impatiente. "Emporter la porte?" demanda Jean, qui n'avait pas compris. "Non, ferme la porte." Et la mère partit, pressée, dans la direction du bois le plus proche.

Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise, en se retournant, à l'entrée du bois, d'apercevoir Jean-le-sot qui arrivait derrière elle avec la porte sur son dos. Elle était rendue trop loin pour la lui faire reporter. Elle s'enfonça donc dans la forêt et Jean-le-sot par derrière.

Après avoir marché longtemps, ils arrivèrent près d'un gros arbre fourchu, et la mère résolut d'en faire son refuge pour la première nuit et de se mettre à l'abri des attaques des animaux sauvages, qui pouvaient rôder par là. Elle monta donc s'installer dans la fourche de l'arbre, et Jean-le-sot, qui suivait toujours, y monta sa porte avec lui. La noirceur arrivée, ils s'endormirent tous les deux, mais ils furent réveillés presque aussitôt par un bruit étrange. Sans faire un mouvement, ils écoutèrent. Bientôt ils virent qu'un feu s'allumait, et ils purent voir à la lueur des flammes. C'était une bande de voleurs qui, à la clarté du feu, se mirent à compter de l'argent, tandis que l'un d'eux avait dressé une marmite sur le feu, au pied de l'arbre fourchu, pour y faire cuire des aliments. Tout à coup, par un faux mouvement de Jean-le-sot, la porte dégringola en bas de l'arbre et vint tomber sur la tête d'un voleur qui, à cet instant, était à goûter avec son couteau aux aliments, pour voir s'ils étaient cuits à point. Son couteau lui coupa la langue. Les voleurs, qui étaient à compter l'argent, laissèrent tout sur les lieux et s'enfuirent épouvantés. Le voleur qui s'était fait étourdir par la porte se releva du mieux qu'il put et, prenant la même direction que la bande, essaya de les rattraper. Il courait et cher-

chait à crier, mais ayant la langue coupée, il n'arrivait qu'à articuler des sons rauques du fond de la gorge: "Gara, gara, gara, gara, gara."

Quand la mère de Jean-le-sot crut que les voleurs étaient rendus assez loin, elle et son fils descendirent de l'arbre fourchu, et, à la faible lueur du foyer encore allumé, ils ramassèrent l'argent, laissé par les voleurs, et s'éloignèrent de ce lieu, craignant le retour de la bande de malfaiteurs qui venaient de s'enfuir.

Ils marchèrent tout le reste de la nuit. Le lendemain, ils arrivèrent dans un village. Ils y achetèrent une petite cabane, assez éloignée des autres habitations; ils vécurent et moururent là tranquilles, sans avoir trop éveillé la curiosité des gens des environs.

Cette histoire, pour une histoire de Jean-le-sot, finit ni trop bien ni trop mal. C'est comme dans la vie, il y a des joies et des tribulations jusqu'au jour de la fin où tout finit.

### 103. RICHARD SANS PEUR.

*Raconté par Honoré Lambert.*

Une fois, c'était un roi qui avait un fils unique. Ce fils était beau prince, et tous les sujets du royaume le nommaient Richard-sans-peur; car, depuis sa plus jeune enfance, jamais on n'était venu à bout de l'épeurer.

Quand il fut grand, un jour, il dit à son père: "Sire, le roi, mon père, je vais partir pour un long voyage et je ne reviendrai que lorsque j'aurai trouvé la peur." Son père lui fit appareiller un bâtiment, lui fournit un équipage, et le voilà parti.

A quelques jours de là, il aborda dans un port du royaume voisin, amarra son navire et s'enfonça dans l'intérieur du pays. Pas n'est besoin de raconter toutes les aventures dont il fut le héros. Mais après avoir marché longtemps, il arriva à un beau château qui semblait être abandonné, tellement il y régnait de silence et de tranquillité. C'était une raison de plus pour Richard-sans-Peur de chercher à trouver la raison de la tranquillité, qui régnait autour du château et de ses dépendances. Il entra donc et se mit à visiter toutes les parties du château. Rien ne bougeait. Tout à coup, il arrive à la dernière chambre. Il voulut entrer, mais la porte refusa d'obéir, car elle était verrouillée par en-dedans. Intrigué et soupçonnant quelque chose, Richard enfonça la porte et pénétra dans la pièce.

Là, quelle ne fut pas sa surprise de voir une chambre richement meublée et, sur un beau lit, la plus belle des princesses, qui semblait sommeiller doucement. Richard voulut retourner sur ses pas, mais l'admirable vision le retint sur le seuil et tout de suite il chercha à éveiller la princesse endormie pour apprendre d'elle pourquoi elle était enfermée dans ce château, seule et abandonnée de tous.

Malgré ses efforts, il ne put réveiller la princesse, car elle avait été endormie par une vieille fée, jalouse de sa trop grande beauté. Elle l'avait transportée dans ce château loin de la ville, où elle ne devait se réveiller que lorsqu'un prince aurait connu toute sa beauté et qu'elle aurait donné naissance à un fils. Le prince demeura trois jours au château enchanté, mais, n'ayant pas réussi à réveiller la princesse, il décida finalement de s'éloigner pour continuer son voyage pour trouver la peur. Il visita différents royaumes et au bout d'un an et un jour, il se décida de s'en retourner chez lui, n'ayant pas trouvé ce qu'il cherchait.

En s'en revenant, il passa par le royaume voisin de celui de son père et arrêta au château du roi. Il fut grandement surpris d'y rencontrer la belle princesse, mais, cette fois, elle était réveillée et portait dans ses bras un jeune enfant de trois mois, qui, en le voyant, lui sourit et lui tendit les bras. C'était le signe par lequel la princesse devait reconnaître son mari, selon que lui avait annoncé la vieille fée jalouse. Le prince embrassa la princesse et prit l'enfant dans ses bras, et la princesse, tout heureuse de ce dénouement, invita le prince son mari à demeurer au château; mais il lui répondit qu'il était parti pour trouver la peur et que, n'ayant pas réussi à la trouver, il partait le soir même pour faire rapport au roi son père. A cette nouvelle et sur les sollicitations pressantes de sa fille, le roi envoya quérir les nobles et les guerriers de son royaume. Le soir, il donna un grand festin en l'honneur du prince, qui ne put refuser d'assister à la fête.

La princesse pour retenir son mari avec elle, de crainte qu'elle ne fût trompée, avait imaginé de faire faire un gros pâté creux, qu'on devait apporter sur la table devant le prince, et dans ce pâté elle avait enfermé un pigeon vivant.

Le plan de la princesse réussit complètement, tel qu'elle l'avait pensé. Sur la fin du festin, lorsque tout le monde se laissait aller à la gaité, on apporta le pâté devant le beau prince, et le roi demanda à celui-ci de bien vouloir le couper par tranches, afin de le distribuer aux invités. Le prince se mit donc en frais de couper le pâté mais il avait à peine commencé que soudain il sursauta sur sa chaise, et tous les invités, saisis d'étonnement, se levèrent, prêts à fuir; car du pâté entr'ouvert venait de sortir un énorme oiseau. C'était le pigeon que la fille du roi y avait fait placer. A la vue de la surprise et de la frayeur de tous, le roi et la princesse éclatèrent de rire.

"Eh! s'écria la princesse, en désignant le prince, beau prince, mon mari, voilà que je vous prends sur le fait. Depuis longtemps, dans de longs voyages, vous cherchiez la peur sans la trouver, tandis que, devant toute cette assemblée de gens ici, vous n'avez pu cacher un mouvement de frayeur à la vue d'un oiseau inoffensif."

Le lendemain matin, Richard-sans-Peur, accompagné de son épouse,

se mettait en voyage pour aller annoncer que, non seulement il avait trouvé la peur, mais encore une épouse dans la personne de la plus belle princesse de tous les royaumes environnants.

## 104. RENDEZ-MOI MA BOURSE.

*Raconté par Marie-Louise Lambert.*

Une fois, c'étaient un vieux et une vieille qui étaient bien pauvres, si pauvres que souvent ils passaient des journées entières sans avoir un morceau de pain à se mettre sous la dent. Si, comme l'affirme le vieux dicton populaire, pauvreté n'est pas vice, c'était du moins pour eux une source de chicanes à n'en plus finir. Un jour, l'unique coq que possédaient ces deux vieux, en grattant la terre, mit à découvert une bourse qui était remplie de pièces d'argent. Cela aurait dû apporter le contentement et la paix dans le ménage, mais ce fut tout le contraire qui arriva, tellement la vieille était aigrie contre son mari.

En effet, la vieille, ayant vu la bourse, courut la ramasser et la cacher soigneusement pour que son mari n'en eût pas connaissance, mais elle avait compté sans le coq, qui l'avait suivie et, se juchant sur la fenêtre, chantait sans cesse ce refrain désagréable: "Rendez-moi ma bourse! Rendez-moi ma bourse! Rendez-moi ma bourse!"

Le soir, lorsque le mari arriva à la maison, il fut étonné d'entendre le coq et demanda à sa femme si elle savait ce que cela voulait dire. La vieille envoya son mari se promener, en lui disant que le coq était fou et aussi désagréable que lui, et que le plus tôt ils disparaîtraient, l'un et l'autre, le plus tôt elle serait débarrassée. D'un mot à l'autre, la chicane reprit de plus belle et le mari résolut de s'en aller, emportant le coq; mais la vieille ne l'entendait pas ainsi. Montée par la colère, elle dit à son mari que, puisqu'il partait, ce n'était pas juste d'emporter tout ce qu'il y avait, qu'il fallait que le coq fut séparé en deux parties égales. Enfin, devant les protestations de sa femme, le mari consentit au partage, et le coq fut coupé en deux, la vieille gardant la partie de derrière. Le vieux prit la partie de devant, mais il ne put se décider de le faire cuire pour le manger. Il raccommoda donc un derrière à son coq avec un morceau de toile qu'il bourra avec de la paille et il partit emportant son coq sous son bras.

Après avoir marché deux ou trois semaines, errant de village en village, demandant sa nourriture, comme c'était l'automne et qu'il faisait froid, les chemins mauvais, il se découragea et résolut de s'en retourner à sa maison et d'endurer les misères que sa femme lui ferait subir plutôt que de continuer cette vie de vagabond et de misère. Comme il s'en retournait toujours avec son coq sous le bras, il vit venir un essaim d'abeilles qui, s'adressant au coq, lui dirent: "Mon bon coq, voilà l'hiver qui approche et il va faire froid; veux-tu nous emmener

avec toi?" — "Si fait, dit le coq, embarquez dans mon derrière de paille et vous y serez chaudement logées." Les abeilles ne se firent pas prier et l'homme continua à marcher.

Rendu au milieu d'un bois qu'il avait à traverser, il vit venir un loup qui, s'adressant au coq, lui dit: "Bon coq! voilà bientôt l'hiver arrivé; il va faire froid; veux-tu m'emmener avec toi?" — "Oui, dit le coq, embarque dans mon derrière de paille." Arrivé de l'autre côté du bois, le vieux aperçut une fontaine qui, s'adressant au coq, lui dit: "Bon coq! voilà l'hiver qui approche; le froid comme d'habitude voudra geler mon eau; veux-tu m'emmener avec toi?" — "Oui, dit le coq, embarque dans mon derrière de paille."

En arrivant, le vieux alla porter le coq à la grange et revint tout de suite à la maison. Il trouva sa vieille à table, en frais de faire un bon repas. Il ne fut pas peu surpris de trouver sa femme de bonne humeur, qui s'empressa de l'inviter à souper avec elle. Le vieux soupa avec appétit, car il avait marché toute la journée sans manger et, quand l'heure du coucher arriva, l'accord semblait de nouveau régner entre les deux époux. Mais, sur le matin, il s'en fallut bien peu que revint la discorde dans le ménage, car, en se réveillant, quelles ne furent pas la surprise et la colère de la vieille d'entendre le coq qui était venu se jucher sur la fenêtre et qui chantait de plus belle: "Rendez-moi ma bourse! rendez-moi ma bourse! rendez-moi ma bourse!" — "Comment, vieux! tu as eu l'audace de ramener ce coq enragé. Tu vas te lever tout de suite et aller le renfermer dans la bergerie. Les deux moutons, que j'ai achetés hier, vont ne faire qu'une bouchée de son derrière de paille que tu lui as posé."

Le vieux prit son coq à regret pour le porter à la bergerie, mais il avait promis l'obéissance à sa femme pour conserver la paix et il fallait agir en conséquence. Quand le coq fut jeté dans la bergerie, il appela le loup à son secours et lui dit: "Si tu veux passer un hiver avec moi, chaudement, c'est le temps de venir à mon secours en me débarrassant de ces moutons," Le coq n'eut pas besoin de répéter l'invitation. Le loup ne demandait pas mieux que de sauter sur les moutons. Il les étrangla à l'instant.

Le coq, débarrassé des moutons, revint se jucher sur la fenêtre et se mit à chanter: "Rendez-moi ma bourse! rendez-moi ma bourse! rendez-moi ma bourse!" — "Comment, vieux, tu n'as pas porté le coq à la bergerie?" — "Oui, je l'ai porté." La vieille alla voir et trouva ses deux moutons étranglés. "Vieux, ton coq a étranglé mes moutons. Comme j'ai allumé le four pour faire cuire un pain, tu vas jeter le coq dans le four chaud, afin qu'il rôtisse. De cette manière nous allons nous en débarrasser."

Le vieux prit le coq et alla le jeter dans le four, mais le coq appela la fontaine à son secours. "Fontaine, si tu ne viens pas éteindre le

feu du four, tu ne pourras passer l'hiver chaudement avec moi." La fontaine ne demandait pas mieux que d'éteindre le four, et le coq retourna à la fenêtre et chanta: "Rendez-moi ma bourse! rendez-moi ma bourse! rendez-moi ma bourse!" — "Comment, vieux, dit la femme en colère, tu n'as donc pas renfermé le coq dans le four, comme je te l'avais dit." — "Oui, je l'ai enfermé." La vieille alla voir et trouva son four éteint.

Outrée de colère, elle empoigne le coq, et dit: "C'est moi, cette fois, qui vais lui tordre le cou à ton coq enragé." Elle mit le coq entre ses deux genoux et s'appêtait à lui tordre le cou. Mais le coq dit: "Abeilles, abeilles, venez à mon secours, sinon vous ne pourrez pas passer l'hiver chaudement dans mon derrière de paille." A cet appel les abeilles sortirent et se mirent à piquer la vieille à tel point qu'elle criait et se lamentait, si bien que finalement elle dit: "Ote tes abeilles d'après moi, coq, et je vais aller te la chercher, ta bourse."

Le coq arrêta les abeilles, la vieille alla chercher la bourse, qu'elle donna au coq; le coq donna la bourse à son maître, en reconnaissance pour le derrière de paille qu'il lui avait posé. Le maître, ayant la bourse en main et de quoi vivre, tout alla bien et la paix régna dans le ménage. Et le coq, malgré son derrière de paille, vécut encore de nombreuses années.

#### 105. LE COQ, LE COCHON ET LE BŒUF.

*Raconté par Marie-Louise Lambert.*

Il y a bien longtemps de cela, il y avait un pays où les habitants n'avaient jamais mangé que des produits de la terre.

Une année, les récoltes ayant péri par une grande sécheresse, tout le pays fut menacé d'une famine épouvantable. Le roi lança une proclamation par tout le royaume, recommandant à ses sujets de faire de grandes économies sur la nourriture. Il ordonna aussi de manger de la chair d'animaux, afin de ménager les blés, qui devenaient de plus en plus rares.

Or il y avait, dans un petit village du royaume, un homme qui possédait un coq, un cochon et un bœuf. Le jour de la proclamation du roi, l'homme se rendit à son étable avec sa femme et dit: "Femme, il me fait peine de me mettre en frais de tuer mes animaux; mon beau coq, qui chante tous les matins pour nous inviter à l'ouvrage; mon gros bœuf, qui depuis plusieurs années m'aide aux durs travaux de la ferme. Il n'y aurait que mon petit cochon dont je serais prêt à me défaire." — "C'est vrai, répondit la femme, tuons le cochon le premier. Cela nous procurera de la nourriture pour jusqu'aux fêtes. Alors ce sera le temps de tuer le coq, puisque nous serons dans un temps de réjouissance; cela nous rappellera son chant joyeux. Quant au bœuf, nous le tuerons le dernier, si la nécessité nous y oblige."

Ils sortirent de l'étable pour aller préparer le couteau, pour commencer la boucherie du lendemain. Après le départ du maître, le coq *couroucouquia* plaintivement, et, s'adressant au cochon et au bœuf, leur dit. "Que pensez-vous de ce que viennent de décider nos maîtres?" — "Grouin, grouin, grogna le cochon, et c'est de moi qu'on va goûter le premier!" — "Premier ou dernier, dit le bœuf, quoi de consolant dans tout cela?" — "La seule chose à faire, reprit le coq, c'est de fuir." — "C'est cela, dirent le cochon et le bœuf; fuyons d'ici sans plus tarder."

Et les voilà partis à la file, le coq le premier, le cochon suivant, et le bœuf fermant la marche. Ils marchèrent longtemps et s'enfoncèrent dans l'intérieur de la forêt. Tout à coup le coq s'arrêta et dit: "Je suis rendu assez loin, je n'ai que deux pattes, je suis fatigué; je reste ici." Il s'arrêta et se bâtit une maison en paille pour s'abriter. Un peu plus loin, le cochon s'arrêta et dit: "Je suis rendu assez loin. J'ai quatre pattes, c'est vrai, mais elles ne sont pas longues; je suis fatigué. Je reste ici." Il s'arrêta et se bâtit une maison en bois. Un peu plus loin le bœuf s'arrêta et se bâtit une maison en pierre.

Le lendemain matin, le maître se rendit à son étable, muni de son couteau, pour commencer la boucherie. Quelle ne fut point sa surprise de constater que ses animaux étaient tous disparus. Il se mit à faire des recherches jusque dans les bois, et ce n'est que vers midi qu'il trouva la maison de paille. Il s'approcha et, regardant par une petite ouverture laissée dans le côté, il aperçut son coq. "Ouvre ta porte?" — "Non, je n'ouvrirai pas ma porte." — "Je vais souffler, je vais frapper, je vais cogner, je vais jeter ta maison à terre." — "Souffle, frappe, cogne! ma maison est bonne." Le maître se mit à souffler, à frapper, à cogner. Voilà la maison à terre. Il prit le coq, le mit dans sa voiture et continua ses recherches.

A peu de distance, il aperçut une maison en bois. Il s'approcha, il regarda par un petit trou dans la porte, et vit son cochon. "Ouvre ta porte," dit le maître. "Non, je n'ouvrirai pas ma porte." — "Je vais souffler, je vais frapper, je vais cogner, je vais jeter ta maison à terre." — "Souffle, frappe, cogne! ma maison est bonne." Il se mit à souffler, à frapper, à cogner. V'lan! la maison à terre. Il prit son cochon, le mit dans sa voiture et continua à chercher.

Tout à coup, il voit une maison en pierre. Il regarde et aperçoit son bœuf. "Ouvre-moi ta porte." — "Non, je n'ouvrirai pas ma porte." — "Je vais souffler, je vais frapper, je vais cogner, je vais jeter ta maison par terre." — "Souffle, frappe, cogne! ma maison est bonne." Le maître se mit à souffler, à frapper, à cogner. V'lan! la maison à terre. Il met son bœuf dans sa voiture et retourne à sa maison.

Le roi, averti de la grève des animaux contre sa volonté, entra dans



une grande colère. Il fit assembler son conseil et passa les animaux en jugement. Au coq, il fit tordre le cou; le cochon fut condamné à être saigné, et le bœuf à être assommé. Et ce mode de faire mourir ces animaux s'est transmis de génération en génération jusqu'à nos jours.

## 106. LES CORNES D'OR.

*Raconté par Olivine Lambert.*

C'était, une fois, un homme qui était devenu veuf et qui avait un jeune garçon. Lorsque le jeune garçon eut atteint l'âge de douze ou treize ans, son père se remaria avec une vieille sorcière méchante, qui s'employait à faire toutes sortes de cruautés au fils de son mari. Par quel artifice la vieille sorcière avait-elle pu enjôler le père, qui jusque là avait joui d'une vie tranquille, personne ne pouvait l'expliquer ou s'en faire une idée. Le père s'aperçut bientôt que sa femme faisait souffrir son jeune garçon. Il lui demanda d'être bonne pour lui, et de son côté il achetait toutes sortes de choses pour lui procurer des amusements. Mais à mesure qu'il apportait des jouets, la vieille les faisait disparaître.

Un jour, il arriva à la maison conduisant devant lui un beau petit bœuf à cornes d'or. Vous pouvez imaginer les transports de joie de l'enfant. La vieille sorcière aussi éprouva une grande satisfaction, car elle savait que ce petit bœuf à cornes d'or était un beau prince qui avait été métamorphosé par une jeune fée jalouse. Comme elle-même avait éprouvé de l'amour pour lui, elle se promettait bien de le faire souffrir ou de le faire disparaître. Elle avait une autre bonne raison, c'est que le prince voulait épouser la jolie princesse du roi. Comme la sorcière était mal vue par les gens du château, elle voulait en profiter pour se venger. Elle commença donc par le faire battre et le priver de nourriture. Puis finalement elle résolut de le faire enterrer vivant. Mais elle avait beau faire creuser fosse après fosse, aucune n'était assez creuse. Toujours les cornes d'or du petit bœuf sortaient de terre. Elle travailla longtemps pour les faire disparaître, mais comme celles-ci revenaient toujours à la surface de la terre, elle abandonna la tâche.

Quand l'enfant s'aperçut de la disparition du petit bœuf à cornes d'or, il s'informa, mais, ne recevant pas de réponse satisfaisante, il pleura longtemps, puis se mit à sa recherche. Bientôt il aperçut quelque chose qui brillait au soleil. Il s'approcha et vit les deux cornes d'or de son petit bœuf. Il se mit tout de suite à l'ouvrage pour enlever la terre et mit à découvert son petit bœuf, qu'il réussit à sortir de la fosse. Il était temps, car celui-ci était presque mort, mais, à force de le frotter, il le ramena complètement à la vie et bientôt le petit bœuf était sur pattes, aussi vigoureux que jamais auparavant. Le jeune garçon était transporté de joie d'avoir retrouvé son petit bœuf à cornes d'or.

Mais quelle ne fut pas sa surprise d'entendre celui-ci parler et lui dire: "Mon bon petit garçon, tu es bien bon pour moi, mais si tu veux me conserver en vie, il faut que tu montes sur mon dos, et que nous fuyions d'ici." — "Mais que pensera mon père, qui est si bon pour nous deux?" — "Ne sois pas inquiet. Je te ramènerai plus tard; pour le moment, si nous ne fuyons pas, la vieille va nous faire mourir tous deux. Dépêche-toi, car si la sorcière nous trouve, elle ne manquera pas de nous faire périr ce soir."

Sans plus de réplique, le jeune garçon monte sur le petit bœuf, et les voilà partis. Ils marchèrent le reste de l'après-midi et toute la nuit sans arrêt. Le lendemain matin, au petit jour, comme ils étaient à se reposer, le petit bœuf tout à coup dit au jeune garçon: "Ne vois-tu pas venir quelque chose là-bas?" — "Oui, répondit le petit garçon, et je reconnais la vieille sorcière. Elle doit être à notre poursuite, et elle devra nous rejoindre bientôt, car elle a pris le meilleur cheval de l'écurie de mon père." — "Monte sur mon dos et fuyons. Je vais aller aussi vite que mes pattes me le permettront, et tu feras tout ce que je te dirai de faire."

Après avoir couru quelque temps, le jeune garçon dit: "La vieille sorcière va bientôt nous rejoindre, car le cheval l'emporte comme le vent." — "Mon petit ami, je vais te demander une chose qui va te faire de la peine, mais il le faut pour notre salut. Arrache-moi une de mes cornes d'or et jette-la derrière nous. Fais vite, car si tu laisses approcher la sorcière trop près, ce sera notre mort à tous deux."

Le jeune garçon fit à regret ce que lui commandait son petit bœuf, et il fut bien étonné, en jetant la corne d'or, de voir surgir une montagne. La corne d'or était tombée la pointe en l'air. Il en sortit une montagne hérissée de pointes tellement dangereuses que le cheval s'arrêta et refusa d'aller plus loin. La vieille sorcière résolut donc de faire le tour de la montagne, espérant que la vitesse de son cheval viendrait à bout de regagner ce temps perdu. Le petit bœuf continuait à fuir avec toute la vitesse possible, lorsque le jeune garçon s'écria tout à coup: "Voilà encore la vieille qui arrive sur nos talons!" — "Mon petit ami, quand tu verras qu'elle approche trop près, malgré la peine que tu éprouveras, arrache mon autre corne d'or et jette-la derrière toi."

En effet, malgré la peine qu'il en avait, quand le jeune garçon jugea que la vieille était assez proche, il arracha la dernière corne et la jeta derrière lui. Cette fois la corne tomba la pointe en bas et, entrant dans la terre, elle y creusa un lac large et profond.

Il était temps, car la vieille sorcière, sur le point d'atteindre les fuyards, arrivait sur eux à une vitesse vertigineuse, tellement qu'elle n'eut pas le temps d'arrêter son cheval, qui s'engouffra avec elle dans le lac où tous deux se noyèrent aussitôt.

Au même moment, le petit bœuf, dépouillé des cornes d'or, qui

étaient le sortilège le retenant sous cette forme d'animal, reprit son apparence de jeune prince. Transporté de joie, accompagné du jeune garçon, il reprit le chemin du château du roi.

Tout le monde était heureux du retour du jeune prince, car on avait été fortement inquiet de sa longue absence. La jeune princesse surtout était tellement enchantée qu'on décida de faire les noces tout de suite. Peu d'années après, le jeune garçon qui avait aidé à la délivrance du prince, épousait, lui aussi, une jeune princesse du château. La méchante fée, plus jalouse, plus enragée que jamais, s'était faufilée dans le château sous la forme d'une petite chatte blanche. Mais le gros chien du roi, l'ayant vue, comme elle venait d'entrer, se jeta sur la chatte et l'étrangla d'un seul coup de gueule.

#### 107. LA BELLE ET LA LAIDE.

*Raconté par Adéland Lambert.<sup>1</sup>*

Pendant seize ans, Jean avait vécu heureux en ménage avec sa femme et son unique enfant, une jeune fille, qui avait hérité de toutes les qualités de sa mère. Elle était bonne, pieuse, obéissante et surtout d'une beauté si merveilleuse que tout le monde ne la désignait que sous le nom de "la Belle." Au bout de ce temps, la femme de Jean étant morte et le temps du deuil écoulé, Jean se remaria avec une veuve inconnue, qu'il était allé chercher dans un village éloigné. Autant la première femme avait été bonne, douce et prévenante pour lui, autant la dernière était acariâtre, colère et méchante. Cette veuve avait aussi une jeune fille, et, si la fille de Jean était connue pour être bonne et belle, on s'aperçut bientôt que la fille de la veuve était méchante et surtout d'une laideur repoussante. Voilà pourquoi, lorsqu'on parlait de la famille de Jean, l'on désignait toujours les jeunes filles sous ces deux noms: "la Belle" et "la Laide."

En arrivant pour prendre possession de sa nouvelle demeure, jalouse de la beauté de la fille de son mari, la veuve, qui avait vécu pauvrement toute sa vie, s'en alla dans les magasins acheter pour sa fille, la Laide, des robes de soie et de satin. Elle fit venir des maîtres pour lui enseigner le piano, le chant et la danse, tandis qu'elle occupait la Belle au champ, loin de la maison, à garder les moutons et les autres animaux de la ferme.

Chaque matin, la Belle, sans murmurer, emportant un morceau de pain noir, s'en allait à l'occupation que lui avait assignée sa méchante belle-mère. Or, un jour qu'elle s'en allait à son travail ordinaire, elle rencontra en chemin la bonne fée Justine, qui s'arrêtant se mit à la questionner: "Bonjour, belle enfant! Où vas-tu donc si matin, si pressée?" — "Ma bonne dame, répondit la fille à Jean, je vais

<sup>1</sup> Voir une autre version canadienne de ce conte: "Les paroles de fleurs, d'or et d'argent" (JAFL., No. CXI (1916), pp. 54, 55).

passer la journée au champ, garder les animaux de la ferme.” — “Qu’as-tu sous le bras, dans ce petit paquet?” — “Une croûte de pain, que m’a donnée ma belle-mère pour mon dîner.” — “Ta belle-mère n’a-t-elle pas eu le temps de passer le peigne dans tes beaux cheveux blonds, avant de t’envoyer à l’ouvrage?” — “Non, elle s’est levée un peu en retard et était occupée à la toilette de sa fille, de sorte qu’elle n’avait pas le temps de penser à moi, me pressant de partir pour prendre ma journée de travail.” — “Ah oui! Je la connais cette histoire-là, dit la bonne fée. Ecoute bien ce que je vais te dire. Je veux te faire trois souhaits: le premier, c’est que, lorsque tu seras à l’ouvrage et en tout temps, tu chanteras si bien que rien d’aussi beau et d’aussi harmonieux n’aura jamais été entendu. Le deuxième, c’est que ta croûte de pain sec sera toujours changée en un dîner des plus succulents. Enfin, le troisième souhait, c’est que chaque fois que ta belle-mère te peignera, il tombera de tes cheveux de petites perles fines et brillantes. Cela encouragera ta belle-mère à ne plus négliger de soigner ta belle chevelure. Au revoir, belle enfant, sois toujours douce et bonne, et tu réussiras.”

Et la bonne fée s’en alla.

Le soir, lorsque la Belle fut revenue à la maison, sa belle-mère comme d’habitude se mit à la gronder et à lui adresser des paroles grossières. Au souper, la méchante veuve regarda dans le paquet qu’avait rapporté la Belle, pour lui faire manger le restant de sa croûte. Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise, lorsqu’elle trouva des restes de bonnes tranches de rôti et des morceaux de gâteaux des plus appétissants. “Où donc as-tu pris cela?” demanda la marâtre.” — “C’est une bonne dame que j’ai rencontrée, qui m’a donné cela,” répondit la jeune fille.

Après souper, la Belle se retira de table et se mit à chanter. Sa voix était si douce, son chant si beau que la belle-mère, surprise, lui dit: “Où donc as-tu appris à chanter si bien?” — “C’est encore la bonne dame,” répondit simplement la fille à Jean.

La belle-mère, sous le charme de ce beau chant, dit à la jeune fille: “Ce soir, je vais te peigner, voilà longtemps que je te néglige. Tu dois avoir des poux.” La belle-mère n’était pas à bout de ses surprises, car, à chaque coup de peigne dans la chevelure de la Belle, il en tombait une pluie de petites perles, si fines et si brillantes que la belle-mère en était presque aveuglée. “Il se passe quelque chose de bien étrange au sujet de cette enfant,” pensait la marâtre. “Demain, je vais la garder avec moi, et je vais envoyer ma fille à sa place garder les animaux.”

Le lendemain matin, elle fit comme elle avait pensé la veille. Elle renferma la Belle dans une chambre noire et envoya la Laide au champ. Chemin faisant, la Laide rencontra elle aussi, la fée, qui se mit à la questionner: “Où vas-tu donc si matin, mon enfant?” La Laide, qui était déjà de mauvaise humeur d’être obligée d’aller au champ, lui

répondit d'une voix rude et grossière: "Qu'est-ce que cela vous fait, vieille laide et mal habillée que vous êtes?" — "Qu'as-tu donc sous le bras dans ce petit paquet?" — "C'est un morceau de pain doré, qui n'est pas pour vos grosses dents noires." — "Est-ce ta mère qui t'a si bien peignée et t'a habillée si bellement?" — "Allez-vous me laisser la paix avec toutes vos questions, vieille curieuse et sotte que vous êtes?" — "Ecoute, la fille, ce que je vais te dire. Je savais que tu étais grossière et méchante. Aussi je vais te faire trois souhaits. Le premier, c'est que, lorsque tu voudras te désennuyer à chanter, ta voix sera si criarde et fêlée que jamais sons et paroles plus désagréables n'auront été entendus auparavant. Le second, c'est que tes gâteaux seront changés en pain noir, dur et immangeable. Enfin le troisième, c'est que, lorsque ta mère te peignera ou que tu cracheras, tes cheveux seront remplis de poux énormes, et ta salive sera changée en toutes sortes de vermines, tels que petis crapauds et couleuvres. Adieu!"

Et la fée disparut, laissant là la fille de la veuve, qui de la colère passa à un excès de rage furieuse.

Elle s'en revint de bonne heure, le soir, plus enragée que jamais, car elle n'avait pu manger son pain dur, et raconta à sa mère tout ce qu'il lui était arrivé dans la rencontre de la vieille fée.

Sa mère la consola du mieux qu'elle put, et même lui annonça pour le dimanche suivant une grande veillée. Car, la veille, était passé par le village le prince Charmant, qui avait de loin entendu chanter la Belle, et il avait été tellement charmé du beau chant entendu qu'il avait averti les gens du village qu'il voulait rencontrer cette jeune personne dont la voix l'avait rendu amoureux. Tout de suite, on était venu avertir la veuve du désir du jeune prince, et de se préparer en conséquence. Durant la nuit qui suivit, la veuve avait ruminé tout un plan.

Le dimanche arrivé, à l'heure où devait venir le prince, la veuve fit descendre à la cave la Belle, qu'elle cacha sous une cuve renversée; et elle habilla la Laide avec ses plus beaux habits de soie et de satin, enrubannés de la tête aux pieds. Elle la fit asseoir dans le salon, prête pour la visite du prince. La méchante belle-mère, voulant faire les choses en grand, avait invité presque tous les gens du village. A l'heure convenue, la maison commença à se remplir de tous ces invités, et bientôt arriva le prince Charmant. La mère alla au-devant et le reçut avec de grandes civilités. Elle vint le présenter aux gens assemblés et finalement le mena à un beau fauteuil, voisin de celui de sa fille, la Laide. Le prince, en apercevant la Laide, commença à regretter son aventure. Il pensait en lui-même: "Est-ce possible qu'une jeune fille si laide puisse chanter si bien?"

La veillée commença. Le plaisir se communiqua de l'un à l'autre. Mais, comme l'on savait que le principal désir du prince était d'en-

tendre chanter la fille de la maison, l'on se mit en frais de prier la Laide d'accéder à son désir. Tous avaient aussi hâte d'entendre sa voix. La mère s'interposa en prétextant qu'il était impossible pour sa fille de chanter ce soir là, vu qu'elle avait une attaque d'extinction de voix. Le prince protesta qu'il avait entendu chanter la voix ce jour-là et, aidé des invités, parvint finalement à décider la Laide à chanter.

Malgré les protestations de sa mère, elle commença. Sa chanson, aussi déplacée que ridicule, fut débitée d'une voix si criarde et grotesque que tous les invités s'en bouchaient les oreilles. Voici ce qu'elle chanta :

Ne m'embrassez pas la bouche;  
Maman veut pas qu'on y touche.  
Embrassez-moi l'turlututu:  
Maman ne l'a pas défendu.

Ce chant déconcerta naturellement les invités, mais ce n'était pas le pire de la chose. C'est que chaque fois que la laide commençait une phrase de son curieux chant, il s'échappait de sa bouche, soit un petit crapaud, soit une petite couleuvre. Si bien que tout le monde se leva, pris d'épouvante, et courut à la cuisine, prêt à s'en aller. Rendus là, ils furent arrêtés par un autre chant, qui les étonna grandement. Cette fois, c'était le perroquet qui, dans sa cage, chantait à tue-tête :

La laide est en parade;  
Le belle est dans la cave.  
Prince, et vous, camarades,  
Allez donc tous chercher  
Cette beauté.

La foule s'arrêta, et le prince, sous l'effet de la colère de s'être fait jouer, s'écria : "Allons, mes amis, on nous a trompés. Cherchons partout pour voir si ce perroquet dit vrai, ou s'il nous trompe lui aussi." Les gens se répandirent par toute la maison et bouleversèrent tout sens dessus dessous. Le prince, étant descendu à la cave, arriva près de la cuve renversée, et trouva la Belle exténuée de fatigue, près de perdre connaissance. Le prince fit appel aux gens, qui s'empressèrent de venir chercher la jeune fille. On la fit sortir au grand air afin qu'elle pût reprendre ses forces.

Le prince Charmant, outré des mauvais traitements que l'on faisait subir à la Belle, envoya, le lendemain, des gendarmes arrêter la méchante belle-mère et sa fille et les fit mettre en prison. Il fit préparer une chambre dans le château du roi son père, et envoya chercher la Belle pour l'y installer. Le roi voulut d'abord s'opposer au désir du prince, son fils, mais lorsqu'il aperçut la Belle, dont la chevelure était étincelante de petites perles fines et brillantes, lorsqu'il entendit chanter la Belle de sa voix si douce et si harmonieuse, il ne voulut plus longtemps s'opposer au mariage du prince avec la fille à Jean, la Belle.

Huit jours après, on faisait les noces au château, et, à cette occasion, la Belle, toujours bonne et compatissante, demanda et obtint la liberté de sa belle-mère et de sa fille, qui s'en allèrent vivre dans un autre village très éloigné. Jean vint finir ses jours avec sa fille au château. Je voulus aller aux noces comme un "survenant," mais comme je n'étais pas connu, un des serviteurs vint me donner un coup de pied, me faisant revoler sur une petite souris, qui cria: "Tit, tit, tit!" Mon conte est fini.

## 108. QUATRE-POILS-D'OR-DANS L'DOS.

*Raconté par Alexandre Poudrier.*

Un jour, un étranger arriva dans le village de X. . . . Il était pauvrement vêtu, mais sa figure annonçait la hardiesse. Il cherchait à s'engager, à ce qu'il disait. Il s'arrêta chez le médecin de l'endroit pour s'informer. Le médecin, se trouvant juste à avoir besoin d'un jardinier, l'engagea séance tenante. "A présent, dit le médecin, vous allez me dire votre nom pour quand j'aurai besoin de vous appeler." — "J'ai un drôle de nom, dit l'étranger, et ça me coûte de vous le dire." — "Drôle ou pas drôle, il me faut le savoir." — "Eh bien! puisqu'il faut vous le dire, je me nomme Quatre-poils-d'or-dans-l'dos." — "En effet, c'est un curieux nom rare," dit le médecin. Et l'homme s'en alla travailler.

Le lendemain, la servante, ayant besoin d'aide pour transporter un objet, appella l'étranger et lui dit: "Vous allez me dire votre nom, afin que, lorsque j'aurai besoin de vous, je puisse vous appeler." — "Ah non! par exemple, dit l'étranger, je ne veux pas vous dire mon nom: il est trop laid." — "Laid ou pas laid, il me faut savoir votre nom, car j'aurai souvent besoin de votre aide. — Eh bien! puisqu'il le faut, je me nomme Ça-me-démange." — "C'est un drôle de nom, en effet; mais j'aime mieux le savoir." La deuxième journée, la mère du médecin, ayant besoin de l'engagé, lui dit: "Vous allez me dire votre nom, car, lorsque j'aurai besoin de votre aide, il faut que je puisse vous appeler." — "Ah! j'ai un trop curieux nom, madame, ça me coûte de vous le dire." — "Curieux ou non, je veux le savoir." — "Eh bien! je me nomme Dominus-Vobiscum." — "C'est, en effet, un nom curieux, mais un beau nom tout de même."

Le troisième jour, le médecin était en visite chez des malades, sa mère était allée faire des emplettes au magasin et la servante était de son côté très occupée à faire son ordinaire. C'était ce moment qu'attendait l'étranger, car c'était un grand voleur. Il profita de l'occasion pour commettre son méfait.

Il monta dans la chambre du médecin, s'empara de tout l'argent qui lui tomba sous la main, ainsi que de plusieurs objets très précieux, et

s'enfuit. A son retour, le médecin constata le vol, avertit la gendarmerie, mais on ne put trouver par quel chemin était disparu l'audacieux voleur.

Le voleur s'était enfui vers un port de mer. Il arriva juste à temps pour s'engager comme premier matelot sur un bâtiment à voile qui appareillait pour prendre le large.

Tout allait à souhait pour le prétendu matelot, lorsqu'à la troisième journée il s'éleva tout à coup une terrible tempête, telle que le bâtiment vint tout près de chavirer. "Vite, commanda le capitaine, un bon matelot en haut des mâts pour serrer les voiles, qui menacent de faire engloutir le bâtiment." Aucun matelot n'osait se hasarder, car c'était la mort presque certaine qui les guettaient dans cette manœuvre hardie. C'est alors que le capitaine, se rappelant le premier matelot, qu'il avait engagé en partant, lui commanda de montrer son savoir-faire.

Il fallait bien s'exécuter et le voleur, matelot improvisé, se mit en frais de grimper dans les mâts. Rendu en haut, il arrangea les voiles tant bien qu'il put, et il allait descendre, lorsqu'une violente bourrasque lui fit perdre l'équilibre, et il tomba debout sur le pont du bâtiment, sans néanmoins se faire aucun mal. On accourt pour voir ce qui en est, mais il leur dit: "Il ne faut pas vous étonner; c'est toujours ainsi que je descends. C'est plus vite fait." Les autres matelots étaient tous en admiration, et le commandant était fier de son premier matelot. Il n'en avait jamais eu d'aussi bon. En revenant de leur traversée, une nouvelle tempête s'étant élevée, le capitaine eut encore recours à son fameux matelot. Celui-ci, bien à regret ne pouvant refuser d'obéir au commandant, monta dans les mâts, arrangea les voiles le mieux qu'il put, et comme il s'apprêtait à descendre, une énorme houle fit pencher le navire si soudain qu'il perdit prise et tomba, mais cette fois, il tomba à l'eau.

Tout le monde accourut, mais impossible de lui porter secours: la mer était trop mauvaise et il disparut aux yeux de l'équipage terrifié. Etant tombé à l'arrière du bâtiment, qui, vû la tempête, était presque arrêté, il put assez facilement saisir le gouvernail et s'installer dessus. Il y resta trois jours.

Au bout de trois jours, il faisait beau, le bâtiment était arrêté et les gens de l'équipage étaient employés sur le pont à réparer les dégâts causés par la tempête. Tout à coup, ils entendirent crier au secours. Ils regardèrent à la mer et virent le fameux matelot, qui venait d'abandonner sa place sur le gouvernail et s'était jeté à la nage. On s'empressa de mettre une chaloupe à l'eau pour lui porter secours. Quand il fut rendu sur le pont, on l'entoura, on se mit à le questionner, comment cela pouvait se faire qu'il était encore en vie. "En voulant sauter sur le pont, dit-il, après que j'eus arrangé les voiles, le bâtiment se

pencha trop d'un bord et je tombai à l'eau. Pendant trois jours, dans cette tempête, j'ai suivi le bâtiment à la nage. J'avais beau crier, vous étiez tous trop lâches pour venir me secourir." Ils s'excusèrent de ne pas l'avoir entendu, et pour lui prouver leur admiration pour ses actes si extraordinaires, ils le portèrent en triomphe. Le capitaine lui dit que, pour le reste de la traversée, il n'aurait plus à travailler. Le voyage se continua sans autre incident et l'on revint mettre l'ancre dans le port que l'on avait quitté six mois auparavant.

En arrivant dans le port, le matelot-voleur demanda au commandant un congé de quelques jours pour affaire importante. Le commandant lui accorda le congé demandé, en lui disant qu'il était trop heureux de le lui donner, vu les très grands services qu'il avait rendus durant la traversée.

Il avait pris fantaisie au voleur d'aller faire une visite au médecin, et voir s'il se souvenait encore de lui. Il arriva au village, un dimanche au matin, quelques minutes avant l'heure de la messe. Il entra dans l'église et le hasard voulut qu'il s'en fut se placer juste dans le banc du médecin.

Bientôt les gens commencèrent à entrer et le médecin arriva, précédé par sa mère et sa servante. Avant d'arriver au banc, la servante aperçut le voleur. Se tournant vers sa maîtresse, elle lui dit: "Madame, Ça-me-démange!" — "Que veux-tu que j'y fasse?" répondit l'autre. — "Comprenez donc, madame! C'est Ça-me-démange qui est dans le banc." La mère du médecin leva les yeux et cria: "Dominus Vobiscum!" Tout le monde se leva scandalisé. Le médecin, qui suivait sa mère de quelques pas, s'empressa au près d'elle, et dit: "Qu'avez-vous donc à tant crier?" — "Dominus-Vobiscum!" répéta la mère, en désignant le voleur dans le banc.

Le médecin suivit le geste que faisait sa mère et cria à son tour, apercevant le voleur: "Mes amis, celui qui me prendra Quatre-pois-d'or-dans-l'dos, je lui donne cent écus." A ces mots, tous les gens qui étaient debout, effarouchés, prêts à fuir, se ruèrent sur le médecin, le jetèrent par terre et se mirent en frais de lui ôter sa chemise. Le médecin avait beau crier d'arrêter le voleur, les gens n'avaient plus d'oreille pour entendre raison. Il avait dit "quatre pois d'or dans l'dos," et on voulait les lui arracher. Le voleur profita du brouhaha général et s'enfuit. Lorsque le médecin put enfin s'expliquer, il était trop tard; le voleur était disparu.

Le voleur se rendit à son bâtiment, qui reprit bientôt la haute mer; et jamais plus on n'entendit parler du fameux voleur matelot, Quatre-pois-d'or-dans-l'dos.

## 109. LES DEUX VOISINS.

*Raconté par Alexandre Poudrier.*

Il y avait, une fois, deux voisins. L'un était un riche commerçant de moutons et d'autres chuchotaient des propos, plus ou moins étranges, sur sa manière de faire des marchés.

L'autre était un pauvre quêteux, arrivé depuis peu dans le village. Lui aussi faisait parler les gens, car, depuis son arrivée, plusieurs vols avaient été commis. Quelques-uns même assuraient avoir vu le quêteux arriver chez lui sur le petit jour avec des paquets plein le dos.

Un jour, un homme se présenta chez le riche commerçant et lui annonça son intention d'acheter des moutons. Le commerçant s'empressa d'emmener l'acheteur à sa bergerie et, quelques instants après, l'inconnu partit, emportant un mouton sur son dos. Il n'avait pas plutôt quitté la place que le vendeur se rend chez le quêteux et lui dit: "Je viens de vendre un beau mouton, le plus beau que j'avais dans ma bergerie; l'homme est parti avec le mouton sur son dos. J'ai pensé que tu pouvais l'alléger de son fardeau, car il a un long chemin à parcourir. Si tu réussis, nous partagerons comme avant." — "C'est entendu, répondit le quêteux; j'y vais tout de suite."

Le quêteux s'habilla, se munit d'une belle paire de souliers neufs, qu'il avait apportés la veille, mais qu'il s'était procurés on ne sait trop comment. Il piqua à travers les champs, car le chemin qu'avait prit l'acheteur l'obligeait à traverser une longue forêt. Le quêteux arriva le premier. Il plaça un des souliers à l'entrée du bois et alla placer l'autre à une quinzaine d'arpents plus loin, puis il se blottit dans les broussailles tout près et attendit. Bientôt arriva l'homme avec son mouton sur son dos. Il aperçut le soulier, s'arrêta et dit: "Un beau soulier, c'est dommage qu'il n'y ait pas la paire," et il continua son chemin.

Rendu à quinze arpents, apercevant l'autre soulier, il mit son mouton par terre et retourna sur ses pas chercher le premier, qu'il avait vu à l'entrée du bois. Lorsqu'il revint, son mouton avait disparu. Le quêteux l'avait emporté.

Le lendemain midi, le même homme se présenta de nouveau chez le riche commerçant et lui dit: "J'ai éprouvé une malchance, hier: j'ai perdu mon mouton et je suis venu voir si vous vouliez m'en vendre un autre." — "Sans doute, répondit celui-ci; venez choisir." Il lui vendit le même mouton sans que l'acheteur s'en aperçût. Aussitôt parti, le commerçant alla trouver son voisin, le quêteux, et lui proposa encore de partager le prix de la vente, s'il enlevait le mouton à l'acheteur. "Accepté," dit celui-ci. Il partit, muni, cette fois de briques de lard salé, qu'il sema tout le long du petit chemin de la forêt. Puis il se cacha dans les broussailles, comme il avait fait la

première fois, attendant la passée de l'acheteur. Celui-ci arriva bientôt il aperçut les petites briques de lard salé, mais n'y fit pas beaucoup attention pour commencer. Voyant que les briques de lard se multipliaient, il mit son mouton par terre pour retourner les ramasser. Lorsqu'il revint, il s'aperçut que son deuxième mouton était disparu. Le quêteux voleur l'avait encore emporté.

Le lendemain midi, le riche commerçant vit arriver son acheteur. Il s'empessa de lui vendre encore un mouton, qui se trouvait être le même qu'il lui avait vendu deux fois. Aussitôt parti, le commerçant se rendit chez le quêteux et lui fit encore la même proposition, qui fut acceptée. Le quêteux voleur, cette fois, n'apporta rien.

Il alla se placer dans la forêt à une petite distance du chemin, et attendit son homme, qui ne tarda pas d'apparaître. Tout aussitôt le quêteux se mit à imiter le cri du mouton: "Ba, a, a, a, ba, a, a," L'homme s'arrêta et écouta: "Tiens! tiens! je crois que je vais retrouver mes moutons." Il mit son mouton par terre et s'enfonça dans la forêt en courant. Le quêteux imita si bien le cri du mouton qu'il écarta son homme, fit un détour, et vint tomber dans le chemin. Il s'empara du mouton et s'enfuit. Lorsque l'acheteur revint dans le chemin sans avoir pu rejoindre ses autres moutons, il constata que son troisième mouton était disparu. S'est-il jamais rendu compte qu'il avait été joué? Toujours est-il qu'il disparut lui aussi. Il ne revint pas chez le riche commerçant et jamais on ne le revit dans le village.

Quant aux deux voisins, quand vint le moment de partager les profits, le riche commerçant ne donna qu'un tiers de l'argent au quêteux. Celui-ci ne dit rien, mais au bout de trois jours le commerçant s'aperçut qu'il lui manquait trois moutons. Il soupçonna son voisin, le quêteux. Il s'apprêta à se rendre chez lui; mais, s'habillant, il constata que l'argent qu'il avait fait en vendant ses moutons était aussi disparu.

Il courut chez son voisin. Lui aussi était parti; mais il avait eu grand soin de clouer sur sa porte un écriteau, portant ces mots:

Des voleurs, pauvres ou riches,  
Le diable est l'ami.  
Au dernier volé fait des niches,  
Et toujours il en rit.

#### 110. LE VEAU VENDU TROIS FOIS.

*Raconté par Alexandre Poudrier.*

C'était un pauvre diable d'habitant qui achevait de boire tous ses biens. Il ne lui restait plus qu'un jeune veau du printemps. Il partit donc pour le vendre, afin d'avoir encore quelques sous pour boire.

Chemin faisant, il rencontra le médecin du village, qu'il connaissait bien. Il l'arrêta et lui dit: "Eh, l'ami! vous n'achèteriez pas un beau veau, ce matin?" — "Combien?" — "Un écu." — "C'est fait." Et le médecin paya le veau et dit à l'habitant d'aller le porter à sa maison, car il était mandé pour un malade et ne pouvait se rendre chez lui pour le moment.

L'habitant continua son chemin et bientôt rencontra le notaire. "Eh, l'ami! vous n'achèteriez pas un beau veau, ce matin?" — "Combien?" — "Un écu." — "C'est fait." Et, comme le médecin, le notaire paya et dit à l'habitant de mener le veau chez lui, car il était mandé chez un malade pour y rédiger un testament.

A quelques arpents avant d'arriver au village, l'habitant rencontra l'avocat et lui dit: "Eh, l'ami! Vous n'achèteriez pas un beau veau, ce matin?" — "Combien?" — "Un écu." — "C'est fait." — "Allez le mener chez moi, car j'ai à me rendre au prochain village pour une affaire pressée."

L'habitant se rendit donc au village, s'arrêta à une auberge, dépensa son argent, puis monta dans sa voiture, ramenant son veau avec lui.

Le médecin, le notaire et l'avocat furent bien étonnés, au retour, d'apprendre que l'habitant n'avait pas livré le veau acheté le matin. Ils s'en parlèrent et finalement décidèrent de faire arrêter l'habitant malhonnête. Celui-ci s'en fut trouver un avocat d'une place voisine et lui confia sa cause. L'avocat, en écoutant l'exposé du cas qui lui était confié, dit: "Votre cause, monsieur, est très difficile à défendre. Votre acte de malhonnêteté est trop évident. Cependant il y a un moyen de gagner ce procès, c'est que chaque fois que le juge ou l'avocat vous posera une question, vous ne répondiez que par ces mots: ouin, ouin, ouin."

En effet, lorsque le temps de la cour arriva, le juge, s'adressant à l'habitant, le questionna ainsi: "Monsieur, avez-vous vendu un veau au médecin ici présent?" — "Ouin, ouin, ouin," répondit l'habitant. — "Aussi à monsieur le notaire?" — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." — "Est-ce le même veau que vous avez vendu à monsieur l'avocat?" — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." — "Mais vous n'avez pas livré votre marchandise à ces messieurs." — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." — "Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas livré ce que vous leur aviez vendu?" — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." Après plusieurs questions, le juge ne recevant pas d'autre réponse, dit: "Voyez bien, messieurs, que cet homme est fou. J'ordonne qu'on le laisse aller en paix."

L'avocat, engagé pour la défense de l'habitant, s'en fut le trouver et dit tout joyeux: "A présent que je t'ai fait gagner ton procès, tu vas me payer mon travail." — "Ouin, ouin, ouin," fut la réponse qu'il reçut. "Voyons, c'est dix piastres, tu ne te feras pas prier pour me payer." — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." — "Voyons, tu ne peux feindre la

folie avec moi. C'est moi qui t'ai fait gagner." — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." — "Voyons, animal, va-t-il falloir que je me fâche pour te faire payer." — "Ouin, ouin, ouin." Et le défendeur pas plus que le médecin, le notaire et l'avocat ne put avoir d'autre satisfaction. Ce qui prouve que, dans ce petit procès comme dans bien d'autres, l'avocat et l'habitant n'avaient rien gagné sous le rapport de l'honnêteté.

### III. PAUVRETE ET MISERE.

*Raconté par Alexandre Poudrier.*

C'était, une fois, un homme et une femme qui avaient toujours vécu misérablement. Ce n'était pas que l'homme ne fut pas travaillant et capable d'endurer de grandes privations, non! Toute la cause de ces misères provenait du manque de sagesse et de prévoyance de sa compagne étourdie et insouciante. Dans le courant de l'année, le mari avait pu amasser son bois de chauffage et des provisions pour le temps rigoureux de l'hiver qui approchait, et entre autres choses il avait à l'engrais un gros cochon gras, dont il devait faire boucherie dans ces jours-là. Les jours froids étant arrivés, le mari éventra son gros cochon gras, fit un à-part des *maigrasses*, qu'il fit geler dans la neige, et se mit en frais de saler le lard gras dans le vieux saloir qu'il possédait depuis des années. Quand il eût fini de saler son gros lard, il monta le saloir au grenier, et dit à sa femme: "Nous allons manger les maigrasses de notre cochon au fur et à mesure que nous en aurons besoin. Quant au lard du saloir dans le grenier, je le conserve pour le dernier." Le lendemain, le mari partit au loin pour travailler, et la femme resta seule à la maison.

Un peu tard dans l'avant-midi, la femme entendit frapper à la porte et s'empressa d'aller ouvrir. C'était un voyageur qui, exténué de fatigue et transi de froid, venait demander à manger et le temps de se réchauffer, afin de pouvoir être capable de continuer sa route.

La femme s'empressa de dresser la table, fière qu'elle était de pouvoir offrir au voyageur un bon repas de viande fraîche, et, tout en servant le manger, elle se mit à parler, à tort et à travers, de choses et d'autres. Tout à coup, elle demande au voyageur: "Ce ne serait-il pas vous qu'on nomme monsieur Le Dernier!" Le voyageur, s'apercevant de plus en plus qu'il avait affaire à une sans-génie, lui répondit: "Certainement, madame, que je me nomme monsieur Le Dernier." — "Ah! comme ça s'adonne bien, vous êtes venu justement dans le bon temps. Mon mari a fait boucherie hier. Il a salé un plein saloir de lard, qu'il a porté au grenier, en me recommandant de le conserver pour M. Le Dernier. Quand je vous ai vu entrer, j'ai pensé tout de suite que vous veniez le chercher. Quand vous partirez, n'oubliez pas de l'emporter." — "Sans doute que je ne l'oublierai pas, et, comme

j'ai bien mangé et que je suis complètement réchauffé, je vais me remettre en route."

Et le voyageur monta au grenier quérir le saloir, le chargea sur sa voiture et partit, empressé de s'éloigner avec son précieux quart de lard, qui lui était donné sans déboursier un sou. Peu de temps après que le voyageur fut parti, le mari arriva pour le repas du midi. Sa femme s'en vint au-devant de lui, souriante, et lui dit: "Tu vas être content, mon mari, car j'ai fait ta commission; monsieur Le Dernier est venu chercher le petit quart de lard que tu avais porté au grenier. Il vient juste de partir avec." — "Monsieur Le Dernier, mon petit quart de lard!" répéta le mari, qui commençait à comprendre que sa femme avait bien pu faire encore quelque gaucherie, comme elle en avait déjà fait auparavant. "Ma pauvre femme, dit le mari sans trop s'émouvoir, tu ne veux pas dire que tu as donné mon petit quart de lard?" — "Eh oui, tu ne te rappelles pas que tu m'as dit que tu conservais cela pour monsieur Le Dernier? Eh bien, il est venu et je lui ai dit de l'emporter, et c'est ce qu'il a fait."

Le mari monta au grenier et constata en effet que le petit quart de lard était disparu. Il redescendit trouver sa femme, la tristesse dans le cœur, sans trop récriminer, car ce n'était pas la première fois qu'elle lui jouait de ces vilains tours. Il se contenta tout simplement de l'interroger: "Y a-t-il longtemps que ton monsieur Le Dernier est parti?" — "Non; à peu près dix minutes avant que tu arrives." — "Alors, dit le mari, je vais atteler et nous allons tous les deux nous mettre à sa poursuite."

Le mari alla atteler. Ils montèrent en voiture et les voilà partis dans la direction qu'avait prise le voyageur. Après avoir couru assez longtemps, ils arrivèrent à une fourche de chemin. Le mari dit à sa femme: "Comme il n'y a pas de trace de voyageur en vue, tu vas continuer par le chemin de gauche à pied. Si tu rejoins le voyageur avant moi, tu me lâcheras un cri et j'irai te trouver. Si c'est moi qui aperçois le voyageur avant, je te crierai. Alors tu viendras me trouver." — "C'est bien!"

Alors, prenant chacun leur direction, ils se remirent avec plus de courage que jamais à la poursuite du prétendu monsieur Le Dernier. Après avoir marché assez longtemps, tout à coup le mari s'arrête. Il croit entendre un appel. En effet, en écoutant, il perçoit les cris de sa femme qui crie de plus en plus fort: "Mon mari, mon mari, viens donc par ici." Le mari partit comme une riposte à travers champs pour aller tomber dans le chemin où était sa femme. Il arrive tout essoufflé et voit sa femme assise dans la voiture, arrêtée en plein milieu du chemin; mais rien qui lui annonce la présence de monsieur Le Dernier.

Sa femme lui fait signe avec la main de se dépêcher. Il arrive tout

essoufflé et demande: "Quelle bonne nouvelle tu as à me dire du voyageur? Où est-il?" — "Je n'ai pas vu le voyageur, dit la femme en riant aux éclats. Non, je n'ai pas vu le voyageur, mais j'ai vu quelque chose de si drôle que je n'ai pu m'empêcher de te faire venir." — "Qu'as-tu vu?" demanda le mari, qui, cette fois, était près de se fâcher. "Mon mari, mon mari, ah, que c'est drôle! dit la femme, en riant de plus belle. Tu vois ce gros tas d'épines à côté du chemin? Eh bien, tout à l'heure, il y a un petit chien qui est allé s'asseoir dessus sans se piquer le derrière."

Le mari, sans montrer de ressentiment plus qu'il n'en fallait, vû le temps perdu, jugea qu'il était mieux de monter en voiture et de s'en retourner chez lui, décidé à subir toutes les gaucheries et les sottises de sa tendre moitié, et à continuer sa vie dans la misère et la pauvreté.

## 112. JEAN RATOUREUX.

*Raconté par M. Bernier.*

Depuis quelques jours, la nouvelle s'était répandue dans le village que le roi avait grand besoin d'un engagé pour prendre soin de ses troupeaux. Jean Ratoureux dit à son père: "Vous avez nombre d'enfants à faire vivre. Moi, je suis le plus âgé; je vais aller m'engager chez le roi, afin de vous aider à subvenir aux besoins du reste de la famille."

Le lendemain, sa mère prépara à Jean un petit paquet de hardes et de manger pour le voyage, et le voilà en chemin pour se rendre chez le roi. On le conduisit devant le roi, qui lui demanda: "Qu'est-ce que tu veux, Jean?" — "Sire, mon roi, j'ai su que vous aviez besoin d'un engagé pour prendre soin de vos troupeaux et me voilà." — "Tu es bien jeune et bien petit pour entreprendre la garde de mes troupeaux. J'ai à t'avertir que je ne suis pas capable de garder d'engagé; car depuis quelque temps il est venu un géant s'établir sur mon domaine et il tue mes engagés pour s'emparer de mes animaux et les manger. Il est en train de détruire tous mes troupeaux. J'ai eu beau envoyer mes gens d'armes et mes troupes, on n'a pas encore réussi à s'en défaire. Que pourras-tu faire, toi qui es si jeune et si petit?" — "Engagez-moi, dit Jean Ratoureux, car, pour dire le vrai, j'aimerais à rencontrer votre géant et faire sa connaissance. Il me semble qu'il ne peut être dangereux autant que cela." — "Comme tu voudras, dit le roi. Demain, tu pourras garder mes troupeaux."

Dans l'après-midi, Jean alla visiter les terres avec les gens du roi, qui lui montrèrent le précipice avec son petit chemin tournant par où le géant faisait son apparition.

Le lendemain matin, Jean se munit d'un petit câble, d'une grosse tarière de trois pouces, et de six œufs cuits à la coque pour son dîner.

Arrivé à l'endroit où il devait prendre la garde du troupeau du roi, il se rendit tout de suite sur le bord du précipice par où devait apparaître le gros géant. Il attacha son câble à un arbre tout près et l'étendit dans l'herbe autour du précipice, de sorte que le géant ne pût le voir quand il viendrait. Puis prenant sa tarière, il alla à un gros arbre, enleva l'écorce et y perça trois trous, un d'un pouce, un autre de trois pouces et le dernier de six pouces de profondeur. Puis il remplaça l'écorce si bien qu'il n'y paraissait rien. Il monta dans l'arbre, s'assit commodément sur la plus haute fourche, et attendit l'apparition du géant. Il n'attendit pas longtemps. Bientôt une tête émergea du trou et le géant apparut. Il s'avançait du côté de l'arbre, en reniflant et disant tout haut: "Hum! Hum! ça sent la viande fraîche ici, ce matin. Tiens, c'est toi qui es rendu ici! Heureux de te voir, mon jeune homme. Descends de là-haut que je fasse ta connaissance?"

L'apparition effrayante du géant avait un peu énervé Jean, mais il prit bientôt sur lui, car il savait qu'il y jouait sa vie. Il répondit au géant, qui était arrivé au pied de l'arbre: "Ma connaissance, mon vieux, tu la feras assez vite. Je suis après prendre mon repas du midi et, lorsque j'aurai fini, je descendrai te voir de plus près. Assieds-toi au pied de l'arbre et attends." Jean prit un œuf et se mit tranquillement à le manger, comme si rien n'était. Le géant, surpris de la réponse hardie de Jean, lui demanda. "Qu'est-ce que tu manges là: ça sent bon. Donne-m'en un peu que j'en mange, ça me donnera appétit." Jean qui s'était muni de cailloux ronds comme des œufs avant de monter dans l'arbre, prit un de ces cailloux qu'il lui jeta par la tête, en disant: "Tiens, mange celui-là, mais n'en demande pas trop souvent, car j'en ai juste pour mon dîner." Le caillou lancé vint frapper le géant sur un œil. Il se frotta et le ramassa, voulut le mordre, et se cassa une dent. "Aie! l'ami! qu'est-ce que tu m'as envoyé là? C'est bien dur." — "Ce n'est pas si dur que ça. Regarde!" Jean prit un œuf et le croqua à belles dents. "Donne-m'en donc un autre, voir," dit le géant.

Jean prit un autre caillou rond dans sa poche et le lança de nouveau sur la tête du géant, qu'il attrapa sur l'autre œil. Le géant de mauvaise humeur se frotta l'œil, ramassa le caillou, voulut le croquer et se cassa deux autres dents. "Aie! tes œufs sont trop durs. Je ne peux pas les manger. Si tu descendais, je crois que cela ferait mieux mon affaire que de me casser les dents sur tes œufs durs." — "Pour me croquer?" — "Oui!" Jean éclata de rire et dit: "Un beau moine! toi, me croquer? Tu n'es seulement pas capable de manger les œufs que je te donne; tu as pu épeurer les autres; c'était des poltrons. Mais attends! j'achève de manger et je vais descendre. D'abord on va faire un marché. On va aller frapper sur l'arbre que tu vois en face, là, à poing nu. Si tu enfonces ton poing plus avant dans le corps de l'arbre, tu pourras

me manger, mais si c'est moi qui enfonce le poing le plus avant dans l'arbre, ça sera signe que je serai le plus fort, et tu déguerpiras pour ne plus jamais apparaître ici de nouveau." — "C'est convenu," dit le géant, qui croyait à une victoire facile.

Jean Ratoureux descendit et s'avança, accompagné du géant, vers l'arbre qu'il avait percé de sa tarière. Il se plaça où il avait percé les trois trous, et plaça le géant du côté opposé. "Attention, dit Jean, je vais frapper le premier." Il frappa dans le premier trou et enfonça son poing d'un pouce. Le géant, un peu surpris de ce résultat, frappa à son tour, mais il ne fit qu'aplatir l'écorce, se déchirant le poing, qui se mit à saigner abondamment.

"Est-ce tout ce que tu peux faire, dit Jean? Regarde-moi donc?" Il frappa dans le deuxième trou et enfonça son poing de trois pouces. Le géant, de plus en plus surpris de voir avec quelle facilité Jean enfonceait son poing dans l'arbre, s'élança pour de bon, cette fois, mais il ne fit que briser l'écorce, se cassa le bras, et son poing n'était plus qu'un morceau de chair meurtrie, ensanglantée. Le géant se tordit dans un cri de rage et de douleur. Jean, le voyant ainsi éclaté, se mit à rire de plus belle et dit: "Pour un fanfaron comme toi, ce n'est pas trop mal. Regarde-moi donc faire?" Il frappa dans le troisième trou et enfonça son poing dix pouces d'avant. Le géant dit: "Jean, tu es le plus fort. Je vais m'en aller d'ici." Et il prit le chemin du précipice par où il était arrivé. "Tu fais aussi bien, dit Jean, de ne plus jamais reparaitre ici, car je te passerai mon poing au travers du corps."

Jean suivit le géant jusqu'au précipice. Comme le géant s'apprêtait à y descendre, il se retourna pour dire un dernier mot à Jean. A cet instant, Jean tendit le câble caché dans l'herbe. Le géant s'empêtra dedans, trébucha et alla tomber tête première dans le fond du précipice. Jean entendit un dernier cri, un cri terrible, et ce fut tout.

Il n'y avait plus de doute pour Jean: le géant s'était tué en tombant, il était bien mort. N'ayant plus à craindre de ce côté, Jean se mit à réfléchir. Tout à coup il sourit, alla ramasser trois petites crottes de mouton dans le champ, les couvrit avec son chapeau, mit des petites pierres sur le bord de celui-ci, de crainte que le vent ne vînt le déranger, et prit ensuite le chemin du château.

Le roi et les gens de sa cour avaient hâte de savoir si Jean reviendrait. Ils rôdaient dans les environs, et jetaient souvent leurs regards dans cette direction. Tout à coup, le voyant apparaître, le roi et tous marchèrent vers lui, heureux de le voir revenir et curieux de savoir s'il avait fait la rencontre du géant.

En arrivant à lui, le roi s'empressa de s'informer. "Votre géant, lui dit Jean, n'était pas aussi dangereux que vous disiez. Vos gardiens que vous aviez avant moi, n'étaient que des poltrons. J'en suis venu

à bout facilement, car du premier coup de poing je l'ai assommé. J'ai fait encore mieux que cela j'ai jeté son corps dans le fond du précipice, et je me suis emparé de son "esprit marabout," que j'ai emprisonné sous mon chapeau. Demain, nous irons en procession le chercher."

Le roi, très satisfait du récit de Jean, lui dit: "Si tu as fait tout cela, Jean, je ne puis attendre plus longtemps; il me faut tout de suite m'emparer de l'esprit marabout du géant maudit." Il donna l'ordre à ses troupes et à tous ses serviteurs de se préparer à faire une procession à la lueur des torches, et à se rendre au château pour s'emparer de l'objet rare, car tout le monde avait hâte de voir l'esprit marabout du géant.

La procession, le roi en tête, se mit donc en marche à la lueur des torches, chantant et criant de leur mieux: "Hourra pour Jean Ratureux! Triomphe! Victoire! Hourra! Hourra!" Jean, quand il vit qu'ils étaient dans le plus fort de leur joie, s'approcha du roi et dit: "Sire, mon roi, je crains que ces cris et tout ce bruit ne fassent peur à l'esprit marabout et qu'il ne s'échappe." — "L'as-tu bien emprisonné?" demanda le roi? — "Oui, répondit Jean, mais ce n'est qu'un chapeau qui le recouvre et, par le moindre petit jour, il pourrait s'échapper." — "Laisse faire, Jean, dit le roi, l'idée qu'on est débarrassé du géant, me rend joyeux moi-même et j'ai envie de crier encore plus fort que mes gens."

Et les cris et les chants redoublèrent de plus en plus. Comme on approchait, Jean répéta encore la même recommandation au roi de faire cesser le bruit. Mais le roi dit: "Laisse-nous tranquille, Jean, Mes gens et moi sommes à goûter le plaisir, laisse-nous nous divertir de la manière que nous voulons." — "Tant pis, dit Jean, je ne serai pas responsable de ce qui pourra arriver."

En arrivant, le roi fit ranger ses troupes et ses serviteurs en cercle, et lui-même s'avança vers le chapeau. "Soyez vif en soulevant le chapeau, dit Jean; car, s'il n'est déjà parti, l'esprit marabout doit être joliment réveillé, et il sera difficile à saisir." Le roi fit comme lui recommandait Jean. En soulevant le chapeau, il enfonça l'autre main promptement, pour la retirer aussi vite, avec, dans la main, trois petite crottes de mouton. On crut que le roi était pour se fâcher, mais Jean cria: "Je vous avais averti de ne pas faire tant de bruit. L'esprit marabout a eu peur et s'est enfui." Le roi et ses partisans étaient si contents à l'idée que le géant était disparu que la procession reforma ses rangs, et l'on se mit en marche pour retourner au château au milieu des cris et des chants plus bruyants que jamais. Jean fut mis à la tête du château. Bientôt le roi lui donna des titres de noblesse et peu après il épousa la plus jeune des princesses, qui se trouvait être la plus jolie.

## 113. LE PETIT BONNET ROUGE.

*Raconté par M. Bernier.*

Pour la deuxième fois le roi avait lancé un appel à ses sujets pour la recouvrance de la princesse, sa fille, qui avait été enlevée par des géants monstres, que les gens avaient vu rôder, dans le temps aux abords du château. Le roi allait jusqu'à promettre la moitié de son royaume à celui qui lui ramènerait sa fille, morte ou vive.

Un soir, Tit-Jean fit part à son père qu'il voulait tenter l'aventure. Le père eut beau lui représenter la folie d'une telle entreprise, disant que même les gens d'armes et les armées du roi n'avaient pu rien trouver dans leurs recherches. Tit-Jean n'en persista pas moins dans sa volonté et partit, le lendemain, avec une croûte de pain, juste assez pour ne pas mourir de faim la première journée.

Au bout de trois jours de marche, à la sortie d'une longue forêt qu'il avait traversée, Tit-Jean s'assit sur un corps d'arbre, un peu découragé, car la faim se faisait sentir. Il appuya sa tête entre ses mains et se mit à réfléchir sur sa situation, étant incertain sur la direction à prendre. Tout à coup il entendit un bruit. Levant la tête, il aperçut à quelques pas devant lui un petit homme coiffé d'un bonnet rouge. Ce petit homme n'avait pas plus que deux pieds de hauteur et était laid à faire peur aux plus hardis.

"Bonjour, mon ami, dit Tit-Jean, vous semblez chercher quelque chose?" — "Tit-Jean, je suis le Petit-bonnet-rouge-clairvoyant. J'ai été chassé de mon palais des Trente-Lieux par les trois géants monstres, les mêmes qui ont enlevé la princesse. Je sais que tu es en chemin pour la délivrer de leurs mains. Je suis venu à ta rencontre et je ferai tout en mon pouvoir pour t'aider dans ton entreprise. Demain, après avoir marché une partie de la journée, tu arriveras dans un port de mer. Il y aura justement un bâtiment en partance. Tu embarqueras. Suis mes conseils et peut-être parviendrons-nous à réussir." Et le petit homme disparut.

Après avoir dormi un bon somme, Tit-Jean partit de grand matin et tout arriva comme il lui avait été prédit. Il prit place à bord du bâtiment en partance. Après avoir navigué deux jours, il s'éleva sur la mer une tempête effrayante. Dès les premières bourrasques, le capitaine, étant sorti sur le pont du bâtiment, fut emporté à la mer par une lame épouvantable. A tout moment, on croyait voir couler le bâtiment. Tout l'équipage était dans une inquiétude mortelle.

Tout à coup, le Petit-bonnet-rouge apparut à Tit-Jean et lui dit: "C'est le temps pour toi de prendre le commandement de ce bâtiment. Bientôt la tempête va se calmer. Tu feras conduire le vaisseau dans la direction du nord et, lorsque tu apercevras dans le lointain une

haute montagne de roches, tu te feras mener à terre en chaloupe. Là, tu prendras le chemin à droite, qui conduit à l'antre des géants monstres." Et le petit homme disparut comme la première fois.

Tit-Jean fit comme il lui avait été dit, et tout alla bien.

Après avoir mis pied à terre, il marcha trois jours sans s'arrêter. Au bout de trois jours, il commença à sentir la faim et la fatigue. Il se reposa sur le bord du chemin et se mit à songer comment engager bataille avec les géants, lui qui n'était pas armé. Le Petit-bonnet-rouge-clairvoyant lui apparut et dit: "Du courage, Tit-Jean, dans une demi-heure, tu vas faire ta première rencontre. Tiens, voici un long sac de cuir que tu attacheras à ton cou par en-dedans de ton habit et aussi une épée. Lorsque tu verras le géant, tu feras semblant d'avalier l'épée, que tu feras glisser dans ton sac de cuir. Le géant voudra faire comme toi; ça sera le temps de tirer sur la petite chaîne qui pend à la poignée." Le petit homme partit et Tit-Jean se mit à marcher.

Bientôt, voyant apparaître le géant, Tit-Jean se mit à enfoncer son épée dans son sac de cuir. "Qu'est-ce que tu fais ici, petit ver de terre?" Tout en se cachant le menton avec son autre main, Tit-Jean tira son épée et dit: "Comme vous voyez, je suis à me perfectionner dans l'art d'avalier des instruments tranchants, des épées, des sabres." — "C'est dangereux, ces jeux-là," dit le géant. — "Non, après un ou deux essais on en vient facilement à bout. Je n'ai commencé que ces jours-ci et déjà je peux les avaler jusqu'à la poignée." — "Montre donc voir."

Et le géant se mit lui aussi en frais d'avalier l'épée, avec précaution et crainte. Comme il commençait à mettre le bout de l'épée dans son gosier, Tit-Jean, vif comme un éclair, saisit la petite chaîne de la poignée et lui enfonça l'épée dans la gorge. Le géant tomba à la renverse, étouffé par le sang. Alors Tit-Jean saisit son épée et darda le géant jusqu'à ce qu'il fut mort.

Le Petit-bonnet-rouge apparut à Tit-Jean et lui dit: "Tu as bien joué ton rôle pour le premier; mais il y'en a encore deux autres plus redoutables que celui-là. Lorsque tu auras marché dix minutes, tu rencontreras le deuxième. Prends ce petit chaudron; tu feras bouillir de la soupe bien bouillante. Quand tu verras venir le géant, tu feras semblant de manger la soupe, que tu verseras dans ton sac de cuir."

Tit-Jean partit et bientôt il vit venir le géant. Vite il met bouillir sa soupe. En arrivant, le géant dit: "Qu'est-ce que tu fais ici, petit ver de terre?" — "Comme vous voyez, je suis à me faire de la soupe. Aimeriez-vous à en manger?" — "Si elle est bonne." Tit-Jean, tout en se tenant une main devant le menton, envoya une cuillerée de soupe bouillante dans son sac et passa la cuiller au géant. La soupe était tellement chaude qu'à la première cuillerée le géant se brûla le gosier

et s'étouffa. Tit-Jean en profita encore, prit son épée et s'empressa de le mettre à mort, comme il avait fait du premier.

Le Petit-bonnet-rouge apparut à Tit-Jean et dit: "De mieux en mieux. Il n'en reste plus qu'un, à présent, mais c'est le plus redoutable. Voici six œufs que j'ai été chercher sur l'île empoisonnée. Lorsque le troisième géant viendra à ta rencontre, fais semblant de manger ces œufs, que tu jetteras dans ton sac. Si tu réussis à lui en faire manger trois, il sera empoisonné et il tombera mort." Sur ces mots le petit homme disparut.

Bientôt Tit-Jean voit venir le dernier géant. Il avait l'air si méchant qu'il était effrayant à regarder. Tout de suite, Tit-Jean se met à faire semblant de manger des œufs. "Qu'est-ce que tu viens faire ici, petit ver de terre?" dit le géant. — "Je me suis égaré, et, comme vous voyez, j'ai faim et je mange des œufs. En voulez-vous?" — "Donne voir s'ils sont bons." Tit-Jean lui donne un œuf et en même temps il fait semblant d'en manger un, qu'il fait passer par l'ouverture de son sac. "Ils ne sont pas mauvais. En as-tu beaucoup comme cela? Il m'en faut plusieurs, car j'ai grande faim." Et Tit-Jean lui en donne un deuxième, puis un troisième, qui fut le dernier, car, aussitôt qu'il l'eut avalé, le géant se mit à pâlir et tombe à la renverse. Il était mort.

Le Petit-bonnet-rouge apparut tout de suite et cria: "Bravo, Tit-Jean! Tu as fait de la bonne besogne. A présent, rien ne nous empêche de nous rendre au palais, mon ancienne demeure; et comme j'en connais tous les coins et recoins, nous aurons vite fait de trouver la princesse."

En effet, ils trouvèrent la princesse, qui pleura de joie, en apprenant qu'elle était délivrée des géants monstres. Le Petit-bonnet-rouge-clairvoyant se transporta au château du roi pour annoncer la nouvelle de la délivrance de la princesse. Le roi, rempli de joie, rassembla sa cour et ses armées, et alla chercher Tit-Jean et la princesse, que l'on ramena en triomphe au château. Le roi, selon la promesse donnée, ordonna le mariage tout de suite. Moi, j'étais resté avec le Petit-bonnet-rouge à fêter sa réinstallation en son palais, que les géants lui avaient enlevé. Lorsque je pensai à aller au château, il était trop tard, les noces étaient finies.

#### III. LE DRAGON ET LES NAINS.

*Raconté par M. Bernier.*

Depuis bientôt deux ans, les bruits circulaient qu'une caverne, remplie de nains, gardée par un dragon épouvantable, était habitée quelque part dans le pays. Les nains maraudeurs se répandaient la nuit partout sur les propriétés du roi et causaient des dégâts irréparables.

Le roi avait envoyé des partis armés pour surprendre les petits malfaisants, sans jamais pouvoir les découvrir. Il y avait aussi quelques gens d'armes qui avaient osé s'aventurer à faire des recherches; mais ils avaient de loin aperçu un effroyable dragon et à cette vue ils avaient pris la fuite.

Finalement, le roi lança une proclamation par tout le royaume que celui qui délivrerait le pays de cette calamité, aurait à son choix une des princesses en mariage.

Or il y avait, dans un village, une pauvre famille, le père, la mère et trois garçons. L'aîné dit à son père: "Je suis fort, robuste, et je me sens capable de tenter l'aventure." Il partit un matin avec promesse que, s'il était encore en vie, il reviendrait au bout d'un an et un jour.

Le temps écoulé, comme il ne revenait point, le deuxième des garçons dit à son père: "Je vais aller à la recherche de mon frère." Et lui aussi partit le lendemain avec promesse que, s'il était en vie, il reviendrait au bout d'un an et un jour. Un an et un jour s'écoulèrent et pas plus que le premier celui-ci ne fit son apparition.

Alors le dernier des garçons, Tit-Jean dit à son père: "Je vais moi aussi tenter l'aventure et, en même temps et surtout, je m'occuperai de retrouver mes frères, morts ou vifs." Le père et la mère s'objectèrent à ce départ de leur dernier fils, mais Tit-Jean persista si bien que le lendemain il partait lui aussi pour affronter l'inconnu.

Tit-Jean n'était pas aussi fort que ses frères, mais il avait le courage et l'espoir de mener l'entreprise à bonne fin. Il partit donc, muni de quelques croûtes de pain dans son sac. Après trois jours de marche, il s'assit à l'entrée d'un bois pour manger sa dernière croûte. Il était là, pensif, lorsque tout à coup il vit s'approcher une vieille fée. "Bonjour, Tit-Jean! Comme tu as l'air triste! Est-ce que les choses ne vont pas comme l'on souhaiterait?" — "Non, madame la bonne fée, répondit Tit-Jean. Je suis parti pour chercher mes frères et, si vous ne venez pas à mon secours, je suis bien en peine de les retrouver." — "Je veux bien t'aider, car tu as un bon cœur. Pour arriver à tes frères, qui ont été mis à mort par les petits nains, je vais te donner trois choses: une épée flamboyante pour combattre avec avantage le dragon qui garde l'entrée de la caverne des nains; une serviette pour te procurer à manger, car il te faudra garder toutes tes forces pour le combat à entreprendre; et enfin une petite boîte d'onguent merveilleux, pour frotter tes frères et les ramener à la vie." La bonne vieille fée donna les objets nommés à Tit-Jean et s'en alla.

Tit-Jean partit tout de suite rempli de courage, assuré de la protection de la bonne fée. Après avoir marché trois jours, il s'arrêta. Il aperçut un gros rocher noirci par la fumée. Il n'eut cependant pas le temps de regarder longtemps, car tout à coup il vit venir à lui un

dragon enragé, à qui il sortait des flammèches de feu par ses yeux. Tit-Jean prit vite son épée flamboyante, la mania si bien que, lorsque le dragon arriva à lui, il était presque aveuglé par les éclairs fulgurants de l'épée. Un combat terrible s'engagea, mais à chaque fois que le dragon levait une de ses pattes pour écraser Tit-Jean, celui-ci l'aveuglait avec les étincelles de son épée et en profitait pour darder le monstre, si bien qu'après une couple d'heures de combat, le dragon, se sentant affaibli par la perte de son sang, se retourna pour s'en aller à la caverne. Tit-Jean le poursuivit, l'épée dans les reins, et le darda si fortement que, rendu sur le seuil de la caverne, il s'affaissa, épuisé, et mourut presque aussitôt.

A la vue de leur protecteur mort, les petits nains, qui avaient assisté au combat, s'enfuirent épouvantés à l'intérieur de la caverne et disparurent. Tit-Jean se reposa quelques instants, puis, se levant, il entra dans la caverne. Il eut beau regarder, il ne vit rien, seulement qu'une petite échelle de corde qui menait à une petite ouverture dans la partie supérieure. L'échelle était trop faible pour supporter son poids. Cependant, n'entendant aucun bruit, Tit-Jean s'enhardit et cria: "Eh, là-haut! Vous autres, si vous ne me remettez pas mes frères, je monte pour vous exterminer, tous tant que vous êtes." Il entendit des petits pas empressés, et bientôt une petite voix lui cria. "Guette, Tit-Jean!" — "Envoyez, répondit Ti-Jean." Bang! et un paquet, fraîchement sorti de la saumure, tomba tout près de lui. C'était une jambe. "Guette, Tit-Jean!" — "Envoyez!" Bang! une autre jambe. "Guette, Tit-Jean!" — "Envoyez!" Bang! c'était deux bras attachés ensemble. "Guette, Tit-Jean!" — "Envoyez!" Bang! cette fois, c'était une tête. "Guette, Tit-Jean!" — "Envoyez!" Bang! Le reste du corps arriva aux pieds de Tit-Jean, qui rassembla toutes ses parties et reconnut l'aîné de ses frères. Tit-Jean, n'entendant plus rien, cria comme la première fois: "Eh, là-haut! si vous attendez que je monte pour aller chercher mon autre frère, je vous exterminerai, tous tant que vous êtes." De nouveau, il entendit des petits pas empressés et, comme la première fois, la petite voix se fit entendre, et les parties d'un autre corps humain vinrent tomber en bas. Enfin Tit-Jean put assembler ce nouveau corps, et c'était bien son autre frère.

Alors Tit-Jean prit l'onguent merveilleux, frotta les corps qu'il assemblait et bientôt ses deux frères furent devant lui bien vivants. Après qu'ils eurent témoigné leur joie de se retrouver ensemble, Tit-Jean déplia sa petite serviette, qui se garnit d'aliments de toutes sortes, et ils mangèrent de bon appétit, les frères surtout, car ça faisait longtemps qu'ils n'avaient pas eu un bon repas.

Après avoir pris un peu de repos, Tit-Jean, se levant et s'approchant vis-à-vis de l'ouverture de la partie supérieure de la caverne, cria:

“Eh, là-haut! Descendez, tous tant que vous êtes, ou je vais monter vous exterminer.” Tit-Jean attendit un instant, mais voyant que rien ne remuait, il cria de nouveau et, saisissant son épée flamboyante, il la fit manœuvrer de telle sorte qu’il en faisait jaillir des éclairs d’étincelles. Effrayés, les petits nains se précipitèrent et, se bousculant par l’ouverture, descendirent. Il y en avait bien un millier, que Tit-Jean et ses frères attachèrent quatre par quatre. Ils les attelèrent à une charrette, sur laquelle ils placèrent le corps mort du dragon, et l’on prit le chemin qui menait au château du roi. A cette nouvelle, le roi, transporté de joie, se rendit à la rencontre de Tit-Jean, avec ses généraux et son armée. Enfin son royaume allait être purgé des petits maraudeurs, qui avaient, par toutes sortes de déprédations, détruit animaux et récoltes depuis plusieurs années.

Il va sans dire que Tit-Jean choisit la plus belle princesse du château, et ses frères se marièrent aux deux autres. On envoya un courrier chercher les vieux parents, et l’on fit les plus belles noces qui s’étaient encore vues dans le pays. Quant aux nains, le roi les fit périr par différents supplices. Plus tard, quelques personnes affirmèrent en avoir vu rôder par-ci par-là, mais il faut croire que la race en fut presque détruite du coup, car de nos jours les nains se font voir de plus en plus rarement.

#### 115. LES TROIS RECHANGES.

*Raconté par M. Bernier.*

Tit-Jean avait résolu d’entreprendre un voyage d’aventures. Depuis assez longtemps, à la maison, on le traitait avec mépris. Ses frères, ses sœurs, même son père et sa mère, ne lui ménageaient pas les coups et toutes sortes de mauvais traitements. Il résolut donc de s’éloigner et de chercher à gagner sa vie du mieux qu’il pourrait.

Après avoir marché longtemps, longtemps, il alla s’asseoir un peu découragé, au côté du chemin, car il venait de manger la dernière croûte que sa mère lui avait mise dans un sac avant de partir. Il ne voyait rien qui annonçât que les habitations étaient proches, et le manque de provisions n’était pas sans l’inquiéter et lui causer de l’ennui. Il était là, sur le bord du chemin, à faire d’amères réflexions sur ce que lui réservait l’avenir, lorsque, tout à coup, il crut entendre un bruit. Il leva la tête et aperçut devant lui une petite femme, dont la tête était recouverte d’un voile.

Elle l’interpella par son nom et lui dit: “Tit-Jean, je suis contente de te rencontrer ici. Je sais que tu es bon et brave, et c’est justement un vaillant homme comme toi qu’il nous faut. La princesse du roi a refusé d’épouser le fils du roi du royaume voisin. Le monstre Dégoutant, qui habite dans ce royaume, a juré, pour venger le prince refusé, de venir demain matin dévorer la princesse à la porte du château.

Ce monstre possède beaucoup plus de pouvoir que moi-même, quoique l'on me nomme la fée Puissance. Tout ce que je puis faire pour t'aider, c'est de te donner trois rechanges : une blanche, une bleue et une rouge, avec trois montures de même couleur et avec tous les pouvoirs que je puis leur accorder. Lorsque tu auras combattu une fois avec une couleur, fais attention de changer d'habit et de monture pour le combat suivant; car toute la puissance que j'y aurai mise disparaîtra dans la nuit par les artifices du monstre. Je te fais une recommandation spéciale au sujet de la queue du monstre: c'est avec cette arme redoutable qu'il frappe ses ennemis pendant le combat. Si tu peux éviter ses coups, tu es certain de vaincre. Un dernier mot: en t'en allant par ce chemin, une lieue avant d'arriver au château du roi, tu apercevras une petite cabane. C'est là que tu trouveras tes montures, et où tu devras venir te reposer après le combat de chaque jour."

Sur ces dernières recommandations, la fée disparut et Tit-Jean se leva, bien décidé de risquer sa vie pour une bonne cause plutôt que de mourir de faim. Il marcha longtemps avant d'arriver à la petite cabane, où il entra pour se reposer et passer la nuit. Le lendemain matin, il fut réveillé par une voix qui lui dit de se hâter de se rendre au château.

Tit-Jean se leva, revêtit son habit blanc, se rendit à l'écurie où il trouva, tout harnaché, un beau cheval blanc et un chien de même couleur. Il enfourcha la monture et partit aussi vite que le cheval pouvait aller. Il arriva juste à temps au château pour apercevoir le monstre qui en sortait, entraînant la malheureuse princesse qu'il devait dévorer. Tous les gens du château étaient impuissants à la secourir, car le monstre de sa queue, longue de dix pieds et d'une force formidable, balayait tout sur son passage. En voyant ce spectacle lamentable, Tit-Jean se lança au-devant du monstre pour l'attaquer.

Le monstre, surpris de cette audace, lâcha la princesse et s'apprêta à pulvériser d'un coup de queue l'audacieux qui osait venir se présenter devant lui. Le chien blanc, qui accompagnait Tit-Jean, voyant le mouvement se jeta sur sa queue, mais à l'instant un coup de queue l'envoya rouler à cinquante pieds plus loin. Cependant cela avait suffi. Le voyant occupé à se défendre, Tit-Jean attaquait le monstre et, d'un coup d'épée, lui coupait la queue à trois pieds de sa longueur. Un flot de sang jaillit; le monstre hurla et se cabra en reculant. Tit-Jean profita de ce premier succès et, fonçant sur son terrible adversaire, il lui porta un coup d'épée au front, si bien appliqué que ce dernier fut aveuglé par le sang qui se répandit sur sa face.

Le voyant incapable de se défendre, Tit-Jean continua son attaque, le perçant de plusieurs coups d'épée, si bien que le monstre épuisé demanda grâce, en lui proposant de se rencontrer le lendemain matin. Tit-Jean lui accorda sa demande, pensant que, estropié et affaibli

comme il était, il en viendrait à bout facilement. Le monstre Dégoutant s'éloigna aussi vite que le lui permettaient ses blessures et sa faiblesse.

Dès le commencement du combat, la princesse, se voyant libre, s'était enfuie du côté du château. Dans sa course, elle perdit ses pantoufles, qu'elle ne s'arrêta pas à ramasser, trop heureuse de se voir délivrée du monstre qui l'avait entraînée. Tit-Jean ramassa les pantoufles, remonta sur son cheval et s'enfuit du côté opposé, suivi par son chien blanc, qui était revenu de son étourdissement.

Le roi, la princesse et tous les gens du château avaient suivi le combat avec anxiété. L'enthousiasme avait été grand en voyant les succès du jeune cavalier blanc, qui avait réussi à terrasser le monstre, mais ils éprouvèrent un grand mécontentement de voir que le cavalier lui accordait grâce et le laissait partir.

Tit-Jean arriva à la petite cabane, alla mettre son cheval à l'écurie, le brossa, le soigna, puis entra dans la cabane où il trouva la table dressée et un bon repas qui l'attendait. Après le repas, il aperçut sur le coin de la table une boîte d'onguent merveilleux. Il se frotta les mains et le corps et les égratignures qu'il avait reçues en combattant. Puis il se coucha pour prendre un long repos.

Le lendemain matin, il entendit la même voix que la veille lui dire de se rendre au château, car la jolie princesse courait encore de grands dangers, dont il fallait la sauver. Tit-Jean mit son habit bleu foncé et se rendit à l'écurie. Un beau cheval gris bleu, tout sellé, était prêt. Il enfourcha le cheval et partit à toute vitesse, suivi encore cette fois par un chien de même couleur que le cheval.

Le matin, tout le château avait été mis en émoi par l'annonce que le monstre approchait. Il semblait furieux, enragé, et des nuages de poussière montaient haut derrière lui. La crainte augmenta quand on le vit s'arrêter à la porte du château. Mais bientôt la crainte fit place à l'espérance, car, dans la direction opposée, on vit venir à une vitesse vertigineuse un cavalier. Mais on se demandait si c'était le même que la veille, car celui-ci était vêtu de bleu, monté sur un cheval bleu et suivi d'un chien bleu. Le monstre lui-même ne reconnut pas Tit-Jean et dit: "Ah! ah! celui d'hier n'a pas osé se montrer, il en a eu assez. Mais celui-ci fera aussi bien mon affaire et j'en ferai un bon repas."

Le monstre s'avança au devant du cavalier et le combat s'engagea. Comme la veille, le chien voyant le mouvement de la queue qui s'apprêtait à frapper, sauta dessus, mais comme l'autre chien, il reçut un coup formidable et alla rouler à cinquante pieds plus loin. Tit-Jean profita encore de ce mouvement, il frappa de son épée et écourta encore de trois pieds la queue du monstre. Un flot de sang jaillit de cette nouvelle blessure et l'horrible bête se cabra sous la douleur. Le reste du combat se passa comme la veille, et le vaincu demanda de nouveau grâce jusqu'au lendemain.

Tit-Jean la lui accorda encore une fois et le laissa s'en retourner, se traînant péniblement et perdant beaucoup de sang par chacune des blessures qu'il avait reçues dans le combat. Le roi, qui regardait par la fenêtre, outré de voir que l'inconnu faisait encore grâce à son ennemi, envoya deux gardes pour s'emparer du cavalier et l'emmener au château. Mais déjà Tit-Jean avait disparu à la vue de tous, et les gardes revinrent au château sans pouvoir fournir de renseignement.

En arrivant à la cabane, Tit-Jean mit son cheval à l'écurie, le brossa, le soigna et entra. Comme la veille, il trouva la table mise et un bon repas qui l'attendait. Après avoir bien mangé, il frotta ses blessures avec l'onguent merveilleux et se reposa longuement.

Le lendemain matin, la voix se fit entendre une troisième fois, et Tit-Jean mit son habit rouge, monta sur un cheval rouge, sellé et prêt à partir, et s'en alla suivi d'un chien également rouge. En arrivant près du château, il aperçut le monstre qui l'attendait, plus faible et moins confiant en lui-même, mais résolu à vendre chèrement sa vie. Le chien s'élança le premier, mais, comme les jours précédents, d'un coup du tronçon de la queue le dragon l'envoya rouler dans la poussière. Le reste du combat fut rapide, car le monstre, affaibli par les blessures des jours précédents, ne put résister aux attaques de Tit-Jean. Bientôt, transpercé d'un coup d'épée, il roula sur le sol. A cette vue, le roi envoya de nombreux gardes s'emparer du monstre. Ils le traînèrent dans la cour du château, où il fut écartelé immédiatement.

Le roi avait aussi envoyé des gardes pour amener, de gré ou de force, au château le vaillant cavalier, qui avait si bien combattu contre le ravisseur de la jolie princesse. Mais ceux-ci revinrent seuls. Car l'homme rouge, qui avait tourné bride, partit si vite, comme emporté par le vent, qu'il avait été inutile de le poursuivre.

Tit-Jean arriva à la cabane, soigna son cheval, entra, mangea et s'endormit. En se réveillant, le lendemain, il s'aperçut que tout était changé dans la cabane. Ses habits n'étaient plus là. Il s'en fut voir à l'écurie, les chevaux, les chiens, tout était disparu. Il revint à la cabane et se mit à songer à tout ce qu'il lui était arrivé depuis quelques jours.

Tout à coup la petite fée lui apparut et lui parla ainsi: "Pauvre Tit-Jean, nous sommes tous deux dans une grande détresse pour le moment. Ecoute ce que je vais te raconter. Lorsque ma sœur aînée, la fée Furie, décida d'aller demeurer avec le monstre Dégoutant, que tu as tué en combat, je refusai de la suivre. Elle avait remis au monstre le pouvoir de tout détruire. Je protestai si fort qu'elle me donna en partage les trois rechanges d'habits, de chevaux et de chiens de même couleur qui devaient me mettre, moi et mes protégés, hors d'atteinte des coups mortels du monstre. C'est ce que tu as pu constater dans les combats livrés; les coups formidables de sa queue ne faisaient qu'-

étourdir le chien ou le cheval qu'elle frappait. Ces coups te donnaient l'avantage de commencer les combats et d'obtenir la victoire finale."

"Ma sœur, la fée Furie, inquiète de voir le monstre revenir, chaque soir, avec de nombreuses blessures et une grande perte de sang, se douta que ce ne pouvait être que par le pouvoir de ma protection et de mes rechanges. Elle est venue ici et, profitant de ton sommeil et de mon absence, elle a tout enlevé. Je ne sais ce qui arrivera, lorsqu'elle apprendra la mort de son protégé. Demain le roi fait assembler tous les princes et les seigneurs de son royaume pour tâcher de découvrir le vaillant lutteur qui a délivré la princesse de la mort affreuse dont elle était menacée. Peut-être refusera-t-il de te reconnaître sans ton accoutrement, mais ne perds pas courage. Emporte les pantoufles de la princesse et agis pour le mieux. De mon côté, je chercherai à obtenir un résultat satisfaisant pour tous." Avec ces paroles, la fée disparut.

Le lendemain, Tit-Jean prit les pantoufles et se rendit au château, où il trouva un grand nombre de chevaliers, seigneurs et autres, réunis, et munis de pantoufles de toutes grandeurs et de toute beauté pour se faire accepter par la princesse. Mais, malheureusement pour eux, les pantoufles, trop grandes ou trop petites, ne faisaient point au pied de la princesse. Elle refusa de les reconnaître, l'un après l'autre, pour son sauveur.

Lorsqu'ils virent approcher Tit-Jean, ils sourirent de voir un homme si pauvrement habillé oser venir se faire passer pour celui qui avait combattu le monstre. A la grande surprise de tous, les pantoufles qu'il présentait faisaient aux pieds de la princesse. Celle-ci dit à son père qu'elle croyait reconnaître en Tit-Jean les traits du beau cavalier qui l'avait délivrée.

Le roi refusa de reconnaître le beau cavalier dans Tit-Jean, si pauvrement vêtu. Il le traita d'imposteur et le fit condamner à trois jours de prison au pain et à l'eau. Puis il lui ordonna de prouver dans les quarante-huit heures qu'il était vraiment celui qui avait combattu, en apparaissant devant lui avec les mêmes habits qu'il portait aux combats; ou, sinon, il serait pendu haut et court dans l'enceinte du château.

Les trois jours expirés, Tit-Jean sortit de prison et s'empressa de se rendre à la cabane, où il trouva la petite fée toute joyeuse et souriante. Après son dernier entretien avec Tit-Jean, la fée était allée voir sa sœur. Lorsque la fée Furie avait appris la mort du monstre, son protégé, elle avait eu un tel accès de rage qu'elle était tombée foudroyée. La petite fée avait fait des recherches et avait bientôt retrouvé les trois rechanges, les chevaux et les chiens, et s'en était revenue à sa cabane, où elle attendait, avec impatience, le retour de Tit-Jean. Celui-ci revêtit son habit blanc, monta le cheval blanc et, suivi du chien blanc, se rendit au château.

Malgré les protestations de Tit-Jean et de la princesse, le roi refusa encore de le reconnaître, en disant qu'ils étaient trois et qu'il n'était pas celui qui avait tué le monstre.

Tit-Jean retourna à la cabane, revêtit son habit bleu, monta le cheval bleu et, suivi du chien bleu, retourna au château.

Le roi commençait à se laisser convaincre, mais Tit-Jean avait, avec ses pauvres habits, à sa première visite, fait sur les seigneurs une si mauvaise impression que le roi songeait à le renvoyer ou à remettre le mariage à une date indéfinie.

Tit-Jean revint à la cabane, décidé cette fois à faire la dernière démarche et à forcer le roi à lui donner la princesse en mariage, comme il avait promis de le faire à celui qui sauverait sa fille du grand péril d'être dévorée vivante.

Tit-Jean revêtit son habit rouge, cette fois. La fée revêtit l'habit blanc et fit porter l'habit bleu par un jeune page qu'elle était allée chercher, et tous trois prirent le chemin du château. A la vue de ce bel équipage, le roi et sa suite allèrent au-devant du cortège. Alors Tit-Jean somma le roi de tenir sa promesse et de lui donner sa fille pour épouse.

A cet instant, la princesse arriva et alla se jeter dans les bras de son sauveur, en disant à son père que c'était lui seul qu'elle aimait, et qu'elle n'en épouserait jamais d'autre. Le roi s'excusa de sa très grande incrédulité. Huit jours après, les noces de Tit-Jean avec la princesse avaient lieu au château. Le roi avait fait battre un ban, déclarant ce jour-là fête pour tous les habitants du royaume. La petite fée et le jeune page demeurèrent au château. Tit-Jean succéda au roi dans le gouvernement du royaume et eut un règne des plus heureux. Il eut aussi beaucoup d'enfants, beaucoup d'enfants, tous beaux et braves, qui firent le bonheur de leurs parents et la joie de tous les sujets du royaume.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

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## REPTILE LORE OF THE NORTHERN INDIANS.

BY FRANK G. SPECK.

The scientific observation of nature is not exclusively the achievement of civilized man, though of course exact classification on critical grounds and the historical interpretation of its phenomena are. From time to time ethnologists have noticed how accurate is a certain portion of native knowledge among various tribes concerning plant and animal life. Such knowledge, of course, is to be expected in respect to the habits of the larger animals which furnish food and the materials of industry to primitive man. We expect, for instance, that the Penobscot hunter of Maine will have a somewhat more practical knowledge of the habits and character of the moose than even the expert zoologist. But when we realize how the Indians have taken pains to observe and systematize facts of science in the realm of lower animal life, we may perhaps be pardoned a little surprise.

The whole class of reptiles, in particular, affords no economic benefit to these Indians; they do not eat the flesh of any snakes or batrachians, nor do they make use of other parts except in a very few cases where they serve in the preparation of charms against sickness or sorcery.

The region covered by the information given in this paper is that of the northeastern United States and Canada, occupied by the Montagnais and Naskapi of Labrador, the Micmac and Malecite of New Brunswick, and the Penobscot of Maine. The fauna of the whole region is typical of the Canadian life-zone. Only the genera of *Thamnophis*, *Tropidonotus*, *Ophibolus*, *Liopeltis*, *Diadophis* and *Storeria* are represented within these borders; and all but the first, so far as has been ascertained, are restricted to the southern confines.

Since there are no venomous snakes in the territory inhabited by these tribes, the natives have no reason for ascribing venomous properties to reptiles. On the other hand, salamanders are generally believed to possess poisonous properties in the form of exudations from the skin.

Such as they are, let us now consider the main outlines of northern ethno-herpetology. In the matter of classification we find that there are generic terms for the different orders of reptiles and descriptive specific terms for further subdivisions.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In presenting the data I shall give the cognate terms in the several Wabanaki dialects and their etymological analyses where these are possible. It should be noted, however,

In Penobscot, and St. Francis Abenaki, *skuk* denotes snake in general. In Malecite the term is *at'hosis*, in Micmac *mléskəm*.

The Penobscot know the following local species:

*sakədjawi-khəzít skuk* (striped snake) Garter snake (*Thamnophis sirtalis*)

*wi-zəwi-bágedje's-u* (yellow wanderer) Green Snake (*Liopeltis vernalis*)

*me'kaze'wigít skuk* (black snake) Black snake (*Zamenis constrictor*)

*nəbi-'k-e* (water inhabitant) Water snake (*Tropidonotus fasciata sip-edon*)

*mek-'skada-'sít* (red bellied) Ring-neck snake (*Diadophis punctatus* and *Storeria occipitomaculata*)

*eləpskahə'zít skuk* (spotted snake) Milk snake (*Ophobolus dolius* *triangulus*)

The latter creature is considered distinctly beautiful by the Penobscot, but it is rare in the Penobscot Valley. In the southern part of Maine, however, where the Wabanaki territory formerly extended, the species is somewhat more common.

The rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) is not known at first hand by the Penobscot or their neighbors. They know the reptile by hearsay as *si-'si-k we* (rattle). The same term, with slight phonetic variation, denotes the species as far west as the Ojibwa of Ontario, so we may infer that the name is an old one in this group of tribes. The reptile terms among the Malecite are cognate with those just given, differing only in phonetics, so I will not make place for them here.

In regard to Montagnais snake-lore there is little to say, since in their boreal habitat these Indians only know two species, the Garter snake and the Green snake, under the generic *atsine'bik'* which I make out to mean literally "cruising about in the water." Other bands of Montagnais use the term *manlóc*, whose varied meanings I will consider later. The former reptile is fairly abundant in the Lake St. John drainage area. In particular the island in Lake St. John known as Isle aux Coulevres, "Isle of Snakes," is said by the Indians to have been inhabited by great numbers of Garter Snakes. But they have now been

that in general the generic names are very ancient, and, so far as the modern languages are concerned are oftentimes no more capable of analysis or explanation than the names of most animals in English. I have, however, consulted several of the oldest men in each of the tribes from which the material comes, and feel reasonably safe in saying that at the present day so far as this area is concerned we cannot hope to go much further in this particular topic. The tribes included in the area from which the data come are the Penobscot, of the Penobscot Valley in Maine; the Malecite of the St. John River, New Brunswick; the Micmac of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and the Montagnais of the southern Labrador peninsula and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It seems needless to state that among these tribes, in the order mentioned, reptile-lore diminishes in quantity from south to north. Similar studies made among linguistically related tribes to the south should be interesting, but such material has not yet been collected.

largely killed off, and although I have been eager to secure specimens, to determine possible variations in these far northern forms, I have not as yet been able to do so because my travelling in this region has, in recent years, been almost entirely during the winter time.

An interesting fact in the animal-lore of the Montagnais is the homonymy of worm, snake and insect, which are all designated by the single term *mantóc* "little spirit (power)," and in Penobscot, too, *awhán-dosis* "little spirit." The same term covers the idea of spirit and insect. A similar extension of meaning occurs among the Ojibwa, who are rather close ethnic relatives of the Montagnais, and strangely we encounter it again in the terminology of the Sioux. Comparison need not stop here as far as identification of reptile and worm is concerned; the Santee, one of the eastern bands of Sioux, designate by the term *wabádúcka* both the snake and the earthworm. The Teton band, however, specifies the Garter snake by this term, and then generalizes snake by the term *zuzúhelca*. I believe we are entitled to conclude from the confusion of these terms that originally the natives classified worms and snakes as kin. There are also some interesting supplementary data from the Massachusetts Indian dialect. John Eliot gives *askook* as snake and also as worm.<sup>1</sup> St. Francis Abanaki likewise denotes worm as *skuks*, diminutive for *skuk* (snake). And in this connection one might mention that the expression *k'o'kwis ala'gadis*, a common obscene derogative used among the people today, is derived from the older form *skúksis wala'guk wudji* "(You are) a little worm in a hole in the ground." The Penobscot, on the other hand, differentiate between snake (*skuk*) and worm (*wedi*).

It should be added that the Montagnais really have so little to do with snakes that the only use to which they are put is as a cure for rheumatism, for which the skin of a snake is necessary. These people of the north do not fear snakes. They sometimes put them inside their shirts and carry them about.

Batrachian lore is perhaps a little richer and more involved with fancy among these tribes. In Penobscot, frog in general is termed *tcagwa'lus*, in Malecite *tcagwíls*. Specifically I find that the Penobscot identify the Leopard frog (*Rana palustris*) and the Pickerel frog (*Rana pipiens*) by the general term. Bullfrog, in the same dialect, is *kaba'lám*, a term derived from the native idea of the creature's voice, rather characteristically represented, to say the least. The Changeable Tree-toad (*Hyla versicolor*) is known as *karwa'sóni*. *tcagwa'lsis* "little wind-fall frog," because in this region the Indians regard them as denizens of the dense wind-falls which choke the Swamps. Pickerel's Tree-toads are known as *nabi'zak* "little waters," meaning that they are little inhabitants of the water. These last two species are

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Old South Leaflets No. 52, "The Indian Grammar Begun," John Eliot.

regarded as close relatives and are often spoken of as "water whistlers." My informant among the Penobscot said incidentally that he had often heard the old people assert that the whistling of the Hyla was the voice of a snake. They seem not to know, so far as I could learn, that the Hyla is subject to color change. The Malecite term the bullfrog (*Rana catesbiana*) *adagélmusk*, a descriptive term for which I could obtain no explanation. The small Hylas are known to this tribe as *ádjiwisk*, and to the neighboring Passamaquoddy as *ádjolisk*, both terms evidently incapable of analysis from present available sources. I imagine, however, again that they are derived from the Indian idea of the creature's voice. In Micmac "frog" in general appears as a term of similar onomatopoeitic origin, *atsqóltic*. Apparently these tribes do not hear batrachian voices with the same values.

Penobscot hunters say that when the tree-toads utter their call in the fall it is time to begin to hunt moose by calling with the birch-bark horn. The body of the toad is used in medicine. A live toad is sewed in a bag and put over the place where a pain is felt. It is believed that the creature will "inhale" all the pain and that, when he quiets down after his first efforts to escape, he has succeeded in absorbing the pain. The same tribe has a belief that if a turtle bites a person he will not let go until the thunder sounds again. One is tempted to wonder whether this belief was original with the Indians or not. My informant, a man of over seventy years of age, asserted that he had heard the belief expressed in the Indian language by old men when he was a boy. Another belief is that the heart taken from a living turtle and swallowed raw while still throbbing will prevent a warrior from being wounded during battle. In proof of this belief the Penobscot of today will point to an old man on Indian Island whose name was Lola Coley. At the opening of the Civil War he enlisted, but before departing from the Island he performed the above rite at the instigation of some of the old men. Coley campaigned through the entire rebellion and never received a scratch.

The toad, in Penobscot, is *más-ke*, which means "smelly," "dirty," based on the repulsion which the Indians feel toward it. In talking over the life metamorphosis of the batrachians with the older Indians, I found that they were mystified by the origin of the toad. They do not seem to be aware of the toad's pollywog stage, although, as we shall see in a moment, they are perfectly aware of the life change from tadpole to frog. The toad's peculiar spring voice is, however, distinguished by the natives from other voices in the ponds. The Malecite denote toad as *amnisk'tca'sit*, and the Montagnais call it *déli'k*, which I cannot analyze. We must however give the Indians here credit for having observed the life transformation in the frog group. This knowledge is apparent in the Penobscot term *agwalágad-*

*jis-u* which means literally "something which turns into some other creature." In the Malecite dialect the cognate term is *kwülkwädjäs*. As to whether this fact in nature was known to the ancient people, the terms just given speak for themselves.

For the salamander, the Penobscot and Malecite term is *akadálak'usis* "little repulsive creature," the term no doubt being related to the familiar ejaculation of surprise common to these dialects *akadále!* The corresponding Micmac form is *tágtaloq*. The type form, to the Indians, is the Spotted Salamander (*Amblystoma punctatum*). Another species is also described but I could not identify it. The Spotted Newt (*Diemyctylus viridescens*) is called in Penobscot *aqwi-lóbe'sis* and in Malecite *kwilo'pes*, meaning "searching for water." I have previously mentioned that the salamanders are correctly regarded as poisonous creatures. The poisonous effect is not attributed to the bite, but to the fluid secretion from the skin.<sup>1</sup> To see this, the Indians say, throw a salamander into a kettle of boiling water, whereupon the white secretion will cover the body. In Maine the Indians have a tale which relates how eighteen men in a lumber camp died after having drunk from a pail of water into which a salamander had crawled. Another story illustrating the knowledge of the qualities of the skin secretion is in brief as follows. An Indian healer named Koklo'no was challenged by a white doctor to submit to the test of the white man's versus the Indian's knowledge of concocting poison. The white doctor prepared his poison, and Koklo'no prepared his by putting a salamander in hot water. The two met on horseback at a certain point where each had placed a cup of his poison, and each drank the other's preparation, turned about and rode as fast as possible for home to take an emetic. The white doctor died as he reached his own doorstep, while Koklono managed to swallow the purgative which he had prepared, and survived.

The tortoise group is designated in Penobscot by the term *dólabe*; Abenaki of St. Francis, *tolebá*. This does not lend itself to definite analysis. Cognate variants of this term were known among the Indians south through the middle Atlantic states. It must be a very archaic expression.<sup>3</sup> In Malecite and Micmac we find the term

<sup>1</sup> Some discussion of this interesting characteristic in batrachian life is given by Gadow, *Amphibia and Reptiles*, 37-8 (Cambridge, 1909).

<sup>2</sup> *Dólabe* designates the wood tortoise (*Chelopus insculptus*) of which I have a specimen taken as far north as St. John River, N. B. "Terrapin" is evidently a derivative from some southern Algonkian cognate, probably in Virginia or Delaware, cf. *Handbook of Amer. Indians*, Bull. 30, Vol. II, Bureau of Amer. Ethnology, P. 734. Dr. Chamberlain wrote the article from which I quote: "Whitaker (Good News from Virginia, 42, 1613) speaks of 'the torope or little turtle.'" Campanius (1645) gives the word for tortoise in the Delaware dialect of New Jersey as *tulpa* or *turpa*; Rasles (1691) gives for turtle in Abenaki, *turebe*; Eliot (Levit. xi, 29) renders tortoises by *toonuppasog* in the Massachusetts dialect. Lawson (Natural History of Carolina, 133, 1709) has *terebius*. Beverley (Vir-

*tcik'wna'kic* "shelled" which locally is applied to the Snapping-turtle (*Chelydra serpentina*). The Penobscot call the Snapping-turtle *ktci-do'labe* "big turtle." The northern Indians eat the eggs of these creatures and sometimes, when hard pressed, also the meat. In addition to the Snapping-turtle, the Penobscot identify a mud-turtle as *skugi.'kana'kwes* "snake shelled." The only explanation offered for this expression by the Indians, is that it is named after the snake so that it will not be eaten by mistake for the Snapping-turtle. I could not learn whether the other northern tribes identified other species of the tortoise.

We find that northern Algonkian herpetology teaches that sympathetic influences are active through things and ideas and names. Hence in the practice of therapeutics, a snake-skin, according to Penobscot belief, becomes a cure for rheumatism when worn bound around the affected part. Such a skin must have been taken from a living snake. The idea is no doubt derived from the feeling, in the native mind, that a creature with so pliable a frame is not only free from stiffness himself, but that contact with him can cure stiffness in others. Similarly, a snake-skin, the Malecite say, worn around the head or on the hat-band, will ward off enemies. A snake's tongue taken from a living snake, dried and carried about, will both cure and prevent a toothache. Further south the Mohegan and the Iroquois believe that a toothache can be cured by gently biting the body of a living Green snake. One common belief, almost universal in North America and likewise encountered in the region we are dealing with, is that myths and tales are not to be related in the summer time. Here this is said to be lest snakes crawl into the offender's bed-clothing. Evidently this belief rationalizes the usage of postponing story-telling until the long nights of winter time.

ginia 151, 1722) speaks of "a small kind of turtle or *tarapins*." I have encountered the word *tulipás* among the last Mohegan-speaking Indians of Connecticut, and the same form survived among the Scattacook remnants on the Housatonic River, Conn. Cf. J. D. Prince and F. G. Speck, "Dying American Speech Echoes from Connecticut," *Proc. Amer. Philosophical Society*, VI, xlii, No. 174 (1904) p. 351. An interesting note on the name is given by R. C. Murphy in reference to the local form of Long Island, N. Y. (Cf. Copeia, July 24, 1916 No. 33, p. 58). "The name by which the snappers are known along the south shore is 'torup.' At Mastic, according to Mr. Francis Harper, at least one fisherman used to capture them and sell to the Poosepatuck Indians who prize the flesh." Mr. Murphy proceeds to mention finding a carapace of a freshly eaten snapper near one of the Poosepatuck cabins. I have visited these Indian remnants myself and obtained another name from one of the headmen, Mahse Bradley, now long dead. His term was *muchik*. M. R. Harrington found among the Shinnecock, close by, the term *matcik* which he also learned independently from the Poosepatuck (Cf. Shinnecock Notes, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. xvi (1903) p. 39. The latter is also an interesting term. It is probably cognate with *ktci-kənaktic* of Penobscot but is still closer to Passamaquoddy *miktik* and Micmac *miktiktic*, Ojibwa *mikinak*, Cree *misikinak* (La Combe, *Dictionnaire et Grammaire de la Langue des Cris*, 1871).

Snake-lore should not be passed by without mention of the game of snow-snake, played by the northern Indians. In this game throwing sticks, several feet long, carved in the shape of reptiles, were hurled down a path prepared in the snow at times when there was a crust, and gambling was carried on by bets being placed on the distances covered by the sticks. This game was accompanied by songs which treated of the snake characteristics. Incidentally there is little doubt that this game was due to diffusion from the Iroquois, and that it is related to the southern game of "chungke."

Again, there is a constellation, which I believe is Cassiopeia, known as the Serpent. A snake dance, in origin possibly a celestial pantomime, is also indulged in at times on the Penobscot reservation. It resembles our children's game of "snap the whip."

A number of Wabanaki myths are related of the animals we have been considering. A Penobscot tale tells how the transformer, Gluskabe, once came upon a village of Indians who were dancing so much that he transformed them into snakes. It should be noted that in dances among the Wabanaki tribes south of the St. Lawrence the leader carries a rattle which he shakes as the accompaniment to the dance song. In consequence, the dancers mentioned became rattlesnakes. Hence the origin of the rattlesnakes, which, as I have remarked, are known only by hearsay among these tribes. Another instance of mythical transformation is Gluskabe's conquest of a monster frog, which is said to have lived near Chesuncook Lake, Maine, and which held back in his belly all the waters of the world while the people were dying of thirst. By ridding the world of this monster the hero also released the world-waters for the benefit of human beings. Some of the latter, however, were so eager to relieve their thirst, that they plunged into the torrent and became transformed into fish and amphibians, which in turn became the ancestors of these creatures of the present. The frogs of today are, to these Indians, the offspring of the fragments of their mythical prototype and are treated with respect, lest they again cause a disturbance of the water supply by causing either a flood or a drought.

The toad also figures in a tale of the transformation of two beautiful girls who ridiculed Gluskabe at a dance. He willed that they should be transformed into the most repulsive of creatures, from which originated the race of toads. The Ontario Ojibwa similarly account for the small snakes inhabiting the world today, by explaining how the monster world-snake, when destroyed by his enemy the thunder and lightning, was reduced to small particles which wriggled away and escaped.

The turtle, or tortoise, is a favorite figure of Wabanaki mythology. The keynotes of his character are his slowness and lack of humor.

A Penobscot tale relates how he acquired his hard and plated shell. This peculiarity is explained by a story which tells how the turtle, originally a handsome suitor of the daughter of the Great Auk, chief of the birds, failed to follow his uncle's directions in a contest in which the different suitors were to jump over the top of Auk's wigwam. The turtle failed and found himself caught among the wigwam poles, where the Auk allowed him to stay until he was scorched, encysted and cracked by the heat and smoke of the fire beneath.

## ESKIMO STRING FIGURES.<sup>1</sup>

BY D. JENNESS.

The following article is the appendix to a much longer paper which, it is hoped, will appear at some future date in the series of ethnological reports of the Southern Party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition. The paper will describe and illustrate a large collection of string figures that were gathered by myself from the Eskimos of Siberia, Alaska, Mackenzie Delta and Coronation Gulf. The numerals used in the present article coincide with those in the larger paper, but have here been expressed in Arabic form.

Besides the scanty material that has been already published I have used two unpublished collections of string figures, one from the Maritime Chukchee of Siberia, the other from Cumberland Gulf on Baffin Island and from the west coast of Hudson Bay. The former collection was submitted to me by Captain Joseph Bernard, who induced a few Chukchee during the summer of 1921 to sew some of their figures on paper. The other collection, which was likewise sewn on cardboard, was obtained by Captains Mutch and Comer many years ago for Dr. Boas, who had them deposited in the American Museum of Natural History. I take this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of Captain Bernard and Dr. Boas in allowing me to make use of their collections.

### *A. Eskimo Beliefs concerning String Figures.*

Among nearly all Eskimo tribes there were various superstitions concerning string figures, although for the most part they have disappeared under the influence of Europeans. From Kotzebue Sound, in Alaska, to Kent Peninsula, at the eastern end of Coronation Gulf, there was a taboo against playing the game except in the winter, when the sun no longer rose above the horizon. The Eskimos of Alaska and the Mackenzie Delta have long since abandoned this taboo, and the game has become a pastime for every season of the year; but in Coronation Gulf it was observed, though not very rigidly, down to the year 1916. Thus a woman showed me some new figures in the summer of 1915, but remarked that we ought to postpone playing the game until the winter. In the same summer a girl who was showing me some figures carefully closed the door of the tent in order that the sun might not shine in on us; for the Eskimos of this region base their

<sup>1</sup> Published by permission of the Victoria Museum, Ottawa, Ont.

taboo on a legend that the sun once beheld a man playing cat's cradles and tickled him. In the autumn of 1915 my half-breed interpreter was making some figures before the sun had disappeared, and an old man accused him of causing all the blizzards that were raging at the time. Dr. R. M. Anderson informs me that while some Coppermine River natives were making string figures in his tent during the spring of 1910 a curious noise was heard outside, and the Eskimos immediately laid aside their strings and filed quietly outside. His Alaskan interpreter then told him they thought an evil spirit had come amongst them because they were violating the taboo.

This last superstition resembles the Alaskan belief, that there is a definite spirit associated with string figures. The same superstition was evident again in a shamanistic séance that took place in Dolphin and Union Strait during the winter of 1915. It was not at all prominent among the Copper Eskimos, however, and there is a strong probability that it was introduced by some western natives within comparatively recent times. In Alaska, on the other hand, many stories are told about this spirit of string figures, which could even become the guardian spirit of a shaman. It was thought to reveal its presence by a peculiar sound like the crackling of dry skins, and it made string figures with its own intestines or with an invisible cord. At Cape Prince of Wales, the Eskimos believed that Opening A would drive it away, if the proper words were uttered; but in other parts of Alaska there was a special figure for the purpose. A mere pretence at making the figure was enough, if no string were available; but if the movements were not made every inmate of the house would be paralyzed and die.

The following story about this spirit was narrated by a woman of Cape Prince of Wales:

"On the site of Tin City (a deserted tin mine near Cape Prince of Wales) there once lived a boy who spent all his evenings in making string figures. One evening, as he was amusing himself with his usual pastime, the spirit of cat's cradles entered the house, drew forth its own intestine and began to make the figures also. The mother of the boy snatched the string from her son's hands, exclaiming, "I told you not to be always playing that game." Sitting down on the floor opposite the spirit she made Opening A, unmade it, made it again, again unmade it, then, with the exclamation "I've raced you," quickly made the figure for the third time and flourished it in the intruder's face. The spirit shuffled nearer the door, and the woman shuffled after it, each striving to outdo the other in manipulating the string. At last the spirit vanished through the door — the woman's presence of mind had saved both her son and herself."

From Alak, a North Alaskan Eskimo who lived on the Noatak River during his youth, came these two stories:

"The Noatak River Eskimos once constructed a dance-house and gathered inside to practise their dances before sending out runners to invite their neighbours to the festival. Another boy and myself were sent to bring in more food, and while we were absent some of the children created a great uproar, despite the warnings of the older people. Everything seemed normal when I returned, but suddenly there was a sharp report outside the house, and a noise like the crackling of dry skins. The sound travelled around the house until it reached the door, which was merely an opening covered by a curtain of skin. Presently a stream of mist began to pour in, and behind it, concealed by the mist, the spirit of string figures entered the room. The lamps at first flared brightly, then slowly grew dimmer and dimmer. We sat motionless, paralyzed with fear. One by one the lamps went out and no one stirred, although now and then an old man would cry, "Will no one go out?" The house grew darker and darker, and my grandfather, who was sitting on one of the benches, called me over to his side. I ran quickly, for I was very frightened, and my grandfather placed me on his knee. Nearly all the lamps had gone out when an old man suddenly rushed outside with one of them and raced around the house. The air outside extinguished his lamp, but the people relit it, and then all the other lamps. The spirit disappeared, and everything seemed normal again; but presently the old man's hands grew very cold and he sat dumb and motionless. His brother asked him what was the matter, but he could not answer. Then some shamans who were present invoked their magic powers, and in the morning the old man was able to move about again, although his speech did not return to him until some time afterwards. Had he not carried out one of the lamps before they were all extinguished, every one of us would have been paralyzed and would have died.

"I knew also of two men who lived in another settlement on the Noatak River. They did not believe in a spirit of string figures, but said they originated from two stars, *ayyuk*, which are visible only when the sun has returned after the winter night. One of these men was inside a dance-house when a flood of mist poured in through the curtain door. His two companions rapidly made and unmade the figure "Two Labrets," uttering the usual formula that goes with it; but the mist kept pouring in. Presently it cleared a little, and between the door and themselves they discerned the form of an old man who was moving his hands as though we were making string figures; nor could the men drive him away, despite the persistency with which they made "Two Labrets." The lamp was slowly going out when the sceptic caught it up, raced around the house with it and returned inside again. The figure vanished as soon as he rushed towards the door. Both the sceptic's companions were shamans, and by their magic they saved the man from any evil consequences."

From Aqsiataq, a Colville River Eskimo, comes the following account:

"I was a young boy at the time, and staying inside the house with my mother. We heard a loud crackling sound outside as though a number of dried skins were shaking in the wind. My mother immediately ran outside and raced around the house. When she came in again she told me that the sound had been made by the spirit of string figures. We listened again for a time, but the noise was not repeated.

"Certain shamans can control this spirit. I once saw a shaman extend his hands as though he were holding out a string figure, yet no cord could be seen on his fingers. Some of the men laid their belts over the invisible cord, and their belts remained suspended in the air."

The Eskimos of Hudson Bay have a slightly different belief from their kinsmen in Alaska. According to Captain Comer <sup>1</sup> the natives of Iglulik play cat's cradles in the fall when the sun is going south, to catch it in the meshes of the string and so prevent its disappearance. Again, the same authority states <sup>2</sup> that on the west coast of Hudson Bay "boys must not play cat's cradle, because in later life their fingers might become entangled in the harpoon-line. They are allowed to play this game when they become adults. Two cases were told of hunters who lost their fingers in which the cause was believed to be their having played cat's cradle when young. Such youths are thought to be particularly liable to lose their fingers in hunting ground-seal." Among the Copper Eskimos, as well as farther west, young and old play alike; indeed the parents take a special delight in teaching their young children.

### *B. Distribution of Eskimo String Figures.*

Several facts have to be borne carefully in mind when studying the distribution of the figures in this collection. In the first place the number of ways in which the string is manipulated is limited, and slightly different combinations of the same movements will produce entirely different results. Hence new figures, which are only slight modifications of figures previously known, are liable to arise at any time; they may retain the old names and entirely supersede the older figures, or they may exist alongside of them but be given new interpretations. From many regions only the completed figures are known, and these may sometimes be made in two or three ways. It is therefore very difficult to determine what figures are genetically connected, and still more difficult to decide which should be assigned the priority.

Another point to be remembered is that the Eskimos of different

<sup>1</sup> Boas, F., *The Eskimos of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay*. Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XV, part 1, p. 151.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.*, p. 161.

regions have come into much closer contact with one another during the last few generations. In the Mackenzie Delta, for example, one may today find representatives of Siberian, central Alaskan, north Alaskan, and Coronation Gulf Eskimos living alongside of, or married to, Mackenzie natives proper. String figures are very easily passed on from one tribe to another, and their distribution in pre-European times can hardly have been quite the same as it is today.

Another difficulty to be encountered is the practical impossibility of securing an absolutely complete collection from any one region. I believe that my north Alaskan and Coronation Gulf collections are as nearly exhaustive as could well be obtained, and my Mackenzie Delta collection only a little less so; but the collections from the eastern Eskimos, as well as those from Central Alaska and from Siberia, are fragmentary only. The mere fact that a certain figure has not been recorded from these latter places is no evidence that it is unknown there. On the other hand, if it appears in central Alaska, but nowhere between north Alaska and Coronation Gulf, it is almost certain that it is unknown in those regions at the present time; it may, of course, have been forgotten there, and will recur farther east in Hudson Bay, but the probabilities are against this supposition. Similarly, a figure that occurs in Hudson Bay or in Coronation Gulf, but has not been found either in the Mackenzie Delta or in north Alaska, is probably absent also in central Alaska and in Siberia. Exceptions are always liable to occur, but on the whole these principles will be found fairly accurate.

The table given below does not include all the figures that have been gathered by others from the Chukchee, central Alaskan and Hudson Bay regions, but only those for which I have parallels from the Eskimos between Alaska and Coronation Gulf. The column "Eastern Eskimos" includes the figures obtained by Boas from Hudson Bay and Cumberland Sound, together with the five recorded by Kroeber from Smith Sound. All tricks and figures requiring the cooperation of two people have been omitted, because they have not been recorded outside of the region from north Alaska to Coronation Gulf.

*Distribution of Figures.*

(a, Chukchee; b, Siberian Eskimo; c, Central Alaska; d, North Alaska; e, Mackenzie Delta; f, Coronation Gulf; g, Eastern Eskimo.)

1.      c d e f g (c, caribou; d-g, brown bears)
2.              e      (two caves)
3.              e      g (e, bear and cave; g, one who is sent out)
4.      c d e f g (c, rabbits, caribou; d, mountain sheep; e, f, brown bear; g, *nepetakjew*)
5.      c              (c, caribou)

6. d e (d, e, bear and cubs)  
 7. d (d, bear and shaman)  
 8. d e (dog and sled)  
 9. a b e f (a, mice (?); b, man and moose (141?) e, dog and ordure;  
 f, bird and noose; g, *nighatchea* (?))  
 10. d (platform)  
 11. f (evil spirit)  
 12. f (man and sled)  
 13. b d e f (b, deer and sled (14); d, man with seal; e, man and  
 beluga; f, knife)  
 14. (See 13)  
 15. c d e f (c, trap; d, little finger; e, f, anus)  
 16. d (little finger)  
 17. c d e f (youths)  
 18. d e f (dogs feeding)  
 19. d (man and dog)  
 20. d (adze) ermine)  
 21. a c d f g (a, *kapear*; c, red fox; d, beaver; f, wolverine; g,  
 22. e (open door)  
 23. c d e f (c-e, labrets; f, stones)  
 24. c d e f g (c, e, f, g, caribou; d, rabbit)  
 25. d (caribou in willows)  
 26. a c d e f g (a, *midliktillik*, rabbit?; c-g, rabbit)  
 27. b d f g (raven)  
 28. b c d e f g (b, dog; c-f, wolf; g, wolf?)  
 29. a b d e f g (a, d-g, fox; b, dog)  
 30. c d e f (dog)  
 31. a c d e f g (arms)  
 32. c d e f g (c, seagull?; d-f, man and kayak; g, *kutakjew*)  
 33. c d e f g (c, lake fish (34); d, spirit of lake; e, mammoth; f,  
 mammoth?, fish nibbling, and hook (34); g, mam-  
 moth?)  
 34. (See 33)  
 35. d e f (d, child at breast; e, door post; f, lamp stick)  
 36. a c d e f g (a, whale's head?; c, d, shovel; e, *pikcukatciak*; f, up-  
 raised arms; g, shears?)  
 37. d e f (scapulae)  
 38. d f (d, men meeting; f, two ribs)  
 39. d e (d, burbot; e, no name)  
 40. d (bow)  
 41. a d e f g (a, marark; d-g, hair pulling; f, (42))  
 42. (See 41)  
 43. a d e f g (a, poke; d-g, beluga; g, also narwhal)  
 44. f (seal)  
 45. d e f (gullet)  
 46. d e f (d, walrus (59); e, caribou scapulae; f, caribou head)  
 47. d e (fish net)  
 48. b c d e g (b, kayaker, (136); c-e, g, kayak)

49.       d e g (d, bear; e, brown bear; g, *sissiwatto*)
50.       c d e (c, duck; d, longspur; e, eagle (51))
51. (See 50)
52.       e f g (e, water-carrier; f, water-carrier, g, *eglootooto*)
53.       f (*yaraïye*)
54.       e f g (e, f, musk-oxen; g, ground mole)
55.       e f (bull caribou)
56.       e f g (e, mountain sheep; f, caribou stomach; g, seal entrails)
57.       e f (fawns)
58.       e f (sea gulls)
59. (See 46)
60.       c d (c, house, boat; d, boat)
61.       d (bears and caves)
62.       b (tangarot)
63.       d (rocks)
64.       d (whale)
65.       e (dance house)
66.       f (wolves)
67.       f (mouse)
68.       f (lemmings)
69.       f (kidneys)
70.       e f (sculpin)
71.       f (lamp)
72.       f (butterflies)
73.       d e f (squirrel)
74.       b c d e (b, d, e, snapping head; c, snapping head?)
75.       d e (children)
76.       d f (hips)
77.       b c d (b, shaman; c, phlegm; d, tongue)
78.       c d e f g (c, *torvaq*; d, snowshoes; e, seal; f, sealers; g, *gowat-cheak*)
79.       d (bear skin)
80. a b (a, *okwamtuli*; b, woodcarrier)
81. a c d (man and woman)
82.       f (*umiliaktoryuk*)
83.       b e f (b, e, harpooner; f, vulva)
84.       b e (b, man chewing; e, caribou tongue)
85.       e g (platter)
86.       d (man chewing)
87.       d (seal net)
88.       d e f g (trousers)
89.       d (bow)
90.       f (thighs)
91.       c d (c, rabbit; d, turnstone)
92.       d (house)
93.       f (hips)
94.       f g (f, *qongaq*; g, hill and ponds)
95.       d e f (d, dog; e, f, fox)

96. d (bleeding<sup>†</sup>heel)  
 97. d e f (bird and animal)  
 98. f (dog)  
 99. f (musk-ox calf)  
 100. f (fox)  
 101. a b c d e f g (a, fox-skin; b, squirrel; c-g, ermine)  
 102. d e (brant)  
 103. f (ermine)  
 104. b f (b, walrus poke; f, dog at seal-hole)  
 105. d (*sipsalosin*)  
 106. f (mouth)  
 107. c d (c, kidneys; d, seal holes)  
 108. d (knife)  
 109. d (butterfly)  
 110. d (child)  
 111. d (child)  
 112. a c d e f g (a, dance?; c, children and sled; d, children and bear;  
 e, f, dancers and drum (104); g, Eskimos and drum?)  
 113. (See 112)  
 114. (See 112)  
 115. d e f (d, f, shaman; e, shaman?)  
 116. e (mice)  
 117. d e f g (pack)  
 118. d e f g (d, dripping water; e, *mikigatciaq*; f, g, suspended ob-  
 ject)  
 119. a e (a, wild reindeer?; e, lynx)  
 120. f (cliff)  
 121. f (bird)  
 122. f (man falling)  
 123. f (dog)  
 124. b (walrus)  
 125. d (nest)  
 126. c e (c, stairs?; e, mountains)  
 127. b d e f (b, sleeper; d, man; e, snares; f, loon (128))  
 128. (See 127)  
 129. c d e f (c, e, f, sun and mountains; d, moon and mountains)  
 130. d e f (mountains)  
 131. b c (b, rats; c, dogs)  
 132. f (sticks)  
 133. d e f g (poke)  
 134. d e (woman with pack)  
 135. d (fish)  
 136. a b c d (a, man in canoe; b, kayaker and mountains; c,  
 clothes line; d, mountains)  
 137. a d e f g (a, bear-skin; d-g, bear)  
 138. a b d (a, dead raven; b, d, man hanging)  
 139. d e f g (swan)  
 140. f (*akulugyuk*)

141. (See 9)  
 142.       d   f   (d, duck-spear; f, tent)  
 143.   b c d       (b, old-squaw ducks; c, d, ptarmigan)       (145)  
 144.   b   d e f   (b, woman eating; d, pot boiling (145); e, f, dog's anus)  
 145. (See 144)  
 146.       e       (tent)  
 147.       c d e f   (c, e, f, closed door; d, no name)  
 148.       c d e f g (chest bones)  
 149.       c       (wolverine)  
 150.       d       (bag net)  
 151.       e f g (*usuk*)  
 152.       f       (false knot)

Perhaps the most striking feature about this table is the large number of figures that are known to nearly all Eskimo tribes outside of Greenland and Labrador, the two places from which no figures at all have as yet been recorded. It would seem to be a reasonable assumption that any figure known from Hudson Bay to northern Alaska is or was known at some time in central Alaska (probably also to the Siberian Eskimos), thus giving a continuous distribution throughout the Eskimo tribes of North America. Such figures are clearly very ancient, but until we discover that they are found in Danish Greenland, or among Indian or Siberian tribes, it would be unwise to assign too remote a period for their origin. Undoubtedly the Eskimos were accustomed to make string figures from the very earliest times, but any of those now known might easily have arisen during the last few hundred or a thousand years and been handed on from one tribe to another.

At least twenty-four figures are found from Alaska to Hudson Bay;<sup>1</sup> probably the number is greater still, since no collection from any area is absolutely complete. Of these, eleven are found also among the Chukchee.<sup>2</sup> There is nothing to show whether they arose in Asia or in America, or some in one continent and some in the other; but unless future researches show them to be equally wide-spread in northern Asia the presumption must be that the majority at least originated with the Eskimos and spread from them to the Chukchee.

Of figures that appear in one locality alone the table shows sixty-nine examples. Some of these will no doubt be discovered in other regions, but this decrease in the number will be more than counter-balanced by new figures that are also limited to one district. So large a total indicates how popular the game is among the Eskimos, and how easily new figures can arise.

Two figures, 62 and 124, are known only from the Siberian Eskimos

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 1, 4, 9, 21, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 36, 41, 43, 78, 88, 101, 112, 117, 133, 137, 139, 148.

<sup>2</sup> Nos. 9, 21, 26, 29, 31, 36, 41, 43, 101, 112, 137.

of Indian Point and from the adjacent Chukchee. The former probably spread from the Chukchee to the Eskimos, since its name, *tāyarot*, seems to be the same as *tan-ñin*, which Bogoras gives as the Chukchee term for Russians, or, more usually, Koryaks. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the second figure came also from the Chukchee. One other figure, 81, may have the same source. It appears in both central and northern Alaska, but not to the eastward, and in both these places it has the same name, and the same significance, as among the Chukchee. Of course it may have spread westward from the Alaskan Eskimos to the Chukchee, but then one would expect it to have spread eastward also to the Eskimos of the Mackenzie Delta.

This leaves fifty figures that appear in two or more regions, but are not known to be widely distributed throughout the whole American Eskimo area. Now the western Eskimos from Siberia to the Mackenzie Delta have been in close contact with one another for at least two centuries. The Mackenzie Delta natives used to meet their kinsmen of northern Alaska each summer at Barter Island or at some other point along the Arctic coast; and the north Alaskan natives were in close contact with those of Kotzebue Sound, who in turn conducted a regular trade with the Asiatic coast natives. It is only to be expected, therefore, that certain figures have drifted eastward along this route; some may not have passed beyond northern Alaska, while others reached beyond the Mackenzie Delta. Cases where such figures can be recognized are bound to be rare, but 74 appears to be an example. Its opening movements are peculiar, and appear in two other figures only, both of which are confined to the western Eskimos. Among the Siberian Eskimos 74 has a very definite significance, but this fades away towards the east and beyond the Mackenzie delta the figure seems unknown. Another example is 136, which from its meaning would seem to have arisen among the Eskimos around Bering Strait. A much clearer case is furnished by 127 and 128. The movements in these two figures are very unusual among the Eskimos. 127 appears at Indian Point in Siberia as a complete series of four figures that illustrates a consecutive story. On the Kobuk River in Alaska the four have dwindled down to three, but the story is still partly retained. The same three figures, with the meaning largely lost, are known to the inland Eskimos of the Endicott Mountains in northern Alaska. They are known also at Barrow, but with an entire loss of meaning; for all three are grouped together under one name, the very interpretation of which is uncertain. In the Mackenzie Delta but one of the series was found, strangely enough the first, slightly modified and with an altogether new interpretation. Finally, in Coronation Gulf, none of the figures is known, but the same peculiar movements recur in the figure of 'the loon,' 128. It

seems fairly certain that the original figure must have come from somewhere around Bering Strait, whence it travelled by way of the Kobuk and Noatak Rivers to the north coast, spreading westward to Barrow and eastward to Coronation Gulf.

Doubtless there are cases where the drift was westward rather than eastward, although I can discover no certain example of this in my collection. Many other figures besides those mentioned above testify by their manner of construction, by their names, and by the chants that accompany them, to the close connection between the Eskimos of the Mackenzie Delta and the Alaskan natives. In this respect the string figures merely corroborate what we already know from historical sources, and from the distribution of labrets, fish-nets and other articles.

Rather more importance attaches to the figures when we pass on to Coronation Gulf. We know that during the nineteenth century, probably also at a still earlier period, the natives around Dolphin and Union Strait, at the western end of the Gulf, maintained a more or less sporadic intercourse with their kinsmen farther west; while the natives at the eastern end of the Gulf, and some of the inhabitants of Victoria Island, have been in close contact for many years with the Netchilik Eskimos to the eastward, and, to a lesser extent, with tribes to the south who dwell inland from Hudson Bay. The Copper Eskimos of Coronation Gulf, therefore, have been exposed to influences from both the east and the west, and the question at once arises as to which group of Eskimos they are more closely affiliated with. Their string figures may be worth examining in some detail from this point of view.

The table shows eighty-three figures from the Copper Eskimos.

They may be tabulated thus:

24 are common to nearly all Eskimo tribes.<sup>1</sup>

25 have not been found outside of Coronation Gulf.<sup>2</sup>

29 appear also in the Mackenzie Delta or Alaska, but have not been reported from the eastern Eskimos.<sup>3</sup>

4 appear both among the eastern Eskimos and in the Mackenzie Delta, but have not been discovered in Alaska.<sup>4</sup>

1 appears also among the eastern Eskimos, but is not known from any other region.<sup>5</sup>

In the first group of figures, those known to nearly all Eskimo

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 1, 4, 9, 21, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 36, 41, 43, 78, 88, 101, 112, 117, 118, 137, 139, 148.

<sup>2</sup> Nos. 11, 12, 44, 53, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 82, 90, 93, 98, 99, 100, 103, 106, 120, 121, 122, 123, 132, 140, 152.

<sup>3</sup> Nos. 13, 15, 17, 18, 23, 30, 35, 37, 38, 45, 46, 55, 57, 58, 70, 73, 76, 83, 95, 97, 104, 115, 127, 129, 130, 142, 144, 147.

<sup>4</sup> Nos. 52, 54, 56, 151.

<sup>5</sup> No. 94.

tribes, it is noticeable that the eastern and Coronation Gulf natives have a similar interpretation for 118, but the interpretation among the western natives is different. 9 is a doubtful case of the same thing. In 4, 32, and 78, on the other hand, the interpretations at Coronation Gulf and in the Mackenzie Delta are the same, but are uncertain for the eastern Eskimos. 33 and 112 are two rather doubtful cases where the eastern Coronation Gulf and Mackenzie Delta regions seem to line together in opposition to Alaska.

Very little can be gathered from the twenty-five figures that are not known from anywhere outside of Coronation Gulf. Two of them, 98 and 99, are very intricate, and may have arisen in this area or farther east. Of the twenty-nine figures known from Coronation Gulf westwards, but not reported from the eastern Eskimos, one notices that ten of them are reinterpreted near the Gulf. Furthermore the chants that accompany so many of them in the west do not appear in Coronation Gulf, which may be described as an altogether chantless region so far as string figures are concerned. Four figures are common to the Mackenzie Delta, Coronation Gulf and Hudson Bay Eskimos, but are not known from any other region. Two of them have the same names in the Mackenzie Delta and in Coronation Gulf, but different names to the eastward; the third has different names in all three places, although there is a similarity between the interpretations among the Copper and eastern Eskimos; the fourth has the same name in all three places, but the two eastern ones agree in making only a simple form of the figure, whereas the Mackenzie Delta form is more complicated. It is not improbable, in view of their absence from Alaska, that these four figures all originated among either the Copper or the eastern Eskimos, and spread west from them to the Mackenzie Delta. The one figure, 94, that has been found in the two eastern regions alone is also probably of eastern origin, for not only is it made in a very unusual way, but it has no definite significance in Coronation Gulf, whereas the eastern natives give it quite a plausible interpretation.

It would appear from this distribution of the figures that the influence of the western Eskimos on the inhabitants of Coronation Gulf was considerably greater than the influence of the eastern natives. In support of this view we may recall that the Copper Eskimos agree with the western natives in their taboo regarding the time for making string figures, and in their belief in a definite spirit of cat's cradles, although the latter superstition is far less prominent than in Alaska and may have been introduced in recent years.

On the other hand it must be remembered that there is a far larger collection of figures from the Mackenzie Delta and from Alaska than from the eastern Eskimos, so that the resemblances between the two former regions and Coronation Gulf are certain to appear dispro-

portionately great. Furthermore most of my Coronation Gulf figures were collected at the western end of the Gulf, where western rather than eastern influences might be expected to predominate. One striking difference between the string figures of Coronation Gulf and those of the Mackenzie Delta and Alaska is the total absence of chants in the Gulf area; but whether they are lacking also in Hudson Bay and in Baffin Island I do not know.

There are four figures that seem to be absent from Coronation Gulf,<sup>1</sup> but are found among the eastern and the Mackenzie Delta Eskimos. Two of them have identical meanings in both places, and the interpretation of the third seems to correspond very closely; the meaning of the fourth figure among the eastern Eskimos is uncertain. That there are four such gaps in Coronation Gulf, where my collection is fairly exhaustive, would appear to favour a separate contact between the Mackenzie Delta and Hudson Bay natives, thus supporting the theory that the Copper Eskimos are intrusive into the Coronation Gulf region. However, no great weight can be attached to merely negative evidence.

It may be interesting to notice that the names or interpretations of the figures, like art patterns, are influenced by local conditions. Thus 13 was interpreted by the inland Eskimos of northern Alaska as an old man dragging a bearded seal, whereas the Mackenzie Delta natives considered the animal a beluga. Bearded seals are not uncommon along the Alaskan coast, but are rare in the Mackenzie Delta. The beluga, on the other hand, is particularly common in the Delta, and the hunting of it in spring was as much a feature of native life as the hunting of the bowhead whale at Barrow. The very next figure, 14, 'the reindeer dragging a sled,' could never have been so interpreted outside of Siberia, since there alone (until within the last few years) are reindeer used to drag a sled. 31 must have received its name of 'beaver' in a region where that animal was known; in Coronation Gulf and eastward, where the beaver does not exist, the figure bears a different name. Many other examples could be cited, but it is unnecessary to labour the point.

Many of the Eskimo figures here recorded will undoubtedly be found among the northern Indians of Canada and Alaska. Some, perhaps, were originally not Eskimo figures at all, but were borrowed from their Indian neighbours. The game is fairly popular among these Indians, but, so far as I know, none of their figures has as yet been published.

String figures have been recorded in large numbers from different parts of the world, particularly from Melanesia. It may be worth pointing out some of the differences between the Melanesian and Eskimo methods of manipulating the string. In both regions the majority of the figures begin with Opening A or Position 1. There are

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 3, 48, 49, 85.

in addition a few abnormal openings, some of which are the same in both places; but what I have called in my memoir Opening C, which occurs in at least twenty Eskimo figures, seems to be quite unknown in Melanesia. Again, very characteristic of Eskimo figures is the interchanging or combining of the loops on opposite thumbs or fingers, a movement that is rarely found in Melanesia. On the other hand Melanesian players seem often to use the middle fingers instead of the indices, whereas the Eskimos rarely use the middle fingers at all if the indices are available. Altogether foreign to the Eskimos, again, is that most characteristic feature of Melanesian figures, the "Caroline Islands Extension," with its outward position of the palms. There is very little difference as regards the complexity of the figures from the two regions, or their realistic interpretations, but it is comparatively rare to find in Melanesia a sequence of figures illustrating a narrative, whereas such sequences are very common among the Eskimos.

*Note.*

The figures submitted by Dr. Boas from the eastern Eskimos which I was unable to identify are as follows:

1. From the west coast of Hudson bay.

Inuits and drum  
Whale  
Walrus head  
Inwards of belly  
Sculpin  
Rope for jumping in play  
Gull  
Two deer  
Level land and pond  
InnuIt lamp and light

2. From Cumberland sound.

*Egeavatchea* ('platter'; probably a mistaken version of 85)  
*Avatatchea* ('poke'; probably a mistaken version of 133)  
*Ammorokjew* ('wolf'; probably a mistaken version of 28)  
*Nighatchea* ('snare'; probably a variant of 9)  
*Niltonatcheak*  
*Toongoongalouteew*  
*AnarlOOTetjew*  
*Mizetowatto*  
*Angoosakjew*  
*Nikkattwattu*  
*Naakarwatchew*  
*Kanetoolekjew*  
*Akbackjew*

## NOTES AND QUERIES

**AN APPEAL BY THE INDIANS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.**—The following letter addressed by the Indians of northeast Vancouver Island to the Indian Department of Canada throws an interesting light upon their attitude toward their myths and customs:

We have been informed by our Indian Agent that the Government is reconsidering the Indian Act, particularly that part known as Section 149 which deals with our old custom of giving away. The Indian Act makes this an offence punishable by imprisonment and we pray you to reconsider this matter. We have been appointed a committee by our people and we think that if you understood our customs from the beginning that you would amend the law to allow us to go on in our old way. In order to let you know how it was carried on and why it was done we are sending you this letter.

We all know that things are changing. In the old days the only things that counted were such things as food, dried fish, roots, berries and things of that nature. A chief in those days would get possession of all these things and would pass them on to those who had not got any and in many instances would call another tribe and help them out too. We wish to continue this custom. In the old days when feasts were given, those who remained at home were remembered and those who attended would carry stuff home for their wives and children. This is all about our feasts and we want to have the same thing today.

In the old days we got fire from the west coast of the Island; we trained a man known as a deer to go to the west coast for this fire; we split up some pitchwood and gave it to him, so that when this was set on fire he could carry it back to us, that's why we like big fires at our feasts. In the old days Indians specialized in some particular branch of work, some were trained to make canoes, some to hunt, some to catch fish, some to dry fish, some to get material to make our clothes, then we divided this up amongst the others. This was the beginning of our feasts of giving away.

At one time there were no rivers for the fish to come in and there was a man known by the name of "Omath"<sup>1</sup> (the raven). He was the man who knew the place to get water and he borrowed a sea-lions' bladder; then he walked around where he thought would be a good place for the rivers to run and when he found a suitable place he would break the bladder and let some of the water run. This made all the rivers. He did this so that the salmon would go up for the people to use, so that they could get it to dry and have a feast when they went home to their own places; that's why we want to keep up these feasts.

Men came into the world first as animals and birds and were turned into men, and the things that those men did are what we are still doing today. In the old days these animals and birds had dances like the Cedarbark-

<sup>1</sup> O'méatl.

dance and they acted a part so that all those who were looking on would understand what they were doing. Omath<sup>1</sup> had a dance called the "Towheet,"<sup>2</sup> he was dressed in limbs and cedar brush and we still want to keep up this dance. These things happened, so we have been told by our forefathers, before the flood, and after the flood, these animals and birds were changed into men.

A man by the name of "Kwawnalalase"<sup>3</sup> was asked by the Lord what he wanted to do, did he want to be a big tree? He said "No." Did he want to be a rock? He said "No." Did he want to be a mountain? He said "No, a piece of him might break off, fall down and hurt somebody;" then after thinking a long time he said he would like to be a river so that he might be useful to people in after days so he was changed into the Nimkish River and that is the reason we call it Gwalana,<sup>4</sup> and claim it as ours.

After this a man by the name of "Numcokwistolis"<sup>5</sup> was the first man that lived on a hill called "Kwylque,"<sup>6</sup> then there was another man named "Kwunoosala,"<sup>7</sup> he was the thunder-bird, he took off his feathers and let them blow up into the air again and left him as a man. There was another man named "Kwakwus,"<sup>8</sup> he was from a fish. Omath was the chief over all these and he gathered up all these feathers and tied them into bunches and gave them to his people. After that he got skins such as Marten, Mink, Coon and Beaver, and he sewed them up to make blankets and he invited all his people and gave these things to the people that he invited and he distributed these cedar boards, paddles, Indian wedges, and mats after the fur was given away. He also found out that yellow cedarbark was good to make clothes, so he had his people get the yellow cedarbark and beat it with a club to make it soft and made dresses of it. That is why we use the cedarbark today, when we are giving away.

After this a ship came in with some white men on, we didn't know what the white men were, so we called them "Poopaleepzie"; they bought our furs and gave us in exchange blankets and tobacco and many other things and the chief gave them away to the rest of the tribe, and this is the habit we have kept up ever since.

We now come to the part that affects us most in this custom, not only us, but all the other tribes. In those days people that had sons to marry or maybe wanted a wife himself would hear of another man's daughter and would want to marry her, particularly if she was of a chief's family. When the young couple are married the father of the woman would give to his daughter's husband canoes, food, a name and other different things which have a part in our dances, and a *copper*. This is what a man gets when he is married to a woman and that is what has been passed on until today. The bridegroom would give a feast with what he got and would invite everybody from his own tribe or other tribes to partake of what had been given to him, and we wish to continue this custom as it helps out our old people and young people as well. Each one gets his share and can use it for his own purposes,

<sup>1</sup> O'mēatl.

<sup>2</sup> Tō'x'wit.

<sup>3</sup> Gwana'lalis.

<sup>4</sup> Gwa'nē.

<sup>5</sup> 'nēm̄g-ustālis.

<sup>6</sup> Xūlk'.

<sup>7</sup> Kunosila.

<sup>8</sup> Xwā'xwas.

either to get clothing or other things. The coppers that we got in those days were different from those we got from the white men. These coppers were as they were found only beaten out with a hammer and we have a lot of money invested in them. The copper is the main holder of our customs because the value of them is rising, and as they are passed on to others they increase in value. The copper forms a chief strength of a man who intends giving a feast and he sells the copper and what he gets for it he uses to make a feast. All the other things that we have would be quite useless to us if the copper is thrown out of our custom. It is used in marriages in order to get the things to make a feast. If a father would die and leave the copper to his son no other man could get the copper except the son who would hold it until he thought it time to sell it, he will figure out what it will bring. When he is finished figuring he will call all the people together and will dance for them and give what it is worth and afterwards whatever is given away if any of the other chiefs return it to him as it will be of use to him for many years. These coppers are sold for a large sum of money, and no one will force a person who sells it to give it all away, so that he always has considerable left for his own use. When a man buys a copper he pays a deposit on it and the next man may buy from him and pay a deposit on an increased valuation and so on, it may be through the hands of four or five, and still payment not be completed. If our custom is done away with these coppers will be useless, and will entail a big loss, as all those who have an interest in them will lose all they have put in. Each tribe has its own coppers and each copper has its own value. In the old days there was no money and these coppers were a standard of value but increased in value each time they changed hands. When the white man came and we could earn wages in cash for our labor, we invested our savings in coppers and used them the same as a white man would do with a bank and would always expect more back than we put in. We are giving you a list of the coppers belonging to the Nimkish tribe and their values, other tribes have their own coppers so that you will see a great financial loss would be entailed on us if our custom is suppressed.

We do not want to fight the Government nor do we expect the Government to repay us for the price of our coppers but we do ask to be let alone and left free to follow our men and our old ways, and these coppers represent the chief things in our custom. The way things are now we try not to disobey the Government in any of the criminal laws and we hope the Government will allow us to continue in our old customs so far as they do not come in conflict with the Criminal Law. In the old days and in all villages our forefathers followed this custom and we cannot see any bad results from it. If it suits us and does not interfere with or hurt anyone else, why should we be stopped?

We would ask you therefore to take the matters into consideration and remove from the statute books that part of section 149 relating to our giving away and our feasts and festivals.

**SNAKE FOLK-LORE: THE SNAKE WHO SWALLOWS HER YOUNG.**—There is a general belief among the English-speaking people of the New World that the female snake is capable at times of swallowing her young to afford them protection from attack. Since no one has thus far attempted to trace the superstition among the Spanish or the French-speaking colonies of America, it is impossible to say whether or not the belief is confined to English-speaking peoples. It has, however, been recorded among the southern negroes over a wide area. One could almost say that it is universal among us, for it seems easier to find an individual who has never seen a live snake than to find one who has not heard of the swallowing phenomenon. It would be interesting to analyze the biological foundations of the belief; to test its observational probability. Its dissemination is also worth notice. Where did the story originate and what may have been its path of migration?

In contemporaneous eighteenth and nineteenth century English natural-history, we find occasional testimony of an affirmative character. In one of the discussions which I have encountered in a search which, however, is far from being exhaustive, M. C. Cooke, in a monograph in 1893 on British Reptiles and Batrachians, notes at length accounts by eye witnesses. Their depositions appeared in the *Zoologist* (pp. 7278–8856, 1863), *Science Gossip* (pp. 108 and 160) and again in the *Zoologist* (p. 2269). The author remained in a mood of laudible skepticism until all the citations had been quoted, then suddenly surrendered to a semi-conviction that "there is no sound physiological reason against such an occurrence" and even includes the viviparous lizard of England within the possibility. So far as the value of bulk testimony is worth considering, the fable is one of the most heavily supported beliefs in English folk-lore.

Gilbert White in his *Natural History of Selbourne* (Letter xxxi) (1776) discusses this belief as a common one in his time, and places himself on record as a careful observer who had little sympathy with its acceptance. He says, referring to a viper which he found: "When we came to cut it up, we found the abdomen was crowded with young, fifteen in number, the shortest of which measured full 7 inches, and were about the size of full-grown earthworms. This little fry issued into the world with the true viper spirit about them, showing great alertness as soon as disengaged." Again adverting to this, lest it should be considered that he favored the popular notion that the viper swallows its young on the advent of danger, he adds, "There was little room to suppose that this brood had ever been in the open air before and that they were taken in for refuge at the mouth of the dam when she perceived that danger was approaching, because then probably we should have found them somewhere in the neck and not in the abdomen."

As desirable as it would be to have other literary references to snakes swallowing their young, it would be unusual if such were found in any abundance, yet we have one significant reference to it in mid-Elizabethan poetry. Edmund Spenser in his *Faerie Queen* (Book I, Canto 3rd) describes the Serpent of Error as possessing a form half-serpent, half-dragon, who spews out and swallows her children.

While a search through subsequent natural-history literature in England is being made, a mass of testimony, most of which in general is in the

affirmative except for the skepticism of genial and truthful Gilbert White, we may search in vain for traces of the fable during the period antedating the fifteenth century. The superstition escaped the attention of Pliny, although Aristotle (*Historia Animalium*, Book VI, XII. 566B) records a related belief, "The dolphins and the porpoise are provided with milk and suckled their young. They also take their young, when small, inside them."<sup>1</sup>

It might seem from this that the swallowing phenomenon was believed in by the ancient classical peoples, yet evidence for this does not seem to be forthcoming so far as I can ascertain. In the incomplete survey of old-world literature which has so far been attempted, in searching for the distribution of this fable, there comes an instance of a related belief from Japan. There the eastern Asiatic representative of the family of pit-vipers, whose local representative is the *mamushi* (*Agkistrodon blomhoffii* (Boie)) is accredited with the same performance. "The *mamushi* carries its young inside it. It does not lay eggs. When the *mamushi* becomes pregnant two of her front teeth gradually lengthen. In order to deliver her young these teeth must be broken so that the young will not be injured in the act. In her desire to break these teeth, the *mamushi* springs at people, biting them. This bite is very dangerous. She also bites at stones or any other hard substances."<sup>2</sup>

It is highly probable that similar beliefs of which these are the marginal evidences may prevail or may have prevailed in the intervening regions of Europe and Central Asia. We lack, however, the actual testimony that it needed. It is certain, however, that this curious piece of folk-lore was first recorded in ancient Egypt. In following its travels through English literature, Dr. Clarence G. Child called my attention to a reference in an old English journal evidently alluding to a similar belief expressed in Egyptian hieroglyphs. Dr. H. W. Lutz has been so kind as to locate this interesting passage and communicates the following: "The serpent twists, it is the serpent that twists round the leg. O, thou art on thyself. That issueth from the womb of the earth, thou has devoured that which cometh forth from thee." It dates to the 35th dynasty (circa 2500 B.C.) (See Littell, vol. 299, p. 485.)

Whatever may have been the migration of our fable, it seems probable that in early times it became disseminated over much of Western Europe and Egypt, finally to be brought to the New World by English colonists, there to receive a wider distribution in the folk-lore of our continent.

Modern herpetologists generally ignore the idea or else curtly dismiss it as an improbability. John Burroughs is, however, most interesting as an exception among the modern nature writers. He, who has trapped so many "nature fakers," commits himself to the following statement in *Leaf and Tendril* (p. 18): "There are three things that I have never yet seen—the toad casting its skin, the snake swallowing its young, and the larvae of the moth and butterfly constructing their shrouds. It is a mooted question

<sup>1</sup> This citation was provided and translated by Dr. C. A. Holtzhauser.

<sup>2</sup> Information by Mr. M. Nishiyama. The narrator adds: "In olden times many people fell victims to the *mamushi* but today they know how to protect themselves. There is a place named '*Jigoku-dani*'—literally it means 'Hell-Valley'—where it is rumored that an abundance of the *mamushi* live awaiting their victims, whence this name."

whether or not the snake does swallow its young, but if there is no other good reason for it, may they not retreat into their mother's stomach *to feed? Else how are they to be nourished?*" (Italics mine.) And this remarkable note, to which one might affix, besides the italics, several exclamation marks as an additional punctuation, is to be found in the chapter entitled "The Art of Seeing Things"!

FRANK G. SPECK

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HARRIET A. ANDREWS.—Miss Harriet A. Andrews, who faithfully assisted in the editorial work on the JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, died in August of this year. Since the present editor took charge of the Journal, her efficient help greatly lightened his labors. She had a wide experience in editorial work. The anthropological Bulletins of the American Museum of Natural History, the Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, the publications of the American Ethnological Society, and of the Anthropological Department of Columbia University, as well as several Bulletins and papers accompanying the Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, give evidence of her painstaking and careful editorial hand. During the last years of her life she carried on her work under the severe handicap of an insidious illness to which she finally succumbed. The editor has lost in her a faithful and efficient collaborator whose memory will always be dear to him.

FRANZ BOAS

NEW YORK CITY.

"HINKIE DINKIE."—I have heard returned soldiers sing the song (JAFL 34 : 386) here and was struck with the similarity of version *c* to an old soldier song of some forty years ago, which we used to call "Snipoo":

1. Landlord have you good beer and wine,  
Snipoo, snipoo. (Three times)  
That's fit for a soldier come over the Rhine?  
Ki inkus, Ki inkus, Ki nancy go petus, snipoo.
2. Oh! yes, I have good beer and wine, etc.  
That's fit for a soldier come over the Rhine, etc.
3. Oh! Landlord have you a daughter fine, etc.
4. Oh! yes, I have a daughter fine, etc.  
But she's too young, she's not in her prime, etc.
5. Oh! no, old Daddy, I'm not too young, etc.

The end of the song is very obscene. This song had a certain vogue about the time above mentioned. A variation of the chorus was:

Snipoo, snipeter, sni Nancy go shooter, snipoo.

COL. G. E. LAIDLAW.

VICTORIA ROAD, P.O., ONTARIO, CANADA.

The beginning of Col. Laidlaw's version seems to be a parody of the second stanza of Uhland's *Der Wirtin Töchterlein*:

Frau Wirtin hat sie gut Bier und gut Wein,  
Wo hat sie ihr rosiges Töchterlein.

F. B.

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AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.  
ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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## WESTERN MONO MYTHS.

BY EDWARD WINSLOW GIFFORD.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THESE myths were secured in 1918 at North Fork, Madera county, California, as part of the field operations of the University of California Department of Anthropology. The narrators all belonged to the dialectic group of the Plateau Shoshoneans known as the Western Mono. This group dwells on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada in Madera, Fresno, and Tulare counties. The informants had dwelt all their lives in Madera county, and consequently their tales should be taken as representative of that region only. The narrators are Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona and Mrs. George Teaford, half caste women; Singing Jack, an old shaman; Chipso, an old man; and Daniel Harris, a young man.

A brief characterization of the myths and tales presented in the following pages will perhaps prove useful to students utilizing the paper. As is usual in central California, many of the characters are animal in name and largely in attributes; although frequently both the human and animal aspects of a single character make their appearance in one and the same story. As a whole the collection of tales deals with trivial matters and there are no migration legends. Only tales 1 and 2 are cosmogonical and tell of the appearance of the world from beneath the primeval waters through the agency of diving birds. Myth 3 attributes the flooding of the world to Condor and Ground Squirrel, not through any desire to punish the inhabitants of the world, but rather through Condor's insatiable appetite. The bewitching of the sun by Meadowlark (tale 4) does not refer to the securing of light for the world or the retarding of the sun's movement, but simply tells of the futile attempt of Meadowlark woman to entice Sun from his wife, of the witchcraft practised by the scorned woman, and of Sun's revenge.

Stories 5 to 8 deal with the depredations of anthropophagous ghosts and walking skeletons and with the adventures of certain quick-witted mortals who elude them. Haininu and Baumegwesu, of stories 9 to 11, are the only named, undoubtedly human characters appearing in the entire collection. Haininu plays the rôle of a benefactor of humanity. By slaying the adult winds, bears, and rattlesnakes, he benefits mankind, for the descendants of these monsters lack the enormous strength of those whom he slew. The tale of Orpheus and Eurydice is suggested by story 12.

Coyote enters into many of the Mono tales, usually playing a most ignoble part. More than one of the tales hinges on the incestuous impulses of Coyote. Invariably he comes to grief and ridicule in whatever he attempts. Stories 13 to 17, and 20, deal especially with Coyote, though he appears also in several other tales.

A characteristic central Californian hero appears in many of the stories and especially in numbers 18, 19, 21, 22, and 25. This hero is Prairie Falcon, who displays the same dash and fearlessness with which he is endowed by other central Californian groups. The widespread tale of Bear and the Fawns appears in the usual central Californian garb in tale 23 though the connection with thunder is omitted. A narrow localization appears in tale 24 concerning the water snakes, the scene of which seems to be the canyon of the San Joaquin river. Tales 25 to 34 are all brief and deal largely with the matrimonial affairs of various animal and plant characters. One of them, number 29, tells of the metamorphosis of Gull into Dove, while an earlier tale (number 4) explains the origin of the red feet of doves. On the whole, however, the explanatory element in the stories is largely lacking.

#### COMPARISON WITH MYTHS OF NEIGHBORING TRIBES.

The geographic position of the Western Mono on the western slope of the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, coupled with their close linguistic relationship to the far-flung groups of Plateau Shoshoneans of the Great Basin, seems to make it apparent that these people are intruders who have pushed their way through the passes of the high Sierra and flowed down the western slopes, perhaps displacing or mingling with an earlier population. Although linguistically hardly distinguishable from their eastern congeners across the mountains, the Western Mono seem to have adopted in some measure the culture of their Yokuts and Miwok neighbors of the western watershed of the Sierra. This impression has yet to be verified by closer study. However, in the matter of social organization on a moiety basis, there seems to be no reasonable doubt but that these people have adopted a feature of central Californian culture.<sup>1</sup>

Unfortunately no myths are available from the Eastern Mono for comparison with those of the Western Mono. Their absence is in a measure offset, however, by Dr. R. H. Lowie's unpublished collection of myths from the neighbors of the Eastern Mono, namely the Paviotso, or Northern Paiute, of the Pyramid Lake and Fallon regions, Nevada; also by the collection of Northern Paiute (Paviotso) texts gathered by the late Dr. W. L. Marsden of Burns, Oregon, from the Northern Paiute of Harney valley, central Oregon.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, the collection of thirty-nine Northern Shoshone tales included by Dr. Robert H. Lowie in his paper on that people constitutes excellent comparative material.

<sup>1</sup> See map in writer's *Clans and Moieties in Southern California*, Univ. Calif. Publ. Am. Arch. Ethn., XIV, opposite page 215, 1918.

<sup>2</sup> Five of Dr. Marsden's texts are to be published under the editorship of Professor A. L. Kroeber.

<sup>3</sup> The Northern Shoshone, *Anthr. Papers Am. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, II, 233-302, 1909.

Comparison of Western Mono tales with those of neighboring Yokuts and Miwok groups is made possible by the papers of Professor A. L. Kroeber, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Dr. S. A. Barrett, and the writer, together with other more scattered materials.<sup>1</sup>

The tales contained in the present collection exhibit traits entirely in consonance with the anomalous position of the Western Mono. Certain features such as the prominence of Coyote, the great wealth of animal characters, the weak development of cosmogonic myths, the absence of migration legends, the prevalence of giant stories, the references to mouthless people, the bear and fawn story, and the roc or condor stories unite the Western Mono tales not only with those of the Miwok and Yokuts, but also with those of the Plateau Shoshoneans of the Great Basin.

The principal parallels between the Paviotso tales of Pyramid Lake and Fallon on the one hand and the Western Mono tales on the other hand lie in the following incidents:

(1) The origin of the tribes of mankind though the marriage of a woman, who was pursued by a cannibal, to one of her benefactors, apparently human. In the Mono tale she marries Eagle (see story number 7, Walking Skeleton).

(2) The contest of Chicken-hawk (*tukiwina*) and Centipede closely recalls that of the Mono Prairie Falcon and Meadowlark. Centipede, like Meadowlark, throws vanquished opponents into a fire. Chicken-hawk's son avenges his father, who had been overcome by Centipede. He buries the preserved eyeballs of his father's tribe in damp ground and thus revives the people. In the Mono parallel, skins take the place of eye balls.

Western Mono and Northern Shoshone tales also have a number of episodes in common. The act of reviving a dead person by beating him and the statement of the revived person that he was only sleeping occurs in both. The similarity of the tales of Coyote's incest with his daughters in striking. The exploits of the Shoshone Weasel brothers recall the adventures of the Mono brothers Haininu and Baumegwesu, especially in the episode of the swinging contest with bears. The concept of water babies or water imps, who are malevolent sprites, is common to all three Shoshonean groups, Western Mono, Paviotso of central Oregon, and Northern Shoshone, but apparently lacking in the typical central Californian groups. Mrs. Ruth Fulton Benedict has found it among the Shoshonean Serrano of southern California.

<sup>1</sup> A. L. Kroeber, *Indian Myths of South Central California*, Univ. Calif. Publ. Am. Arch. Ethn., IV, 167-250, 1907; C. Hart Merriam, *The Dawn of the World: Myths and Weird Tales told by the Mewan Indians of California*, A. H. Clark Co., 1910, Cleveland, O.; Edward Winslow Gifford, *Miwok Myths*, Univ. Calif. Publ. Am. Arch. Ethn., XII, 283-338, 1917; S. A. Barrett, *Myths of the Southern Sierra Miwok*, Univ. Calif. Publ. Am. Arch. Ethn., XVI, 1-28, 1919.

In spite of the above Shoshonean affinities, the Western Mono tales have a distinctive central Californian flavor which is perhaps not easy to isolate but is none the less apparent. The all-pervading animal characters are doubtless one aspect of it. A number of characters and tales, moreover, have their counterparts among the neighboring Yokuts and Miwok. Notable cases are the prevalence of the Prairie Falcon as a semi-heroic figure, the occurrence of the Orpheus and Eurydice incident, the diving for earth in the creation story, and the rivalry between plains people and hill people.

In conclusion, then, it is apparent that the Western Mono in their mythology have yielded in large measure to the acculturating influences of their Miwok and Yokuts neighbors, and yet at the same time retained certain distinctive Plateau Shoshonean traits. It should be borne in mind, however, that underlying these few traits, which may be isolated as either Plateau Shoshonean or central Californian, is a broad basis of myth incidents and characters common to the Great Basin and to California.

#### 1. THE MAKING OF THE WORLD.<sup>1</sup>

The world was made by Prairie Falcon (yayu), Crow, and Coyote impounding the waters in the east and allowing this world to appear. The valleys were washed out by the water. Prairie Falcon, Crow, and Coyote made the creeks. These three are in the east now, watching the dam that they made, to see that it does not break and the impounded waters destroy the world.

#### 2. THE MAKING OF THE WORLD.<sup>2</sup>

In the beginning, Prairie Falcon, and Crow were sitting on a log which projected above the waters that covered the world. They asked Duck of what number he had dreamed, and he replied, "Two." Prairie Falcon assigned him the number three, and instructed him to dive into the water and bring up some sand from the bottom. Duck dived to get the sand, but, before he reached the bottom, the three days allotted him expired. He awoke from his dream, died as a result, and floated to the surface. Prairie Falcon, however, brought him back to life and asked him what the trouble was. Duck replied that he had come out of his dream and had consequently died and floated to the top.

Prairie Falcon now asked Coot of what number he had dreamed. Coot replied, "Four." Then Prairie Falcon assigned him two and ordered him to dive for sand. Before Coot had reached the bottom, however, the two days had elapsed and he came out of his dream. He,

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

too, died in consequence, and his body floated to the surface of the waters. Prairie Falcon espied the corpse, recovered it, and resuscitated Coot. He inquired of Coot what had been his difficulty. Coot replied that he had passed out of his dream.

Grebe was the next individual whom Prairie Falcon interrogated as to the number he had dreamed of. Grebe replied that he had dreamed of five. Prairie Falcon arbitrarily assigned him four as the number of days which he should take in securing sand from beneath the waters. Prairie Falcon then ordered him to dive. Grebe was successful and secured sand in each hand, having gone clear to the bottom of the waters. As he was returning to the surface, he passed out of his dream state, died, and floated to the surface. Prairie Falcon resuscitated him and inquired if he had secured any sand. Grebe replied that he had and Prairie Falcon inquired what he had done with it. Grebe explained that it had all slipped from his grasp when he died. Prairie Falcon and Crow both laughed at him and said that they did not believe it. Then they examined his hands and found sand under the finger nails of both. They took that sand and threw it in every direction. That is what made the world.

### 3. THE FLOOD.<sup>1</sup>

Condor (nūyot) made a spring. Then he went about capturing people and bringing them to his spring. There he beheaded them and allowed their blood to run into the water. Every time he left his house, he returned with a victim, whom he took to the spring and beheaded. So many were his victims that the spring was nearly full of blood up to its rim.

He built a fire under the spring, so that the blood would boil over the rim and flood out his neighbors. Then he allowed the fire to die and undertook another project whereby he might flood people from their homes. He dug a ditch from his spring to Ground Squirrel's hole. Thereby he flooded Ground Squirrel's home. Three or four ground squirrels came forth, one of which he caught and carried to the spring for slaughter.

Condor was thirsty. He laid Ground Squirrel beside the spring, while he himself took a drink. As Condor drank, the bloody water came gushing up and flowed in all directions. Condor's daughter urged Ground Squirrel to slay her father by decapitating him with a piece of sword grass. She said, "If you do not kill him, he is going to flood out everybody." Then Ground Squirrel cut off Condor's head. When he did so, the water rushed forth in every direction, killing all the inhabitants of the world. In some places, where the water stood long, red clay formed.

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

4. THE BEWITCHING OF SUN.<sup>1</sup>

Sun, the son of old Coyote, went hunting, while Sun's wife, Mourning Dove, went to gather black seeds for their food. Meanwhile, a young woman, named Meadowlark, entered Sun's home, for she wanted to marry Sun. Finding the offspring of Sun and Mourning Dove in the house, she cast them out on the ground in the broiling sun. That is why doves now have red feet. After a time Mourning Dove returned from her seed-gathering and took her children into the house. It was then that she perceived Meadowlark sitting there and she wondered why Meadowlark had intruded.

In due time Sun returned. When he came in sight, he was very bright. Meadowlark tried to look at him, but could not, because of the glare. Sun just stood and looked at her, but refused to be enticed by her advances. This made Meadowlark furious, so she returned to her mother's house and proceeded to bewitch Sun. She informed her mother that Sun would have nothing to do with her.

Sun became very ill, because of the witchcraft that had been practised against him. He lay sick in his home and Meadowlark boasted of her witchcraft to her mother. Sun was nearing the point of death, so a doctor was sent for, Nuthatch (*kabikabina*) answering the call. Hummingbird (*piskutu*) was also called and it was he who cured Sun. When Sun had fully recovered, he told his wife that he was going to Meadowlark's house, and that he would pretend to marry her, in order that he might obtain revenge for the sickness she had brought upon him.

Accordingly, he went to Meadowlark's place and built a house there. It was very tight, covered with pine needles glued together with pitch, so that it would burn quickly. Sun took care to make the doorway small and difficult to pass through. When Meadowlark and her mother were sound asleep in the new house, he set fire to it and went out. Meadowlark, nevertheless, outwitted Sun, for she caused rain to fall which extinguished the fire, but not until she was badly burned.

5. THE STORY OF A GIRL GHOST.<sup>2</sup>

The people in the camp were singing. The girl ghost heard them and set out for their camp. She came from Tūbau (the San Joaquin River) and carried a large burden basket. From her home down on the river she started towards the mountains, intending to cross them. She visited various camps during the night, carrying her burden basket, in which she put victims whom she collected. She was in the habit of picking up children who played out of doors after dark, and throwing

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

<sup>2</sup> Told in Mono into a graphophone by Chipo, an old man. Translated by Mrs. George Teaford from Univ. Calif. Mus. Anthr. graphophone records 2173-2181.

them into her basket. Having kidnapped the children of one camp, she proceeded to neighboring camps. She would keep visiting camps until her basket was full of small boys. Then she would start for home with her load.

One evening a boy who was thrown into the basket laid hold of the limb of a tree under which the girl ghost was passing. The girl ghost stopped abruptly, saying, "What is the matter with my load?" She shook the basket and took it off of her back, leaning it against a rock. Then she sang,

"I have lost one of my boys. I have lost one of my boys."

After the girl ghost had visited the camp where the people were singing and had kidnapped the small boys, the people remonstrated with one another in the following fashion. "I told you never to sing. I told you not to sing. Your singing is the cause of the coming of the girl ghost to our village. You see we have lost all of our boys. I told you that there were sharp bone awls in that big basket. That girl ghost is dangerous, with that basket full of sharp bone awls. The boys thrown into the basket were usually impaled on the awls.

The girl ghost, seeking the escaped boy, came to a camp in the night and said, "Give me that boy who escaped, for I know he came to this camp." "We do not know anything about him," protested the people. "This is the way I sing for you people," said the ghost, as she sang:

"That is the way I captured your boys. I have them all impaled."

"Ghost, you are never going to come here again," declared the Tcipo Bird, "for we are going to put our children in the house before sun-down hereafter."—"I advise you people to take care of your children henceforth," retorted the ghost. Then the Tcipo Bird sang, "I am starting to cross the mountains to Säkwađu." [There the bird became Battle Mountain, a place in Inyo County.

Upon arriving at Säkwađu, the Tcipo Bird said, "Ghost, you shall never come this far. You may travel over the plains and sneak around at night, but you shall never come to this locality. When I sleep, do not throw any dreams into my house." Then to the people, Tcipo Bird said, "We will gamble now. We will sing now. We do not fear ghosts any more. We will start the hand game now." A man named Pitcinu played against Tcipo Bird and was beaten. After the game Pitcinu was lost in the country.

Meantime the ghost stood in the middle of the dust [perhaps a whirlwind in which ghosts are believed to travel]. She saw many people coming from the east, across the mountains, laden with numerous baskets. "Why, those must be Sibitüm (Paiutes) coming," said the

girl ghost. "Which road shall I take?" she said, for there were three trails. "Well, I will take the middle trail," she said. The girl ghost followed the middle trail, until she reached a large lake. Then she proceeded along a small trail, which became narrower and narrower. She crossed a creek and some hummingbirds flew up and went in advance of her. She picked up stones and threw at them, but they kept a little ahead of her continually. "Where have I come to?" she asked herself, bewildered. She thought she heard people calling down on the lake, but they proved to be only ducks. "What sort of a lake is this?" she thought to herself. "I have never seen anything like this before. I think that I had better turn back." She followed down a creek and, after she had gone a distance, the hummingbirds transformed themselves into boys. All had their hair tied up. The boys said to her, "You cross behind us," as they crossed a slippery rock. The girl ghost objected, "This looks slippery. I cannot cross this rock. I may find a place a little above." So she climbed seeking an easier place to cross. She found another lake. In seeking a place to cross the outlet of the first lake, she had found a second one. "What am I going to do now?" she cried. "I am certainly in trouble." She stood there.

The girl ghost struggled along through the underbrush, the willows striking her face and causing her to feel like one suddenly and rudely roused from sleep. Finally she reached the camping place of her mother at the headwaters of the San Joaquin river. Together they went down the river towards the plains. Two young men, who had come across the plains, saw them and stood watching them, as they approached a place where it was necessary to cross the river. The mother of the girl ghost objected to crossing, saying that the river was too high. However, the mother followed the two young men who led her over a cliff, so that she fell into the river and was drowned. "Well, I fear that my mother is drowned," mourned the girl ghost, and she turned back, crying as she went. She had not gone far, when she met two young women. "What is the matter with you?" they asked. "My mother has been drowned," explained the girl ghost. "You are mistaken," returned the women. "Your mother is pounding acorns over there. We saw her. You are mistaken. You have been following a ghost all of the time. Your mother is safe."

The girl ghost started home and she came to a large lake. As she was going along the shore of the lake, some one shot her in the leg with an arrow. "You had better go and see a doctor and get that obsidian removed from your leg," said the two young men, who had come from across the plains and who were lying down close by when she was wounded. They put a big cane over the river and told her to cross by means of it. When she was half way across on the cane, she

saw a man on the opposite side of the river and cried to him, "Will you help me across?" The man promptly stretched his leg right across the river. Then she crossed, taking his hand. Once on shore, she looked at her helper. "I know this man," she said. "I thought that he was dead a good many years ago and had turned into stone. His name is Pistani. I know this Pistani. He turned into stone a while ago. Now his body has become a skeleton. What does that mean?"

Again the girl ghost set out, following a small trail. She came to a house. There she found two old women. She stood in the house. Two young men came along, riding a stag. "Who are these men?" the girl ghost asked. While she was inquiring about them, the two young men disappeared into a large spring. "Where have those two men gone?" she asked the old women. They warned her, "If you go by that spring, you will fall in also. However, let us go down and examine the spring," suggested the old women. "All right," acquiesced the girl ghost. The old women carried a long pole, which they thrust into the spring, as far as they could reach. After a time they became alarmed and said, "We had better be on our guard. The young men might shoot us as we return. They are dangerous." When the three had returned to the house, the old women turned into stone, to the dismay of the girl ghost. "What am I to do now?" she wailed. "What am I to do now? I have had nothing to eat for ten days. I am going to sing now and maybe I can help myself." She sang, "I will turn into a meadowlark (panakon)," and she did.

The girl ghost travelled up Willow creek, high in the mountains. She found a child, whose mother was digging ponowi ("grass nut" or "wild potato"). "Well, I must know this child," said the girl ghost. "I think I will take it with me on my travels. I think that I can rear it. The child turned into a lizard and the girl ghost retreated from it, moving further and further away from it. She did not want to touch the child, now that it had become a lizard. Nevertheless, the lizard kept coming towards her, growing bigger and bigger, until it had a body as big as a man's. "I will slip away out of his reach," thought the girl ghost to herself. The lizard now became a man, but still the girl ghost retreated from him. "I wish water would surround that fellow," she thought to herself. The water came as she wished, and she sought refuge on a cliff. From her vantage point she could see the lizard struggling vainly to cross the water to reach her. He was covered with mud and made scant headway. He looked up at her and said, "I was going to make love to you. It is a good thing that you got away." She replied, "It is a good thing that I got away. This is the last you will see of me."

6. WALKING SKELETON.<sup>1</sup>

A boy's father went hunting, hunting deer. The boy's mother sent him down to the spring near their house to get water. While the boy was at the spring his mother drank his portion of manzanita cider. When the boy returned, he accused his mother of having drunk his manzanita cider, saying, "You drank all of my manzanita cider." Then he cried and would not cease. His mother tried to quiet him, saying, "I threw the old manzanita berries away. I will make some fresh manzanita cider." This promise did not stop his crying and he went on sobbing just the same.

The boy's continual crying attracted a ghost woman, who sobbed also as she approached. The boy's mother warned him of the ghost's approach; but her warning had no effect upon the child. She ran away and hid, leaving the child to his fate. The ghost woman came and picked him up, saying, "My son's child, what are you crying for? Your mother has treated you meanly, my grandson. We will go away together. I am going to give you a basket to wear as a hat." She produced a small basket lined with pitch and warmed it over the fire. Then she jammed it on to the boy's head and said, "I am not your grandmother." Thereupon she tore the hat from the boy's head, ripping off his entire scalp, which adhered to the pitch. This caused the death of the boy. Then the ghost went to the place where people were playing hand games.

Meanwhile, the boy's father returned from hunting. As he approached their dwelling, he said to himself, "Where is my son? He is not coming to meet me as usual." Upon arriving home, he inquired of his wife as to the whereabouts of the boy. She replied, "The ghost took away our boy."

The woman ghost proceeded, singing, to the place where the people were playing hand games. She steadily approached that place. A woman warned the players, "The ghost is coming." They scoffed at the warning and said that there was no such a thing as a ghost, and that there was nothing approaching. As the ghost drew near, the woman who was aware of her approach went out and hid under a large burden basket. The ghost came to the door of the house, where the players were, and whistled at them. They looked at her and all died in consequence. Then the ghost went on her way to Lizard's house.

A baby girl who had been asleep when the ghost came, cried, and the woman who had escaped by hiding under the burden basket heard it and went to its rescue. Then the woman said, "We will go to my father's sister's house." However, the woman knew very well that something was going to happen to the child. When she came to a

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

meadow, she made a fire for her, left her, and went out to dig some "wild potatoes."

Walking Skeleton, a monster who had eaten all of his own flesh except a little on his shoulder blades which he could not reach, came along and killed the baby, while the woman was digging "wild potatoes." He carried a pestle with him with which he pounded the bones of victims. The woman now heard him pounding the bones of the baby girl and she wondered how she herself was going to escape him. She felt that she was in great danger. In order to decoy her within reach, the giant called to her, "Come here, your baby is crying. Come here, your baby is crying." The woman played for time, saying, "I have hardly enough 'potatoes' yet for the baby."

Then Walking Skeleton said to himself, "I will go down and catch her. What is the use of my sitting here? I might just as well go down there, catch her, and eat her." But by the time the monster had arrived at the place where the woman had been digging "potatoes," she was already far away in flight. With her digging stick, she vaulted over a mountain. Then she sought refuge under a rock, as large as a house. Walking Skeleton, in pursuit, was calling for her in every direction. In order to mislead him, she called to him, "I am back here near the fire" [where he had killed the baby]. "Oh my," exclaimed Walking Skeleton, "I shall have a fine feast now." But when he came to a creek, he fell to pieces. Then he called his parts together again, "My foot come to me. My arm come to me. My head come to me," and so on. He went on to the woman's deserted fire, but of course failed to find her there.

Then Walking Skeleton grumbled over his ill fortune. "Where are you?" he called. He looked all around and finally went to the mountain where the woman was hiding, and there he found her. Still she was inaccessible, for she was under a huge rock. He dug around the rock and almost pulled it up. At nightfall, he decided to cease his exertions until morning. "I will lie down right here and watch you," he said. Then the woman wished to herself, "I hope that monster will go to sleep, so that I may escape." After a time he fell asleep and snored. She made the most of the opportunity and escaped.

With her digging stick she vaulted over two hills. At daybreak, Walking Skeleton awoke and pulled up the great rock under which the woman had hid. The rock fell on him and broke him to pieces. Nevertheless, he regained consciousness and shook himself. Then he called to his parts, "O my parts, come to me." When he had been reconstituted, he set out in search of the fugitive again. He passed over the two hills and found the woman in her hiding place under a bush. The monster decided to forego digging her out until morning; so he lay down again. He said to himself, "I shall not go to sleep

this time. I shall remain awake." However, slumber overcame him and he fell to snoring. With this signal that escape was possible, the woman made her way from her hiding place and vaulted over two more mountains. Again she took refuge under the roots of a bush.

Once more Walking Skeleton discovered her refuge and worked hard at pulling the bush from the ground. He had almost succeeded, when the sun set, and he decided to desist until morning. When he ceased his efforts, he said, "This time I am not going to sleep. I am going to remain awake and watch to see that this woman does not escape." Nevertheless, he fell asleep, and the woman once more escaped. This time she took refuge at the house of two brothers, Wolf, the older, and Coyote, the younger. She asked them to aid her, saying that Walking Skeleton was in pursuit of her. They wrapped her in buckskin and put her on top of their house. Then the two brothers set out and intercepted the monster. They killed him with their bows and arrows and then burned his remains.

While Wolf and Coyote were slaying Walking Skeleton, the woman extricated herself from her buckskin wrappings and set out for the house of her father's sister. She married Chicken Hawk (puna) and had six children by him. They all went to a ceremonial gathering. There they decided to fly away and be birds.

#### 7. WALKING SKELETON.<sup>1</sup>

The people were about to play hand games in the house. Walking Skeleton (Ninitikati), was travelling towards the house. He was climbing the mountain ridge below the house just at dawn. He was singing. The people in the house were getting ready to play hand games and were just getting kindling for their fire, for the opposing groups played on opposite sides of the fire. At this juncture Walking Skeleton appeared. "What are those people doing?" he asked as he thrust his head in the door and whistled. All of the people died, because they looked at Walking Skeleton when he whistled.

The people in the house had previously sent a girl outside of the house as a lookout. She put on a rabbit skin blanket when she went outside as guard. She had failed to see the approach of Walking Skeleton. Consequently, when she returned to the house she was astonished and grief-stricken to find the occupants dead, with the exception of a female child, who had been asleep and had not looked upon Walking Skeleton or heard his whistle. The child awoke about sunrise, and the girl opened the door for the little one to go out. When the two were together outside the girl began to sob and cried, "What am I to do all alone in this world?" Finally she said to the

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono into a graphophone by Singing Jack, a shaman. Translated by Mrs. George Teaford from Univ. Calif. Mus. Anthr. graphophone records 2148-2163.

child, "We shall have to depart," and she proceeded to collect what food she could. She could not tear herself away from her home at once, so she went about the house tidying things; she went around and around the house, back and forth. "What shall we do now?" she queried as she took the little child by the hand. "You gamblers certainly look fine now," she said, ironically addressing the dead. After removing the things she wished to take, she set fire to the house and cremated the dead. Then she started with her belongings and the child, as the sun was mounting the sky.

The girl started on her wanderings, but she had not gone far before she thought of some buried pine nuts near the house. She returned for these and, after securing them, started again with the child and a large bundle. After she had gone half way up the ridge, the child became exhausted. The girl decided to stay there beside the trail. After depositing her bundle and leaving the child with it, she went out to dig some "Indian potatoes." She gathered a basketful, made a fire and roasted them in the ashes. All this consumed considerable time, but finally the two sat down to partake of the "potatoes." The girl kept looking about her apprehensively, fearing that Walking Skeleton might be about. Sure enough, he came along and sat down between the girl and the child.

"Eat some 'potatoes' with us," the girl invited. "I surely will eat some," responded Walking Skeleton. "They certainly taste nice," he said, after sampling them. "Just help yourself," said the girl, and she started away to dig more of them. She looked back when she got on the ridge and said, "What am I going to do with myself now?" She looked about her and saw a rock pile which might serve as a refuge. She thought longingly of the people who dwelt safely far back in the mountains. Then she walked back to the edge of the ridge and had another look below at Walking Skeleton, for she thought she smelt something roasting. She saw that the little child had disappeared, and she perceived Walking Skeleton licking the child's blood from a rock. At the sight tears poured down the girl's cheeks. When the monster had finished, he called to the girl, "Your child is crying." She responded, "I shall be there in a few minutes."

Walking Skeleton called to her again, but she slipped behind a clump of bushes. She said, "I will leave an echo here, so that when he calls, it will answer him. I think that I had better set out for a safer place." She went to the edge of the ridge and peered over once more. Walking Skeleton was busy going through the bundle which she had been carrying. She stood there and watched him. "Oh dear, what am I to do now?" she sighed. Then she started on her journey. She crossed two ridges. Then she said, "This will not do. I will have to travel faster." Thereupon she took a long pole, pressed

one end of it against the ground and vaulted over a high mountain. About this time Walking Skeleton started to track her.

Beyond the mountain over which she had vaulted, she found a sage bush growing beside a big rock. She pulled the bush up by the roots and hid herself in the hole beside the rock, then she put the bush into place. About sundown Walking Skeleton reached the girl's hiding place. He dug around the bush a bit and then he said, "I believe that I will wait until morning. I will sit up all night, so that she cannot escape." He burned some logs, so as to have plenty of light. He lay there and kept turning and turning. "I wish it were morning," he said, after he had become weary of waiting. The girl heard him all night long and she was very much distressed over her precarious situation. "I do not know what I shall do. I fear this will be the end of me," she thought to herself. Daybreak, however, found Walking Skeleton sleeping soundly.

The girl heard his welcome snoring and said to herself, "He is sound asleep. I do not think that he can catch me, if I leave now." When she came out she stood right above him, stood there and looked at him, while he was sound asleep. She departed and crossed two ridges before Walking Skeleton awoke. When he awoke he looked around for a minute or two, then he set to work to dig up the sage brush, seeking the girl for his breakfast. As he pulled the bush up by the root, he turned over and fell to pieces. His parts came together again and he exclaimed, "Why did I sleep? My fresh meat has escaped."

The monster now set out in pursuit of the fleeing girl and about sundown he overtook her again. She eluded him, however, and entered a cave. He went on by it, without realizing that his quarry was so near. Once he had passed, the girl set out for the camp of her mother's brothers, Wolf and Coyote, who lived in the vicinity. Wolf, the older brother, had sent Coyote to the spring for a basket of water. There Coyote espied the girl. He ran back to the camp, telling Wolf, "Why, elder brother, there is a very pretty girl at the spring."

"All right," said Wolf, "I will go to see her." He told Coyote to keep behind him, but Coyote ran ahead. When Wolf arrived, Coyote said, "I got here first. I want to marry this girl." Wolf said, "Stop that sort of talk," and then addressing the girl, Wolf continued, "My sister's daughter, how did you come here?" The girl explained and then asked, "What are you two going to do to help me? Walking Skeleton is close behind me." Wolf replied, "I fear that we can do nothing for you. However, I have a big pelt in which you might hide. I will wrap you in it." The two brothers wrapped the girl and placed her on a platform in a tree. They had scarcely secreted her, when Walking Skeleton appeared.

"I want you to give me that girl, for I know that she is here," declared Walking Skeleton. "We know nothing about her," protested Wolf and Coyote. "I tracked her to your camp," the monster continued. "We like fresh meat ourselves," retorted the brothers. Walking Skeleton kept walking about, getting closer and closer to the girl's hiding place. "I believe that I will stay here all night," he said, so he had a meal with the two brothers. They brought out two pelts for him to sleep upon. Wolf said aside to Coyote, "Younger brother, we will not sleep to-night. I do not like the looks of this man." Coyote made no response, but just rolled his eyes.

After Walking Skeleton had gone to sleep, the two brothers roasted trout for the girl. They wrapped them in tule and took them to her. "You had better go along now, while he is sound asleep. We cannot do anything against him. When you eat this fish, drink water with it." The girl took their advice and departed. When she had climbed to the top of the neighboring ridge, she paused to look down in the canyon below.

When Walking Skeleton awoke, he said to Wolf and Coyote, "You had better give me that girl. There is no use for you to try to conceal her from me." "What are you going to do with her, if we give her to you?" the brothers asked. "Oh, I shall take her home and she will wait on me and get water for me," replied the monster. Upon discovering that his quarry had again escaped him, Walking Skeleton once more took to tracking her.

Meanwhile, the girl had pushed back into the mountains and reached the camp of an aunt, who was named "Joined-to-Willow," because she was continually scraping willow bark for basket making. "Aunt, what can you do for me? Walking Skeleton is after me. He is coming right now. Where are you going to hide me?" anxiously inquired the girl. Her aunt's response was not reassuring. "I fear that I can do nothing for you. Nevertheless, I will do the best I can. I will put you somewhere for the night." So saying, she placed her niece in a burden basket and covered her with tule roots. She put the burden basket with its human load back among her other large baskets, so that it would not be conspicuous.

The girl had not been long ensconced in her hiding place when her pursuer arrived. The tracks led him unmistakably to the old woman's camp and he said to himself, "It is useless for me to track further, for I know that the girl is right here. I am going to capture her this time." He remained all night at the old woman's camp, but slept soundly. Towards daybreak the old woman went to the girl and said, "You had better leave, for he is sound asleep now." The girl took her aunt's advice and departed. At daybreak Walking Skeleton was again on her trail, exclaiming to himself, as he discovered her track,

"Ah! here is her track." However, the girl reached Skunk's house in advance of her pursuer. "What are you folks going to do for me?" was her first question. Skunk possessed a quantity of pitch. He heated it so that it became exceedingly adhesive. Then he put it in holes dug in the trail over which Walking Skeleton would travel. Walking Skeleton came hastening along the road, stepped into the pitfalls, and perished miserably, disappearing beneath the surface of the pitch.

The girl walked about Skunk's place for a while. She was very grateful for her deliverance. She said to Skunk, "What a wonderful thing you did in catching Walking Skeleton." After a time she decided to travel to Eagle's home. With her pursuer dead, she took a renewed interest in life and fell to admiring the beautiful things in Eagle's country. "What beautiful flowers there are in this country," she thought to herself, "and how pretty the stars look at night. This is real life now." Finally she reached Eagle's house. As she stood on the top of the great cliff, she surveyed the whole country. "Well, this country looks like an ocean. This is the best part of the world that I have ever been in. I am smiling all over with joy."

Eagle brought in a deer. He greeted his visitor. She returned the greeting. Then Eagle went in and made a fire. He invited the girl into his house as it was cold outside. "There is room for you on one side there," he said. "Keep yourself warm." After seeing her comfortably settled he set to work to skin the deer he had brought. After he had finished he came in and put the pot on the fire to make stew. When it was done he said to the girl, "Come now, we will have our lunch. You may have the pot of stew." He gave her the pot, only taking out a small piece of meat for himself. "All right. This is quite a treat for me," said the girl. Then Eagle directed her, "You must sleep in the same corner you are sitting in. Sleep right there. To-morrow night you may move your bed a little closer to my bed."—"All right," said the girl. "I will share this house with you." Then Eagle said, "We will cohabit in ten days, but not before."

Nevertheless, in two days the girl bore two children, and in a few days a big band of children had been born. "Now we are getting too many. We had better pair them off," Eagle said. "My wife, we will pair them off and name them. They will be different tribes of people." He proceeded to pair them off. "This pair will be Usomu (Miwok)," he said. "This pair we will call Chukchansi. This pair we will call Mono." Then he sent all the pairs out. Thus he paired the tribes and sent them out. "Now you all establish homes and settle down. This will make the world. You people increase, for this world looks too bare. Fill it."

All went to their places. They all went away happy. Eagle looked over the cliff himself to see them start. "How beautiful it is to see people walking," he said. "The world certainly looks nice." Then addressing the girl, he said, "Now we are going to kill deer, as I did when we first met. We are only two now, paired off."

#### 8. WALKING SKELETON.<sup>1</sup>

The people were playing hand games in the house. They played without cessation. A woman heard Walking Skeleton (or ghost, tcoap) approaching when she was still miles away. Walking Skeleton had flesh only on the shoulder blades; a condition arrived at through extreme hunger, which had caused her to eat herself. She carried a pitch-lined conical burden basket for the transportation of victims. Into this she threw people, who stuck in the pitch. When she reached the cave which served as her abode, she stooped and precipitated her victims from the basket to the floor. Because of the approach of this monster, the woman warned the people to stop playing; but they were reluctant to cease and said, "No! Let her come." When Walking Skeleton came closer the woman again warned her companions, saying, "Stop! She is drawing near." It was of no avail; the people retorted as before. Then the woman decided to go out of the house and hide herself under a burden basket. Hardly had she done so, when Walking Skeleton arrived and opened the bark door of the house. The monster whistled, causing the people to turn to look at her. They were instantly stricken dead. Walking Skeleton then departed, and went to the house of Lizard (pogoit) who lived close by.

After Walking Skeleton's departure the woman who was hidden under the burden basket heard a baby crying within the house. She entered and picked up the baby to quiet it. The baby had escaped because it was asleep when Walking Skeleton came. The woman now went with the baby to the house of her father's sister. She knew, however, that Walking Skeleton would capture the baby and eat it. She left it in a little meadow, while she went to dig some "wild sweet potatoes" for it.

Walking Skeleton carried a slippery pestle, with which to pulverize human bones. It was so slippery that none but she could pick it up. As the woman dug the "wild sweet potatoes," she heard the blows of Walking Skeleton's pestle and she knew that the baby had been captured and killed. Then she was in great fear, for she knew not how to escape the monster. She dug a hole and attempted to bury herself, but was unsuccessful, as part of one leg remained exposed. Then she tried to hide herself under some bark, but it fell to pieces exposing her. She could not hide and she was so terrified that she hardly knew what to do.

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

Walking Skeleton now tried to entice her within reach by calling to her, "Your baby is crying. Your baby is crying." The woman, however, played for time and replied, "I have not dug enough wild sweet potatoes yet, with which to feed the baby." In desperation the woman pushed over the dead tree, under the bark of which she had tried to hide. She found Bat in the tree. He was rolled into a ball, so that his legs and wings were hard to see. She knew that Bat would help her if she could only awaken him. She said, "Quick! Walking Skeleton is coming after me now." Bat still slumbered, so she started to beat him into the ground with a feathered arrow. After a bit Bat awoke and asked, "What are you doing to me? Are you awakening me? I was quite sound asleep." The woman implored, "I want to go somewhere, for Walking Skeleton is trying to catch me. I want to go to my mother's brother's house." Her mother's brother was Skunk. The obliging Bat said, "Get on my back. I will carry you."

Upon their arrival Skunk agreed to give his niece refuge. "All right. I will keep you," he said. Skunk spread pitch on the ground, hoping to ensnare Walking Skeleton. Skunk now said to his niece, "Paint your face with red clay and with white clay." She mixed the paint and applied it as her uncle had requested. Then Skunk ordered her to sit down in the middle of the area of pitch. She protested, "Why do you wish me to do that, uncle?" He replied, "Because a nice-looking man has been stealing my watermelons (*santiya*<sup>1</sup>)."—"I do not want to sit there, uncle," the woman remonstrated, "he might eat me." She knew very well that her uncle was putting her up to some mischief. In spite of her protests Skunk put her in the pitch which he had placed in the middle of his watermelon patch. "When two handsome men come by, greet them," he commanded.

After nightfall Coyote and Puma came to the watermelon patch. They were brothers; Coyote was the younger, Puma the older. They saw the woman and departed without stealing watermelons. Next morning Skunk visited his niece at her position in the middle of the watermelon patch, and inquired if any one had come during the night. She answered, "I saw two handsome men."—"Did they steal any watermelons?" queried Skunk. "No," the woman replied, "but they looked as though they might eat me, uncle. I want to go to the house." Skunk was obdurate and refused, saying, "They have been stealing my watermelons and I cannot find any way to catch them. You stay here and we will try again to catch them."

Coyote and Puma meanwhile had returned home, where they fell to fighting over the woman they had seen. One declared, "I am going to marry her." The other retorted, "No. I am going to marry her."

<sup>1</sup> *Sandia* (Spanish). The introduction of a modified version of the Tar-Baby here shows indirect Spanish influence.—F. B.

They fought until Coyote was killed. Puma thus killed his younger brother. That night Puma returned to Skunk's watermelon patch and attempted to reach the woman, but he stuck hard and fast in the pitch.

In the morning Skunk visited his watermelon patch, to see if the thief had been caught. Puma tried to bargain for his release. He promised to marry Skunk's niece and make a good home for her, if Skunk would only release him. Skunk rudely interrupted him, saying, "You quit your talking," and thereupon seized a handful of dirt and threw it into Puma's eyes. "You stay there until you die," said the heartless Skunk, declining to release his prisoner. Then Puma threatened, "I am going to call my mother's brother. He is going to eat all of your people." Puma's uncle was Bear. The woman, Skunk's niece, was beside herself with fear. "I do not know what I shall do," she said. "I will be eaten by his uncle." Skunk quieted her fears, saying, "You keep quiet. When Bear comes, he is going to be saucy like his nephew and I am going to punish him."

When Bear came, he pursued Skunk, who took refuge in a small pine tree. Skunk warned Bear, "Look out, Bear, it will be the death of both of us, if you climb this tree," for the tree was bending ominously as Bear started to climb it. "Look out, look out! You are going to kill both of us, for there is a big canyon below," said Skunk. Bear persisted in his endeavors to reach Skunk. "I am going to settle with you now," said Skunk, as the tree bent out over the canyon. It bent clear across the canyon, so that Skunk jumped from the tree top to the opposite wall of the canyon. The tree flew up violently, causing Bear to lose his hold, so that he was dashed to pieces in the canyon below.

Let us turn to Walking Skeleton and her adventures with Lizard. Upon reaching Lizard's house, Walking Skeleton asked him if there were living with him any of his brothers or sisters, or his father, or his mother. Lizard replied that he had no father or mother, but that he had a brother, who was at that moment engaged in setting traps for mice. Walking Skeleton then picked up some hot ashes and threw them on Lizard's back, burning him slightly. Lizard had an elderberry stick, from which he had removed the heart. To escape his tormentor, he entered it, holding it erect, and proceeded through it up into the sky. The baffled Walking Skeleton set fire to Lizard's house, incidentally burning Lizard's elder brother to death. The elder brother had returned and, not knowing that his younger brother had gone to the sky, had hidden himself under the bark of the house. Walking Skeleton set fire in a ring around Lizard's house, so that Lizard's elder brother could not escape from his hiding place in the bark of the house, and thus he was burned to death.

When Lizard reached the sky, he entered Coyote's house. Coyote made fun of Lizard's hand and asked him why he wanted to have five fingers. "Why do you not have a hand like mine?" asked Coyote. Coyote had hands just like a dog. He had to pick up things with his mouth. Coyote wanted to kill Lizard, but was unable to catch him. He tried, tried many ways, but each attempt failed, though all the time he was wishing most earnestly that he could catch him. Then Coyote asked Lizard if he had seen Deer. Deer was Lizard's mother's brother.

Finally Coyote devised a scheme for the murder of Lizard. He asked Lizard to accompany him to the top of a high precipitous rock there to assist him to capture Deer, Lizard's own uncle. It was Coyote's intention to shoot Lizard, once he got him there. When they arrived at the edge of the precipice Coyote looked down first and told Lizard that he could see Deer far below at the bottom of the cliff. Lizard looked down, but could not see Deer. Thereupon Coyote said, "Move a little further over. Stand right on the edge of the rock." Lizard did as he was bidden and the treacherous Coyote pushed him over the precipice. However, Lizard was fortunate enough to lodge in a crevice. Coyote looked down and said, "I think I killed him." He was greeted mockingly by Lizard who thrust his hand out from his place of lodgment and said, "You did not kill me."

As Coyote returned home he thought to himself, "I do not know what I shall do. It looks as though I could not kill Lizard. I suppose I shall have to give him one of my daughters to marry. That is the only way I can kill him." Coyote had three daughters. Lizard returned to Coyote's house.

Coyote had an elder sister named Raccoon who lived near him. She had two daughters, who were both Snow Birds (*Junco*). These two daughters went down to the spring for water and found Lizard sitting there. Coyote's three daughters repaired to the spring for water also and likewise saw Lizard sitting there. Lizard said to Coyote's daughters, "Come, give me some water." Coyote's daughters said, "No. We will give you no water. Our father told us to have nothing to do with you." They returned to their house and told their father that they had seen Lizard at the spring. "What did Lizard say to you?" asked Coyote. They replied that he had asked for water. "Did you give him any?" queried Coyote. "No," the girls replied, "because you told us to have nothing to do with him."—"But I did not tell you to go and tell him that," was Coyote's angry criticism. "I intended to set some traps for him and catch him and kill him."

Lizard received a more friendly reception from Raccoon's two daughters. "May I go to your house?" asked Lizard and they replied affirmatively. So Lizard went to Raccoon's house with her

two daughters. Coyote watched him as he went along in order to see what he was going to do. Coyote said, "Now that he has entered that house, we are going to kill him. I know that he intends to marry one of my sister's daughters." Happily for Lizard one of Coyote's daughters, who had taken umbrage at her father's scolding, came and made a hole through the house-wall where Lizard was sitting, and informed him of her father's plans. Upon receiving this intelligence, Lizard thrust his elderberry stick downward and took Raccoon, her two daughters, and himself down to earth. When Coyote entered Raccoon's house to kill Lizard he found no one. After he had departed Lizard thrust his elderberry stick up again and he, Raccoon, and her two daughters all returned to the sky. Coyote heard a roaring like thunder, made by their arrival in the sky. Raccoon said to Lizard, "I will get some chaparral and wrap you and the two girls in it, so that it will look merely as though I were carrying some wood home to burn." By this means she brought them to the house without Coyote's knowledge.

Coyote asked his daughters, "What did you dream about?" One replied, "I dreamed of rain and hail."—"Can you make it come true?" questioned Coyote. His daughter thought that she could. Then the wily Coyote sent one of his three daughters to Raccoon's house, saying, "Go and see if Lizard is in that house." Coyote's daughter went to the house and peered in, but Raccoon threw a handful of dirt into her eyes, which made her cry, so she gave up in despair. Then Coyote sent a second daughter to see if Lizard was in Raccoon's house, but Raccoon threw dirt into her eyes also. Then Coyote sent his third daughter, saying, "You go. I will gamble so that she may not get dirt into your eyes." The third daughter went, and, every time that Raccoon threw dirt at her, she turned her head. She saw Lizard sitting in the house. This girl was the one who dreamt about the rain and hail.

The girl returned to Coyote's house. "Yes," she said, "Lizard is there." Coyote was pleased and said, "We are going to sing to bring the rain and hail. We will freeze them to death with rain and hail. We are going to kill all of them." They commenced singing and dancing in their house, with the result that rain and hail came pouring down, so that it filled Raccoon's house. Lizard put his elderberry stick horizontally across the upper part of the house and sat on it, together with Raccoon and her two daughters. After a time Coyote thought that his victims must be dead, so he sent one of his daughters to ascertain if they were. After looking into Raccoon's house she returned and reported to her father, saying, "I think they are dead. The water inside is nearly up to the top of the house."

Lizard, Raccoon, and her daughters were two days on the elderberry stick, before the water subsided. When it went down and they were again on the floor of the house, Raccoon asked her daughters if they had dreamt of anything. One daughter said, "Yes. I dreamed of hot weather." Then Raccoon said, "Let us sing and dance and make it come true, thereby revenging ourselves on Coyote and his family." Lizard pleaded for Coyote, saying, "No. Do not do that. We do not want to abuse your brother that way." But old Raccoon was not to be appeased and she said, "See how Coyote and his daughters have treated us. They have pretty nearly killed us. On account of you they pretty nearly killed us. They wanted to kill you too." Then Lizard acquiesced and they began to dance and sing.

After a while Coyote went out and cut some small oaks to make a sun-shelter as it was getting hot. He and his daughters became very thirsty, and Coyote went down to a pool to bathe. The water was cool and he said to his daughters, "This is all right. We are going to take a bath this way." The second time he took a bath the water had become lukewarm, and the third time it had become rather hot. The fourth time when Coyote and his daughters jumped in, the water had reached the boiling point. They were all scalded to death. When Raccoon saw their dead bodies she said, "That is the way I punished you. You were mean to me, you, my own brother."

Having finished burning Lizard's house, Walking Skeleton continued her travels. She encountered Prairie Falcon and his wife's brother, Crow, gathering tobacco. She asked them what they were going to do with it. Prairie Falcon replied, "We are going to feed you upon it." She went to her camp and secured her carrying basket. As she was walking along she again met Prairie Falcon and Crow. They were on their way to the country of the people without mouths. She said, "Let me carry you, my nephews (brother's sons)."—"Let us get into your basket ourselves," they said. Nevertheless, she chased them, for she wanted to catch them and throw them into the basket, so that they would adhere to the pitch therein. In vain she pursued them for nearly a day. Then she went home and the two men proceeded to the country of mouthless and speechless people. There they saw great quantities of meat hanging on the bushes drying, also much meat that had been thrown away, meat that had not been eaten. They discussed what they saw and wondered why so much meat was wasted and how the people ate.

A mouthless man, named Rainbow, came along. He took Prairie Falcon's hand and put it on his (Rainbow's) forehead. As soon as Prairie Falcon's hand rested there mist and rainbows appeared everywhere. Prairie Falcon and Crow stayed all night in that country. The mouthless people cooked meat, which they sniffed with their

noses and then threw away. After seeing them do this, Prairie Falcon said to his brother-in-law Crow, "I do not know what we are going to do with them." Rainbow motioned to them to cut open his mouth. Then Prairie Falcon and Crow cut them all open, so that they could eat meat. After they had cut open Rainbow's mouth, he suggested to them that they go and play shinny. "Let us go and play shinny," he said. "We will make some balls and sticks and play."—"All right," said Prairie Falcon, "I will play shinny with you."

Upon looking around Rainbow's habitation Prairie Falcon found his own mother, Wild Turkey, staked out with her legs cut off. He did not know her, but his mother recognized him and said, "I think you are my son. I had a pretty son named Prairie Falcon." Prairie Falcon did not reply to his mother, whereupon his mother besought him, saying, "Come here and visit with me and talk with me." Nevertheless Prairie Falcon said nothing; he just hung his head. He had been wondering if he had a mother.

Rainbow's plan to play shinny with Prairie Falcon and Crow was part of a scheme to encompass their destruction, over which he had pondered for some time. He went to the ground where the game was to be played and dug holes into which he put boiling pitch. Meantime Rainbow and his companions had interviewed Prairie Falcon and Crow and set the time for the game. "We are going to play shinny in about two days," they said. "You can make yourself a stick and ball." Then Prairie Falcon, although a male, made a nest and laid eggs to use for balls. He took one of his feathers to use as a stick to play shinny. When the time to play came, he told Rainbow that he had no stick and not even a ball. Rainbow therefore loaned him a stick and a ball, of which he said he had plenty.

They started to play and Rainbow said, "We are going to play two games. These two pines are the goals. We will drive around them twice and then into the hole in the middle between them. If I win, I am going to throw you into that pitch." Forthwith Rainbow drove his ball around once, whereupon he boasted, "One more round and I am going to beat you." When Rainbow got half way around again, Prairie Falcon produced his own ball and stick and drove ahead of him. Rainbow said, "We are even." It was now Prairie Falcon's turn to boast and he said, "One more round and I am going to beat you." Just about the time that Prairie Falcon was nearing the finishing hole, Walking Skeleton put in an appearance and chased the players about. She caught Rainbow and threw him into her basket. Immediately it became so foggy that no one could see. Prairie Falcon and his brother-in-law had to send for Great Horned Owl (muhu) to make daylight.

Great Horned Owl came to Prairie Falcon and Crow and asked, "What do you want?"—"We want daylight so that we can see where we are going in order that Walking Skeleton may not catch us," they said. They asked Great Horned Owl how he was going to make daylight. He replied, "I am going to say, 'Who are you (Ūa hage)?'" He said it and made daylight. Then Prairie Falcon and Crow proceeded homeward. After arriving at home, they went hunting and again encountered Walking Skeleton. The following day they went out to get Prairie Falcon's mother, Wild Turkey. She was nearly starved to death and they had to put wooden legs on her, to replace her real legs which had been cut off. As they were accompanying her, Walking Skeleton came up and gave chase. She caught Wild Turkey without difficulty, because she could not run. Then she pursued the two men. They said to her, "Let us jump into your basket ourselves."—"All right," she said. Then they jumped into the basket. They made fire with a buckeye fire-drill. Prairie Falcon said, "I dislike burning my mother," for she was stuck in the pitch in the basket, "but she would have died anyway if I had not taken her from Rainbow's place." Then he told Crow to make the fire, saying, "I am going to get my mother's heart and eat it while you are making that fire." Crow remonstrated with him, "Do not do that." Prairie Falcon asked, "Why should I not do that?" His brother-in-law answered, "You will turn into a rock, if you eat your mother's heart." Prairie Falcon persisted and said that he was going to eat it, to see if he did turn into a rock.

His mother was already dead, so he took her heart and ate it. Prairie Falcon died when he ate that heart. His brother-in-law Crow did not know what to do, for Prairie Falcon had turned into a little bag of feathers. Crow made the fire, as Prairie Falcon had directed, and burned Walking Skeleton. Then he jumped out of Walking Skeleton's burden basket with the little bag of feathers and took it home to Prairie Falcon's sister. When Prairie Falcon's sister took the bag of feathers, it turned into eggs and shinny stick. She threw the stick into the fire. When all but an inch or two of it had burned, Prairie Falcon popped out and flew around the house. He said, "You people are burning me. You awakened me. I was sound asleep." Then Prairie Falcon became furious and uncontrollable. They could not catch him, as he dashed wildly about the house. His sister made a carrying cradle and finally did catch him and lashed him into it. Then they stood him against a tree, thinking that he would grow as tall as the tree. However, before he grew as tall as the tree, his mother Wild Turkey untied him. It seems that she was in the basket with him. From her heart which he had eaten she had been formed anew, after Prairie Falcon had been tied in the carrying cradle.

After Prairie Falcon had been freed by his mother, she said to him, "I am going to get you a brother. Would you prefer Eagle or Vulture?" Prairie Falcon objected to both, saying, "They are both bald-headed. I do not want either of them for my brother." Meanwhile his brother-in-law Crow was listening behind the tree and almost bursting with laughter. While this conversation was going on, Salamander came along with a cane made of a king snake. Prairie Falcon jumped up and seized his cane, saying, "Give me that cane of yours." So Salamander parted with his king-snake cane. Immediately the cane turned into a large and active king snake, which bit Prairie Falcon, so that he died. That was the last of Prairie Falcon. Crow, his brother-in-law, went across the mountains, where he fell into a large lake and was drowned. Prairie Falcon's mother, Wild Turkey, caught a gopher snake, which she tied about herself as a belt and which squeezed her to death. Eagle came along to carry away the body of Prairie Falcon's mother, but she turned into Vulture. She said that she was going to get Prairie Falcon's body and eat his heart, but Eagle would not let her. Eagle killed her.

#### 9. THE ADVENTURES OF HAININU AND BAUMEGWESU.<sup>1</sup>

Haininu was the younger brother. Baumegwesu was the elder brother. Baumegwesu was born near Wütcunap [a small lake reputed to be without inlet or outlet, with high cliffs on the western side, and lying close to the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, in Inyo county; perhaps identifiable with Lake Ediza].

The younger brother, Haininu, saw in that lake [Wütcunap] a "water baby" (paxwa).<sup>2</sup> Haininu threw a stone at it. His older brother was seated, watching him as he threw a stone at the water baby. The water baby attacked Haininu when he threw the stone at it. The water rose and sought to overwhelm Haininu, but failed. He jumped from rock to rock, Haininu did. As he jumped, he exclaimed, "Haininu!" and the water rushed at him again. He shouted again, "Haininu!" He jumped from one rock to another, saying, "Haininu!" The water pursued him to the sky, far into the sky, far into the sky. It was about to catch him. He made a hole in the sky. There he lay. He was dead. The water had missed him. He was wet. Half of his body was wet. The water receded. Haininu arose and came down to the water baby's place. Baumegwesu, the elder brother, was watching his younger brother. Haininu killed the water baby.

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono into a graphophone by Singing Jack, a shaman. Translated by Daniel Harris from Univ. Calif. Mus. Anthr. graphophone records 2126-2147.

<sup>2</sup> A water spirit in the form of a human child with long tresses. To molest one brings on a flood or other affliction.

Baumegwesu sang, "Baume gwesu, Baume gwesu," etc. After Haininu had killed the water baby, they left, they left that place. The elder brother said to Haininu, "You sing. You sing now, my younger brother." Haininu sang, "Haina, Haininu, Haina, Haininu," etc. The younger brother said, "You sing now, my elder brother." Baumegwesu sang, "Baume gwesu, Baume gwesu," etc.

They were singing while on their way to Dünigüba [near the headwaters of the San Joaquin river]. In Dünigüba they saw Bear swinging, swinging on a sapling. They started to descend the hill to Bear. The elder brother said to his younger brother, "That is our father's sister having a good time on the tree, swinging." The younger brother said to the elder brother, "I'll go down there and see her." Then he went down, while she was swinging.

When he came to his father's sister, he perceived that she was enjoying herself. "Let me try," he said. His father's sister replied, "All right." His elder brother was sitting on a great ridge of the mountain above. Haininu sat down on that sapling. His father's sister said, "Sit a little more to this side."—"Right here?" he asked. His father's sister replied, "Yes. Right there. Now we'll swing." His father's sister swung him up and down, a little higher each time. When she had him rising very high with each upward movement of the sapling, she suddenly released the tree. When she released it, Haininu was projected far into the sky. He turned back, came back, and, as he was falling, he said, "Sandy place." When he came down he struck feet first in a sandy place. He went far in and only his eagle head-feather projected above the ground.

He arose from where he struck. He approached his father's sister again. He said, "Let me try. You get on. I'll swing you." His father's sister mounted the sapling. Haininu swung her up and down, swung her up and down. Haininu released the sapling and Bear was projected skyward. Haininu shouted, "Hit the ground. Hit the ground." So she did. She was killed by the fall.

After he had killed Bear, he returned to his elder brother. His elder brother was seated and singing. Baumegwesu sang, "Baume gwesu, Baume gwesu," etc. When he had finished he told his younger brother to sing. Haininu sang, "Haina, Haininu, Haina, Haininu," etc. They were going on their way and had reached Haekaman [a pass on the Mammoth trail across the Sierra Nevada]. They sat down there to rest.

While they were resting, the elder brother said to Haininu, "There are our father's sisters. Our father's sisters are the Winds." The Winds were living on posita [a kind of seed]. Haininu said, "All right. I'll go down and see our father's sisters." The elder brother

said, "All right. Get a lunch from our father's sisters. Don't tease them," he said. "Don't hurt them."—"All right," said Haininu.

Haininu arrived at the place where his father's sisters were making baskets. They said, "Hello,"<sup>1</sup> and Haininu replied, "Hello." "Whither are you going?" asked his father's sisters. "I am going down to the plains, whence I'll never return," he said. "I have come down to get a lunch from you." His father's sisters asked, "What?" Haininu answered, "My elder brother told me to come down here and get a lunch. I don't know what." One Wind laid her basket down and entered her house, where she got some posita. She put it in a bag. She said, "Drink water with it. That's all," she said. She gave it to him.

Haininu had made holes in his father's sister's basket, while she was in the house. As soon as Haininu left, she picked up the basket. She saw that it was full of holes. She said, "We'll see him. We'll kill him." They pursued him. The Winds roared. Before he had gone far they overtook him. His father's sisters seized a great tree and threw it at him. He exclaimed, "Haininu!" They pursued him all over the mountains. They threw bushes and rocks at him. He escaped each time, exclaiming, "Haininu!" They chased him back to his starting place. There Haininu hid in a cave among the rocks on a mountain. His father's sisters hurled a great tree at him, but could not reach him. Then the Winds gave up the chase and returned to their house.

Haininu left the cave. He went to his elder brother. His arrows were scattered everywhere. He said to himself, "I'll go and see my father's sisters (the Winds)," he said. So he did, while his father's sisters were making baskets. He drew his bow to the uttermost and shot his father's sisters (the Winds) with his arrows. He killed them. Their children went into holes. He got some hot ashes and threw at them.

Haininu returned to his elder brother. His elder brother was singing, "Baume gwesu, Baume gwesu," etc.—"Now we are going," said the elder brother. "Now you sing, my younger brother," he said. Haininu sang, "Haina, Haininu," etc. When they were through singing, the elder brother said, "Nothing more like this. We are going to the plains." They were on their way. They passed Mozidue [at the head of San Joaquin river]. From there they went up the mountain. They passed Pakadidikwe.<sup>2</sup> They came to Pisikwū [a precipitous peak called by the whites Big Tom]. They sat down below Pisikwū. While they were sitting there, the elder brother said to

<sup>1</sup> Wanahu, the Mono greeting.

<sup>2</sup> A hunting-place near the headwaters of the San Joaquin river, at too high an altitude for permanent residence.

Haininu, "Our father's sister is living on fish. She is a water baby." The elder brother sang, "Baume gwesu," etc.

The younger brother went down to see his father's sister. The elder brother went along the trail and the younger brother went down. The elder brother warned him, "Don't tease her or hurt her." He arrived while his father's sister was making a basket. Haininu said, "Hello," to his father's sister. She said, "Hello," to him. His father's sister asked, "Whither are you going?"—"I'm going down to the plains," he said. "I came down to get a lunch." She asked, "What?" She went into her house to get him a lunch. Meanwhile Haininu seized her basket. He made holes in the basket. She brought him the lunch. Then Haininu left.

As soon as she saw the holes in the basket, she said to herself, "I'll go and kill him." She overtook Haininu and seized him by the thumb. He exclaimed, "Haininu!" His father's sister dragged him toward the water as Haininu grasped at trees and bushes. His father's sister pulled the trees with him, and the rocks. She kept repeating, "You are going to go into the water." She got him to the edge of the water. Haininu pulled back as hard as he could. His father's sister was already sitting in the water and Haininu thought to himself that his thumb ought to break. So it did. As he escaped he exclaimed, "Haininu!"

Haininu returned to the place where he had been caught. His arrows were scattered everywhere. He said to himself, "I'll go down and shoot my father's sister." And he shot her and killed her. He returned to his elder brother. He was singing.

The elder brother was singing, "Baume gwesu," etc. He told his younger brother, "We are going. Now you sing, my younger brother." Haininu sang, "Haina, Haininu," etc. Then they came down to Hukuntukwe [below Big Tom]. They passed Hukuntukwe. As soon as they reached the top of the mountain, they sat down. They rested. The elder brother said to Haininu, "There are our father's sisters, the Rattlesnakes, living on posita seed."—"I'll go down and see them," said Haininu. "Don't hurt or tease them," warned his elder brother. Haininu descended. Baume gwesu went on and sat on a ridge and sang, "Baume gwesu," etc.

Haininu went down to his father's sisters. They were making baskets. They asked, "Whither are you going?" Haininu replied, "We are going down to the plains. We'll never return. My elder brother sent me down to get a lunch."—"What can we give you? What can we give you?" they asked. "Go over there and see if there is anything over there," one said to the other. So she went. Haininu had already made a hole in her basket, when she came out with posita. She gave it to him and he left.

As soon as he had left, his father's sisters picked up their basket. They saw the hole in the basket. "We'll go over and kill him," they said. Haininu was going to his elder brother. He was already half way. The Rattlesnakes took a short cut and outstripped him. Each made a nest beside the trail, one on each side, but one a bit ahead of the other. They piled up stones and lay in wait for him. Haininu came along. The first one bit him and he exclaimed, "Haininu!" He jumped to one side and the second one bit him. "Haininu!" he exclaimed. The Rattlesnakes went home. Haininu went a short distance and then looked at his foot. It was bleeding. He reached a large flat rock. He was getting worse. One foot felt as though it were longer than the other. As soon as he reached a little stream, there he lay dead.

His elder brother watched him. His elder brother came down to him, where he was lying. He said to himself, "There you are now." He looked around. He laid his quiver on a rock. Then he took his arrows and laid them on the rock. He took the best one, the middle one. Then he struck his younger brother with it. As he struck him, his flesh flew off in bits. After a while he awakened him. Haininu looked around. Haininu said to his elder brother, "What are you doing? Awakening me?" Baumeqwesu said to his younger brother, "I did not awaken you. Look at your body. What is the matter with you?"

Haininu arose and collected his arrows, which were scattered all over the large flat rock. He went down to his father's sisters. He shot them with arrows and killed them. The little children were in small holes. He shot at them with arrows but could not hit them. He threw hot ashes at them.

Haininu returned to his elder brother. "Now we are going," he said. Baumeqwesu replied, "All right." They crossed Pohaininu [a creek]. They went up the hill and sat down. Baumeqwesu said to his younger brother, "There is our mother's brother, Coyote, tanning hides. We'll go over there and visit him." Coyote was making a large fire. The two brothers arrived. Coyote spread his own hide on the ground and told them to sit on it. "No," they said, "we'll sit out here on the rock, right here." Coyote asked, "Where are you going?"—"Mother's brother, we are going to the plains. We shall never return. We are going to be killed. You stay. We are going."—"All right," said Coyote, "I'll hear of you being killed later."

They departed. They went over the rock. There they saw their mother's brother, Deer. "I'll go there and visit him," said Haininu. "I'll borrow his flaker" [referring to the deer's antlers from which flakers for obsidian arrow points are made]. "Don't hurt him,"

said Baumegwesu. "All right," answered Haininu. Baumegwesu told his younger brother to get an old flaker, a worn-out one.

There was Deer with his flakers [antlers] stuck up on his head, all good and straight. As soon as Haininu arrived Deer asked where he was going. "We are going to the plains, from which we shall never return, my elder brother and I. I came down to get a flaker from you, one that is worn out."—"I haven't one," said Deer. "Right there is one," retorted Haininu. Deer gave him the old one, but Haininu said, "No, the other one." Haininu examined the old flaker which Deer had given him and said, "No, I want the other one, the new one that is good and straight."—"This is the only one I have," remonstrated Deer. "Yes, that's the one I want," persisted Haininu. Then Haininu chased Deer. He dragged him around by the flaker [antler] on his head. Deer protested, "You're hurting me, you're hurting me. I'll give it to you."—"This is the one I want," said Haininu. So Haininu looked at that flaker. "This is the one I want," said Haininu. "It is the only one I have, this new one," said Deer. "Well, I'm off," said Haininu. So he left. "All right," said Deer. Haininu returned to his elder brother. His elder brother was singing, "Baume gwesu," etc.

As soon as Haininu arrived, he said, "We are going." The elder brother said, "All right." They went over the hill. There were Water Snakes [patoko] near the trail. The elder brother said, "There are our father's sisters, Water Snakes, making baskets. We'll go down and see them." So they started down. Haininu went behind his elder brother, singing, "Haina, Haininu," etc. The elder brother told the younger brother, "Here is our father's sister's home; they are living under a big rock, making baskets." Baumegwesu said to his younger brother, "We're going." So they started off. They went a little way and Haininu stopped. The elder brother went on. Haininu came back to his father's sisters' home and he split that big rock in two. He shot his father's sisters and killed them.

He left that place. He went on the trail and caught up with his elder brother. Then they came to a place named Tanoba [east of Chiquito]. They rested there. They were on their way. They were singing and singing and singing. Then they came to a place named Yauyau and they sat there and sang. Baumegwesu sang first, "Baume gwesu," Then he said to his younger brother, "Now you sing." Haininu sang, "Haina, Haininu."

From that place they started and they came to a place named Icetekuna. They looked around. Haininu asked his elder brother which way they were going. He said from Icetekuna they were going around. Then they left and they came on westward. They passed around Pauwinene (Shut-eye). They tarried there. "We'll

make it right here," they said. Then they started to build a rock wall. Baumegwesu said, "This is not a very good place." He left that place and went on the ridge. "We'll go down below," he said. "All right," said Haininu. Below Ictekuna they made other rock walls in two places. "This is too far," said the elder brother. "This is not a very good place." They left there. "All right, we'll go over to Tcinihütü (Table mountain)," they said. So they started. They saw nothing on the way.

They got to a place named Danabau [near Table mountain, both Mono and Chukchansi lived there]. There they made a big rock wall. When they finished building the rock wall, they looked down on the plains and they said, "This is too far from the plains." They left that place. They went on to a place named Pagauwa [above Friant on Madera side of the San Joaquin river]. They made a small rock wall there. They loitered and looked down on the plains. "We will go over to Yoninau," [west of Friant on Madera side of the river]. They arrived there. They started to build a big rock wall. They made six rock walls there.<sup>1</sup> When they had finished, Baumegwesu said to his younger brother, "Now you go." So he did. He went over to a place where the elk lived. As soon as Haininu arrived there, the elk pursued him. Dust was flying all over. They chased him toward the west. His elder brother said to himself, "Now they are after my younger brother." His elder brother was watching him. About the edge of the ocean he turned back and the dust flew. His elder brother could not see him very well. He could see the eagle feather on his head. He watched that. They chased Haininu down south. They chased him back. He was coming toward his elder brother. "Now my younger brother is coming," said the elder brother. The dust was flying. He could see the eagle feather above the dust. The younger brother went towards the elder brother and passed right through the gate. He went over the rock wall, Haininu did. Haininu passed his elder brother. As soon as he passed his elder brother, he fell down dead.

As soon as an elk went through the gate after Haininu, the elder brother shot it. He shot just one, but all of them died. Then Haininu came to life, returned to his elder brother, and they started skinning the elk. They skinned only one, but all were skinned. They said they were going to eat them. "Now, younger brother, make the fire," said Baumegwesu. "Now, elder brother, cut me off a piece of that meat," Haininu said. "We have good coal here." So his elder

<sup>1</sup> These rock walls are described as circular corrals with a single opening. Such circles were made for shooting deer. Openings were made so one could look out from the inside. These were about twenty feet in diameter. They were used as blinds in which hunters sat awaiting the approach of the deer. The raconteur has seen one near Friant. The walls were about seven feet high.

brother handed the meat to him. He put it on the coals. As soon as he shut his eyes the meat was gone. "My meat's gone," said Haininu. "Cut me a piece again." He put the meat on the coals and again it disappeared. "Cut me off another piece," requested the younger brother. As soon as he shut his eyes the meat once more vanished. "What makes my meat go under these coals?" asked the younger brother. He began to dig. He saw an elk rise from under the coals, and it tried to catch him. The younger brother said, "Haininu!" The elk went after him. The elk said, "Sobwa" [call of the elk]. They went after him on his way among the trees. They went through the brush and Haininu said, "Haininu!" The elk could not catch him. Then his elder brother took those hides and bundled them up and started off this way [toward the mountains]. Haininu and his elder brother were separated right there. Haininu was lost in the brush.

[It would be hard for mortals to-day, if Haininu had not killed the mother Wind. Only her offspring blow in the world to-day and the caves in the mountain passes are their homes. The killing of the mother Rattlesnake by Haininu made life better for people to-day, for her descendants are not so powerful as she. The same is true of the she-Bear that he killed. Her posterity have never equaled her in strength.]

#### 10. THE ADVENTURES OF HAININU AND BAUMEGWESU.<sup>1</sup>

Coyote made a fire, a large fire. He sat down by it and cried. Then he sang, "Yo i hini, yo i hini wau!" Said Coyote to himself, "My tears drop down all around my flanks. I wish my sister's sons, Haininu and Baumegwesu, would come. If they would come, I would go with them." The two nephews appeared close by the fire. "What are you going to do, uncle?" asked Haininu. Coyote replied, "What do you expect me to do? I am going with you. I am going along when you get that yellowjackets' nest. I will clean it very thoroughly." So they started.

They encountered Roadrunner, who was also Haininu's mother's brother. What are you going to do?" queried Haininu. "I am going along too," replied Roadrunner. Next they came to House Finch's place and Haininu said to House Finch, who was also his mother's brother, "What are you going to do?" House Finch responded, "I am going along too." Then they arrived at the camp of Brewer's Blackbird. "What are you going to do, mother's brother?" asked Haininu. He replied, "I am going along too."

A creek was reached and there Haininu shot a large salmon with his bow and arrow. When he killed it, the water rose and nearly

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono by Chipó, an old man, and translated by Mrs. George Teaford.

overwhelmed him. It pursued him. He jumped from cliff to cliff far back in the mountains, but the water still followed him. Finally he got out of reach of it, but he was so exhausted that he fainted. When he revived he asked himself, "Who is doing this to me? I am going to see you again," he said, referring to the salmon and the water of the creek which had pursued him. He was all covered with mud when the water receded. He looked over the edge of the cliff on which he was resting, put over his bow and arrow, so they leaned against it and then slid down to the bottom of the cliff on them. He returned to the place where he had shot the large salmon. Then out of revenge he shot all of the salmon he could see, a task which was made easy because the water was low. "That is what I can do to you now," he said. He walked around amongst the slaughtered salmon in the now waterless creek bed. All of the water had disappeared when he killed the salmon. "This is what I can do to you," he said.

He took his departure and caught up with his brother Baumegwesu, who had gone on with his uncles. As they proceeded Haininu espied two bears swinging. He said to them, "Friends, you are doing something fine there. Let me swing." The bears replied, "Yes, it is nice. You may swing." The bears swung him on the tree and then let go. He was projected upward, but alighted feet first, though buried up to his neck in sand. The bears laughed and went into their house, leaving their cubs outside. Haininu killed and skinned the cubs and took their flesh in the house. "My father's sisters," he said, "here is some deer meat. Eat it." The bears remarked, "It smells like our children, and it tastes like them." Then they vomited. The bears pursued Haininu, who called to Baumegwesu, across the creek, to put his leg out so that the bears might cross on it. Baumegwesu did so, but when one bear was half way over, he withdrew his leg and she fell into the water and was drowned. One bear was left and that is why there are still bears in this country to-day.

The two brothers went on until they neared the home of their father's sisters, the Winds. There Baumegwesu said to Haininu, "You go over there and see our aunts and get a basket from them." This was at a big cave, in the mountains, called Piyau. The Winds lived in the cave. When Haininu entered Piyau cave, the habitation of his aunts, he seized each of the old women by the ears. They protested, "Ouch! Nephew, do not do that. You are always treating us this way."—"Give me a basket, aunts," he demanded. "I want to put some of my food into it. We are going down to the plains." As soon as they turned their backs, Haininu mischievously made holes in all of their baskets by shooting arrows into them. When the Winds perceived what he had done, they became whirlwinds and pursued him. They chased him, overtook him, and beat him with large tree limbs. He

kept shouting his name as he jumped this way and that to escape their blows. They finally gave up in despair, as he was too agile for them, and went home. Haininu followed them back and shot them and all but two of their children, who escaped. They secreted themselves in crevices in the cliff. Haininu tried to poke them out, but could not. We would not have wind to-day if these two little ones had not escaped.

Baumegwesu sat singing his own name, while Haininu was having the tussle with the Winds. "I did not send you to murder our aunts," scolded Baumegwesu, "but you are always getting into mischief. We will travel now." They had not gone far before Baumegwesu said, "My younger brother, you go to our father's sisters living over there and try to get a basket from them." These aunts were Rattlesnakes. To Haininu's request they responded, "Yes, my nephew, we have baskets for you here. Let us enter and seek a good one." They selected their best basket and handed it to Haininu. "This is the best we can do, nephew," they said. Haininu departed and the aunts sat down to resume work on the baskets they were making. "What is the matter with this basket?" asked one, "it is full of holes."—"Mine too," said the other, for Haininu had been up to mischief when their backs were turned. "We will cut across here and get ahead of our nephew before he gets far up the road. Run quickly."

They hastened and hid themselves at a fork of the trail ahead of Haininu. As he passed each one bit him on the leg, one on the right, one on the left. Haininu sat down on a great rock, where one can still see his blood. He fainted. His legs swelled and rotted. Baumegwesu came to see what the trouble was. He whipped Haininu's legs with an arrow. The swelling subsided and Haininu awoke. "What are you doing to me?" he asked. "I have been sleeping right here."—"You certainly have not been sleeping here. I told you not to do this thing. You are always bothering our poor aunts," thus Baumegwesu reprimanded him. Haininu ignored the reproof and said, "You go ahead, brother, and I will follow shortly." He ran back to his aunts' house and shot both of them. One child escaped. "Well, I do not believe that you amount to anything, so I will let you go," said Haininu to the escaping child. Haininu hastened to overtake his brother. When he caught up with him, Baumegwesu asked, "What have you been doing now?"—"I went back and killed those old women," said Haininu. "They cannot get the best of me."

They camped near Napasiat, where they found a yellowjackets' nest under a stone. Haininu said, "We will leave this one for the Indians in this part of the country. We do not want to dig this one out. We will go down to the plains and get a large one."

They made a bait for the yellowjackets. It consisted of a grasshopper's leg with a white feather tied to it. The feather was to serve as a guide when the grasshopper leg was being carried away by a yellowjacket to its nest. It was not long before a yellowjacket started to carry it away. Then Haininu saw a yellowjacket with a piece of deer meat, also a giant yellowjacket carrying a deer's antlers. Haininu left his companions and followed the giant yellowjacket that was carrying the deer's antlers. He followed it to its nest. Then he returned to his companions, singing his name as he went along, "Haina, Haininu." Coyote heard him singing as he approached and he sang too. "Oh, I am so happy," said Coyote, as he thought about the coming feast.

Haininu tarried with Vulture. "Give me one of your feathers," requested Haininu. "All right," said Vulture, "I will give you one." So saying, he pulled out the largest and handed it to Haininu. "Yes. This is what I want," said Haininu. "You may have anything you want," said Vulture. "You know your mother's brother always gives you whatever you wish." Haininu next visited Great Horned Owl and asked him, "What are you going to do?"—"I am going down to eat my fill of yellowjacket grubs," said Great Horned Owl. "Well, come on then," urged Haininu. As they proceeded they encountered Raccoon. "Well, mother's brother, what are you going to do?" queried Haininu. "I am going down to eat my fill of yellowjacket grubs," replied Raccoon. "Well, come on then," invited Haininu.

Baumegwesu sang when they arrived at the yellowjackets' nest. He instructed Haininu and the uncles to go and gather pine needles for the roasting. After they had secured the pine needles, Baumegwesu changed his mind and said, "This is not the nest we are seeking. We ought to have a larger nest. We will have to seek further. This is a different one." Again they used a grasshopper leg for bait and a yellowjacket took it. Haininu followed him way over to the Coast Range (Panakap), located the nest, and then returned to report to his older brother. "No. That is not the nest, either," said Baumegwesu.

They fixed another bait. It was carried towards Mariposa by a yellowjacket. Coyote, meanwhile, had developed such an appetite that he had eaten all the pine needles that had been collected. He complained, "I am so very hungry. When will that yellowjackets' nest be in sight?" Then Haininu followed the yellowjacket toward Mariposa. When he returned to his companions, he found the deer's antlers again in the same hole where he had first found them. Baumegwesu now declared that after all this was the nest they were seeking. "That is the one," he said. "Bring the antlers here. That is certainly the nest." Haininu went out and gathered pine needles, "Are these right, my elder brother?" he asked Baumegwesu. "No.

You have gathered the wrong kind," replied Baumeqwesu. So Haininu started again in the morning. Then he came in with a big load of pine needles. "Are these all right?" he asked. Baumeqwesu said, "Yes. That is the kind I told you to get in the first place."

Haininu protested, "You make so much work for me, elder brother. Why did you bring that old uncle Coyote? He ate all of our pine needles to begin with." Baumeqwesu warned him, "You had better say nothing about him. We have our nest and we do not care." Then Baumeqwesu continued, "There are not enough pine needles. You will have to get some more."—"Oh dear," sighed Haininu, "what work!" He went further this time, crossing the mountains and securing needles from the piñon trees. When he returned with his burden Baumeqwesu said, "This quantity is going to be sufficient to cook the nest. This is the best thing you could get."

Then Baumeqwesu discovered that they had no fire drill. "We have forgotten our fire drill and hearth," he said to Haininu. "Go back to Napasiat and get them." As the yellowjackets' nest they were about to cook was at Yoninau, between Fresno and Coalinga, this order meant another long trip back into the mountains for Haininu. However, he set out on the errand and in due time returned with the implements. "You have brought the wrong ones," said Baumeqwesu, when Haininu handed him the sticks. He sent Haininu back again. Baumeqwesu said, "Oh yes, here it is," referring to the first drill which Haininu had brought. "What am I thinking of. This is it, my younger brother. This is what I told you to get."

They now filled the yellowjackets' hole with pine needles. Baumeqwesu secured a spark with the fire drill and blew it into flame. When the nest was cooked they took it out, they took it out, they took it all out. They kept digging and the nest seemed to get bigger and bigger, wider and wider. Coyote cried, "I want the bottom one, the last." Then his companions said, "Feed him separately. Do not let him eat with us." This pleased Coyote, for he said, "If I eat separately, I shall have that much more." Coyote got the best. They finished the feast and prepared to travel the following morning. "We will divide what is left of the yellowjackets' nest," said Baumeqwesu. "You had better all go home now." The division was made and each started for home with a little bundle of yellowjacket grubs.

Different tribes of Indians met Haininu and Baumeqwesu when they were returning. The two brothers made a house at Yuninau, a high hill near Friant. They did not like it, however, and Haininu left, but Baumeqwesu remained behind singing. Baumeqwesu after a bit noticed the absence of Haininu and said to himself, "Where has my younger brother gone?" Then Baumeqwesu from his station on the hill Yuninau could discern Haininu on the plains below. Different

tribes were chasing him, but his vulture feather, which he wore on his head, was still in sight. "My brother is yet alive," said Baumeqwesu. Haininu and his pursuers, who were shooting at him, drew near. Baumeqwesu spread out his bow and arrows to dry and, when the people got close, he shot at them. While Baumeqwesu was shooting these people, Haininu went off a short distance and lay down, quite exhausted. His pursuers were very weary, too, as Baumeqwesu shot them.

When the slaughter was over, Baumeqwesu went to Haininu and kicked him. Then he beat him with an arrow and asked, "What is the matter with you?" "Do not disturb me," protested Haininu. "I am sound asleep." Baumeqwesu laughed ironically, "Yes, you are!" Then he ordered Haininu to arise and start the fire. When the fire was kindled, Baumeqwesu butchered the different tribes of people to eat. He made charqui of some; others he roasted. He put some on the coals, but they disappeared. "I do not think the meat has been consumed by the fire," said Baumeqwesu in wonder. "Next time I shall watch it." Then he put a whole head on the fire to roast and held it by the horns, for these people had horns. He stirred the fire, still holding the head by the horns, but it slipped away from him and turned into Elk. It started to pursue Haininu, but it travelled slowly. Haininu retired into the mountains with Elk after him. He arrived at a village. "What are you going to do for me?" he asked the people. "Something is after me." They replied, "We can do nothing for you." He passed on and approached another village. "What are you going to do for me? Something is after me."—"We can do nothing for you," was the reply.

At last he arrived at Skunk's habitation. "What are you going to do for me? Something is after me," pleaded Haininu. Skunk replied, "We have some soapstone here. We might make some red hot stones. They started a fire as quickly as they could and heated some stones. After a time Elk appeared. "Where is that man I am following?" he asked. "We have already butchered him," responded Skunk. "Open your mouth wide and we will give you what is left." Elk obeyed and Skunk threw the red hot stones in the gaping mouth. Elk boiled and burst. "That is the way we fix them," boasted Skunk.

## II. BAUMEGWESU AND COYOTE.<sup>1</sup>

"Let us go hunting, my son-in-law," said Coyote to Baumeqwesu. "Let us go through the live oaks, for this is a live oak country. We will peep here and there cautiously, for there are many deer. We will slip around slowly. We will peer over the cliff. Do not go too

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono into a graphophone by Chipó, an old man, and translated by Mrs. George Teaford from Univ. Calif. Mus. Anthr. graphophone records 2167 to 2172.

fast. Slip around slowly. Peer over that cliff." Coyote sneaked up to Baumeqwesu, while he was peering over the cliff and pushed his son-in-law over the precipice. Baumeqwesu landed in a deep hole with high walls on all sides. He could not get out, so he just sat down and folded his arms across his lap and waited. "What am I to do here now?" he thought to himself.

Baumeqwesu's mother's brother, Snowbird (*Junco*), discovered his plight and made a fire. Then Snowbird descended into the pit, where Baumeqwesu was imprisoned. "My nephew, how am I to get you out of here?" Then continued Snowbird, "I want to carry you, my nephew. I will carry you out of here."—"Well, I do not think you can," said Baumeqwesu. "Watch me," said Snowbird. "I will give you a demonstration of my strength. I shall go over there and get that big rock. I shall carry that rock. You watch me right from here." Then Snowbird flew around the rock, singing. He put the rock on his back, while he was singing. He flew, carrying the rock. "Here is the rock. I have carried it," he said to Baumeqwesu. "Yes," said Baumeqwesu, "I see that you have carried it in already."

"Now, my nephew, you see what I can do," remarked Snowbird proudly. "You see what I have done. You had better get on my back now. Put your bow and arrow on each side. Hold them on each side." Baumeqwesu did as he was bidden and Snowbird started with him and brought him safely to the top of the surrounding cliffs. "See what I have done now," boasted Snowbird. "This is all that I can do for you."—"I am very glad that you got me out of that hole," said Baumeqwesu. "Now I wish some one would come along, carrying a bundle of wood, in order that I might conceal myself in the bundle, so that Coyote will not see me pass."

After a while Hummingbird and her family came to the spot for wood. She placed Baumeqwesu in the middle of her bundle of fagots, so that Coyote could not see him. Coyote's daughters, however, told their father that they saw something crawl from Hummingbird's load of wood, after she had deposited it in her house. Coyote then sent his son Scrub (*kakewoi*), a young coyote, to see if there was anyone in Hummingbird's house. "Go and see who it is," directed Coyote. Old Hummingbird Woman threw dust into the boy's eyes, when he approached the pile of wood. Scrub returned to his father's house, picking gravel from his eyes. "Why did she do that?" queried Coyote. "I do not know," replied Scrub. Coyote became more suspicious than ever. "I shall send your sister over there now," he said. Then he said to the girl, "You had better go to Hummingbird's and see who is there." He told her to look around well, especially in the corners. "What are you peeping around here for?" asked the exasperated old Hummingbird. So saying, she threw dirt in the girl's eyes, too.

When she returned to her father, Coyote, he said, "What is the matter with that old aunt (father's sister) of mine, always treating my children this way?" Then he sent his eldest daughter to pry into Hummingbird's house.

The eldest coyote girl was successful and she returned and reported to her father, "There is a fine looking man in there, father. It is the same man you pushed over the cliff; the very same man, father."—"Is that so?" ejaculated Coyote. "Well, that must be my son-in-law. What am I going to do with him now? Well, I suppose that I will have to let him go anyhow."

Baumegwesu went hunting and the eldest coyote girl followed him, hoping to win his affection. He said to her, "I am the finest hunter. I am the champion hunter of this world. I will have nothing to do with you. Never follow me about. If I want a woman, I can take one of my ribs, lay it across another, and make a woman of it." The girl retorted, "It would be a dark cloud; there would be nothing to it."

One day Baumegwesu set out on a trip. He went to Eagle's village. Everything that he tried to eat turned into stone. He tried to eat some grass seed (kasin), but all in vain. Snowbird and Hummingbird came and saw the grass seed he had gathered. They sang, "What are we going to eat now?" Baumegwesu said, "That is right, little boys. Eat plenty." Then Snowbird chided him for his tantalizing remark and reminded him, "We carried you out of the pit and put you in this world."—"True," replied Baumegwesu to the two. "What you say does not sound pleasant to me."—"That does not sound very pleasant to you, I suppose," they continued, dwelling upon his obligation to them. "Your remarks put tears in my eyes, boys," said Baumegwesu. "Do not mention it any more."

## 12. A VISIT TO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD.<sup>1</sup>

A man was in deep sorrow over the loss of his young wife. After much mourning they buried her and she went up into "heaven." Then he set out to recover her.

He was forced to pass through swarms of noxious insects and ferocious animals. First he encountered fleas, innumerable fleas, which nearly bit him to death. Then he encountered lice, exceedingly large lice, which nearly ate him. Next he encountered ants of many sorts, but after much suffering passed through them. Subsequently he encountered mosquitoes, gnats, yellowjackets, and hornets. After these he passed through swarms of horse flies and blow flies. Then he came to gopher snakes, then to water snakes, then to racer snakes, then to rattlesnakes, then to king snakes. Nevertheless, he passed through all of these. In succession he then met with foxes, raccoons, dogs, coyotes, pumas, wild cats, bears, and wolves.

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

When he came to Wolf's camp, Wolf told him to take some sand in his hand and to walk right across the river with it and not to stop. He instructed him to drop the sand as he waded along. Wolf also warned him not to smoke Coyote's pipe, when it was offered to him at Coyote's habitation on the far side of the river. This was the advice that Wolf gave the man who was seeking his dead wife. Above all, Wolf cautioned him not to participate in any dance in the land of the departed.

"Do not talk to your wife, when you arrive there," said Wolf. "Just walk by and touch her on the shoulder with your elbow, and she will know that you want her to follow. Just keep on going the way you came." Then added Wolf, "When your wife walks behind you, she will talk to you and try to get you to look back; but do not do it. When you arrive at home, your wife will go to her grave. Then you send her mother to go and get her. You must not talk to her for ten days."

The man followed Wolf's instructions and returned with his wife. Unhappily for him, however, he failed to observe the ten days' taboo against conversation, with the result that his wife returned to "heaven."

### 13. THE BURNING OF COYOTE.<sup>1</sup>

Coyote and Flicker, his mother-in-law, went out to set traps for jackrabbits. Coyote had eleven children, one of whom was Grasshopper. Grasshopper wished to accompany his father, but Coyote would not allow him to do so; for he wanted one of his daughters, who was a coyote, to accompany him. So they went along setting traps and caught many jackrabbits, which they skinned, dried, and hung up. The skinned jackrabbits all turned into men.

Coyote decided upon a war with men, because, as he claimed, they were trying to deprive him of his mother-in-law. Coyote and his daughter returned home, Coyote purposely leaving his mother-in-law behind. He told his two wives that the jackrabbits (men) were planning to war with him and to kill his mother-in-law. Then Coyote returned to the place where he had left his mother-in-law and killed her himself. After that he shot himself through the upper part of one leg with an arrow.

Upon Coyote's failure to return home, his wives sent his son Grasshopper to see what had become of his father and whether or not he had been killed. Grasshopper returned and reported, "Yes. He has been shot in the leg. You two had better go and carry him home." All the while Grasshopper was wishing that his father would die. His mother asked him, "Why do you wish your father to die?" Grasshopper replied, "Because he wishes to marry one of my sisters. He

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

told me that he wants to marry one of his own daughters, because she is pretty." Then Grasshopper continued to his mother, "I am going to prepare a platform of sticks, cemented together with pitch. On this we will place Coyote's body, so that when the pitch melts from the heat of the funeral fire beneath, the platform will break and let the body fall into the fire."

When Coyote's wives brought him in, he said, "I am going to die. When I am dead place me at the outside edge of the house in which you are going to cremate me, not in the middle of it. After you have placed me there at the edge of the house, set fire to it, but do not look back, for you might see my ghost and die as a result. Go far away and camp. Do not look back." One of his wives asked him, "How are you going to be cremated, if we place your body on the outside of the house?" Coyote's ready reply was, "When the house burns my blanket will catch fire." Coyote was really planning to feign death and escape, so that he might marry his daughter.

However, Grasshopper arranged the funerary house as he had planned and Coyote was placed on a platform in the middle of the house instead of being put on the ground at the outside edge of the house. After setting fire to the house the family left, none looking back except Grasshopper, who looked under his arm. He saw Coyote running about in the burning house. It fell upon him and killed him and his body was completely consumed.

#### 14. COYOTE WHO MARRIED HIS DAUGHTER.<sup>1</sup>

Coyote came home and told his daughters, "Go and marry the Sun (tadabi) brothers. Those men are in very comfortable circumstances." Then Coyote played sick and instructed his son as to his funeral. "Pile the brush on me, when I die. When you set fire to it, lay me on these logs. Do not look back after the fire has been started." Then Coyote died. Scrub, his son, wept a great deal, while they were preparing to burn his father. As they left the burning funeral pyre, Scrub raised his arm and looked back under it. As he looked he saw Coyote crawling out of the pyre. "Mother," he said, "I see father crawling out of the pyre." His mother scolded him, "What are you looking for? Why do you look back? He told us not to look."—"Well, mother," pleaded Scrub, "I was just looking."

The two Suns, the young men whom Coyote wished his daughters to marry, did not dress like Coyote. Coyote now disguised himself and dressed as they did. He desired to make his daughters believe that he was one of the Sun boys, for he wished to cohabit with them. So in his new raiment, he came to live with his own daughters. He

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono by Chipó, an old man, and translated by Mrs. George Teaford.

married one of them and, after a time, she bore a son by him. The daughter was suspicious of her new infant, for, she said, "It smells like a coyote. It must be that our father begot it." So they drove the impostor Sun from the house.

Coyote came back to the side of the hill and called. This was near the house of his mother-in-law (his own wife). He had disguised himself again. Once more he took up his abode with his wife, Cotton-tail Rabbit.

#### 15. COYOTE AND HIS SISTER ROBIN.<sup>1</sup>

Bluebird had a son, Coyote, and a daughter, Robin. Robin was the elder. Coyote told his sister to paint her breast red and that is why robins to-day have red breasts. Bluebird and her children dwelt close to a hot spring, which formed a large deep pool. Salamander was a suitor for Robin's hand and was favored by Robin's mother, Bluebird, but not by Robin herself. Coyote likewise objected to the match, saying that he did not want Salamander for a brother-in-law. Coyote wanted his sister to marry Swallow, but to this Bluebird had objections. To settle the difficulty Coyote suggested that they pull sticks to determine who should marry Robin. Bluebird's wishes were gratified, for the lot made Salamander the bridegroom.

Finding his wishes set at nought, Coyote fell to planning a means of killing Salamander. Finally he hit upon a plan. He instructed his sister, Robin, to go to gather clover near the hot spring. "Tell Salamander," he said, "that we are going to have a swim in the pool." Poor Salamander suspected nothing and, when his wife invited him to swim with her, he acquiesced. She said to him, "You jump in first. I shall follow." He promptly jumped into the boiling water and was scalded to death. After a while Coyote joined his sister and asked, "What shall we tell our mother, when we return without Salamander?" Then he suggested, "Let us tell her that he has gone deer hunting."

When Robin returned home she said nothing about her husband, Salamander, until her mother asked her where her husband was. She answered, "He has gone deer hunting and will be gone several months." Bluebird suspected that there was something wrong. Prairie Falcon now came to make love to Robin. Rattlesnake did likewise, which made Prairie Falcon quite jealous. He suggested to Robin that she invite Rattlesnake to a bath, just as she had done with Salamander. Bluebird, Robin's mother, did not want either Prairie Falcon or Rattlesnake for a son-in-law. So they took Rattlesnake to the hot spring and, by the same subterfuge, induced him to plunge in; he, too, was scalded to death. When Bluebird heard of this she

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

was incensed. Even though she did not wish Rattlesnake for a son-in-law, she did not approve of her daughter's method of getting rid of husbands and suitors. She now learned that Salamander had met with the same fate.

Robin remonstrated. "Mother, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to marry my own brother?" Coyote, who was listening, jumped up at once and declared that he wished to marry his sister. They married and Bluebird became furious over the incest in her family. So wrought up was she over the affair that she committed suicide by leaping into the hot spring. Prairie Falcon returned before long and killed the incestuous pair.

#### 16. JACKRABBIT AND COYOTE.

Jackrabbit had a pretty younger sister, Cotton-tail Rabbit. Coyote had no sister. Coyote was desirous of marrying Cotton-tail Rabbit, but her mother did not want Coyote for a son-in-law. Coyote became angry over the refusal and threatened to kill and eat them all and make blankets of their skins. The rabbits were not to be intimidated, however, and they told Coyote that he had better keep quiet. Then Coyote suggested that they swing up and down on a sapling. The rabbits acquiesced, but they could find no suitable tree to bend over.

At night Jackrabbit went forth secretly and walked all over the world, returning before sunrise, so that Coyote might think he had spent the night at home. Jackrabbit encountered Prairie Falcon, who asked, "My mother's brother, what are you seeking?" Jackrabbit explained that he was looking for a slim tree, that could be bent over, so that they might play at swinging on it with Coyote. Prairie Falcon said, "I will arrange one for you right near the house. Coyote is trying to kill you, because you will not let him marry your sister. That is what he is planning to do, to kill you." Prairie Falcon fixed a nice sapling for the pastime and then he told Jackrabbit, "Come out in the morning and swing on the tree. I shall watch you."

Jackrabbit went out early the next morning and played on the sapling, swinging himself up and down. Then he called to Coyote, telling him that he had found a satisfactory pole. Jackrabbit got on it and Coyote swung him up and down, but before he had a chance to let go, Prairie Falcon appeared and told Jackrabbit to get off and let him ride. Coyote swung Prairie Falcon up and down, suddenly letting go of the sapling so that Prairie Falcon was projected upward, falling to the ground so hard that he was killed. He, however, returned to life, and invited Coyote to mount the sapling. "It is great fun," he said. "You see all kinds of stars and all kinds of animals." Coyote mounted and Prairie Falcon bent the pole way to the ground and let go. Coyote rose in the air and struck the ground with a thud. The fall killed him.

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

## 17. THE COYOTE CALLED "ANOTHER ONE."

Yellowjacket had three sons, all coyotes. The three went down to spear salmon at Italian Bar on the San Joaquin river. Another coyote came by; he was a male also. He went to Yellowjacket's three sons and asked them their names. They replied that their name was Coyote. Thereupon the stranger coyote said, "That is not my name. Your names are different from mine. Go to Jackrabbit and ask him my name. He knows it."

The stranger coyote, accompanied by one of the three coyote brothers, proceeded to Jackrabbit's habitation. As they went along, the stranger coyote fell behind, so that his companion approached Jackrabbit first. Jackrabbit greeted him, saying, "Hello, Coyote." Then when the stranger coyote came in sight, Jackrabbit exclaimed, "Oh! Here is another one." Then the stranger coyote said to the other coyote, "I told you that Coyote was not my name. My name is Another One."

The two returned to where the others were still spearing salmon. All the while the stranger coyote was wishing that he might be a woman, for he wanted to cohabit with one of the brothers. He hit upon an idea and decided to go home. "I am going home," he said to the three brothers. Upon arriving at home, he hung himself by his hind legs. That changed him into a woman.

Next morning he repaired again to the place where the three brothers were spearing salmon. He sat nearby for a long while, then he arose and proceeded towards the three. One of them said, "Another One is coming." Another brother said, "No. It is a woman coming." The third disagreed and said, "It is Another One." They joked with one another as to who should marry the woman, if it really were one. Finally the youngest said, "I am going to marry her and I am going to take her home. Mother will help care for her." The other two brothers said, "We will stay here. You take her home immediately."

"Let us go home," the youngest brother said to the stranger coyote who now appeared as a woman. On the way home they tried to cohabit. The youngest brother then discovered that his would-be bride was a male. He did not let the impostor know that he was aware of this fact, but he made an excuse to return to his brothers, saying that he had forgotten something. While returning to the fishing place, he met a number of cowboys who were seeking Another One, because he had stolen something from them. With them he returned to his two brothers. Then it was that it became known that they were seeking "Another One," although the cowboys did not know him by that name. Then the youngest brother returned with the cowboys, to show them where he had left Another One. They found

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

him fast asleep. They put a rope about his neck, skinned him alive and turned him loose. He came to the three brothers, who laughed at him. They nearly laughed themselves to death. Another One cried at every twig that touched him, for being nothing but raw flesh, he was bleeding all over.

#### 18. PRAIRIE FALCON'S ADVENTURES.<sup>1</sup>

Coyote had two sisters, Mountain Quail and Valley Quail. Rock Giant (túp), who wanted to marry them, came frequently to see them. His visits always enraged Coyote very much; so he set traps for Rock Giant with the hope of catching him and breaking him to pieces, but his efforts were in vain.

One day Coyote told his sisters, "We are going to set traps for jackrabbits, so we may have something to eat for the winter. I am going down to jerk some of the meat." The three started off. Then it was that Coyote told his sisters that he himself was going to marry them. Thereupon his sisters ran away and left him, returning to their own camp, from whence they had come to visit him.

At their camp they were joined by Rock Giant, who said to them, "We are going to your mother's house." Their mother was Wild Duck. When they arrived Wild Duck told the two girls that Rock Giant, who wanted to marry them, was their father. A short time afterwards Mountain Quail married Salmon. Valley Quail did not marry; she remained a spinster. Moreover, her own brother, Coyote, came to make love to her. Their mother, Wild Duck, remonstrated with Coyote, reminding him that Valley Quail was his own sister.

Prairie Falcon came around and tried to make love to Wild Duck, but she would have nothing to do with him. The following night he came again and carried away Valley Quail, whom he killed and ate. That was the last of Valley Quail. Then Prairie Falcon kept a sharp lookout for the woman Wild Duck, who had repulsed his advances. He intended to kill her, because she would have nothing to do with him. Wild Duck had a premonition of danger, so very wisely, for a long time, did not leave her house, which was right in the middle of a large high rock. One day, however, she stole down to a nearby lake for a bath. She was swimming about, when Prairie Falcon chanced by and caught her and killed her. That was the last of Wild Duck.

After the death of his wife, Wild Duck, Rock Giant married Lizard (pogoit). Lizard wondered what sort of a husband she had, for he was all rock. She did not want to sleep with him because of that fact. She wondered continually what sort of a man he was. Finally she ran away and married Coyote who was Rock Giant's son. Coyote, however, did not want to sleep with Lizard, because of her repulsive

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

appearance. He did not want any such wife as that, he said. One day Prairie Falcon came along and killed her, too.

Rock Giant was enraged over the death of his two wives, Wild Duck and Lizard, and sought to discover the murderer. Finally, he learned that Prairie Falcon was guilty of the deed and he lay in wait for him. Rock Giant also learned that his son Coyote had been living with his wife Lizard, so he went and killed his own son. Coyote came to life again, however, after his father had killed him. Rock Giant killed him a second time, but still he came to life again and walked about, although his head was badly smashed.

Coyote's mother's brother, Condor (nūniyot), witnessed Rock Giant's treatment of his own son, Coyote, and decided to come to Coyote's aid. He said to himself, "I will punish you, Rock Giant, for killing my nephew." Condor also saw Prairie Falcon murder his (Condor's) sister, Wild Duck. In punishment he seized him and carried him to the sky, where he turned him loose. All of Prairie Falcon's friends and his mother's brother, Grouse, became very angry, because Condor had carried him away. So they planted blue morning glory, which grew up to the sky where Prairie Falcon was. By means of it he descended to earth again. His uncle told him to keep out of sight, so that Condor should not catch him again. Condor was continually on watch for Rock Giant. One day Condor discovered him asleep and tried to carry him away, but could not because he was too heavy. Rock Giant, however, was only feigning sleep and took this opportunity to kill Condor. He cut off his head, which he kept.

Meanwhile Coyote was seeking a means of killing his own father, Rock Giant. He wanted to break him to pieces. He dug a hole and filled it with pitch, hoping that Rock Giant would walk into it; for Coyote said that he had heard many Prairie Falcons talking about boiling pitch. Coyote forgot all about this project to encompass his father's destruction and set about burning logs. Prairie Falcon came down to him and asked him what he was doing. Coyote replied that he was making his dream come true, namely burning logs. Prairie Falcon knew very well for what purpose Coyote had made the pitch-filled hole, but Coyote himself had forgotten all about it and was burning logs instead, in fulfillment of a dream.

Coyote next forgot about his log burning and went to catch gophers. Meanwhile Prairie Falcon hung around watching him and laughing. Prairie Falcon said to himself, "I do not know what that crazy mother's brother of mine is doing." Then Coyote drank a decoction of jimsonweed. Meanwhile, Rock Giant came to see what his son Coyote was doing. He walked along carelessly and stepped into the pitfall that Coyote had made for him. There he was firmly held by the pitch. When Coyote came out of the stupor engendered by the jimsonweed,

he said that he had taken the jimsonweed purposely, so as to become crazed and attract his father to the spot, in order that he might ensnare him in the pitch. Then Coyote attempted to bury his father, Rock Giant, alive. He tried for four days. For four days and four nights he threw dirt on him, but it disappeared as fast as he threw it on Rock Giant.

Finally Coyote's patience was exhausted and he gave up the task of trying to bury Rock Giant. He fell over, arose, ran around in circles, shouted, and acted as one demented. He hoped that Rock Giant, his father, might die worrying about him. Then Prairie Falcon made a suggestion to Coyote, remarking, "I know how to kill him." So saying, he picked up some stones and instructed Coyote to chip some bits off of Rock Giant, pulverize them, and put them into the fire. "Then he will surely die," Prairie Falcon assured Coyote. Coyote said he did not want to do it, but Prairie Falcon made him chip the pieces from Rock Giant. Then Prairie Falcon told him to take the pieces to a smooth rock, pulverize them, and put them into the fire, so that Rock Giant would die. Coyote started to do it, but forgot about it and made a swing instead. Then he took to swinging inordinately.

Coyote called to Prairie Falcon, "Come and swing in my swing. It is very nice." Prairie Falcon knew Coyote wanted to kill him, and therefore refused to get into the swing. The swing was made of milkweed-fiber rope and was very strong. At last Prairie Falcon mounted the swing and Coyote swung him. "Swing me harder," said Prairie Falcon. Coyote welcomed the invitation, for he thought that he could swing him hard and kill him. He swung Prairie Falcon so hard that he fell out of the swing, fainted, and died. Coyote looked at him and said, "Now I have killed my nephew (sister's son)." Then he started to cry. He piled rocks on top of Prairie Falcon to hide him, but as fast as he piled them on they rolled off. Coyote cried, "I do not know what I am going to do. I fear my people will kill me when they see Prairie Falcon dead." Then he tried to cut the swing down, but could not get up to it. Coyote now forgot about piling rocks on Prairie Falcon and resumed the attempt to pulverize a fragment of his father, Rock Giant. Before he had completed this task, however, a new idea came to him and he said, "I must go and marry a girl, Yellowjacket's daughter. By going over there, I may escape blame, and the people may think that my father, Rock Giant, killed Prairie Falcon."

Coyote proceeded to adorn himself with beads and other finery; but before he departed for Yellowjacket's house, he decided to have another look at Prairie Falcon. He went to where his body lay. There were many flies about it, and Coyote stood there and cried.

"I fear that my poor nephew is dead," he wailed. Then he added, "I think that I will not go to Yellowjacket's. I think that I will go over to where Sun rises and marry his daughter, Meadowlark (notit)." He started off. Prairie Falcon, who was not really dead, thought to himself, "I think you will not. I will make trouble for you before you get there. You will never marry his daughter." After Coyote had started, however, he forgot where he was going, and he secured some pieces of obsidian and started to cut himself, near the place where Prairie Falcon was lying.

Prairie Falcon awoke and said, "Why did you awaken me? I was sleeping. You try the swing now. It is great fun. You will see all kinds of stars. You will see all kinds of trees and new lands you have never seen before." But Coyote objected, "I might be killed." Prairie Falcon reassured him, "No. You will be lying like me. You will not be dead. Besides I shall not swing you too hard." Coyote got into the swing and Prairie Falcon swayed it gently. "A little faster," urged Coyote. Prairie Falcon said, "You will fall out, if I swing you too hard."—"No. I shall not. I have a firm hold," said Coyote. Then Prairie Falcon swung him so high that he went right over the top of the tree. He struck so hard that he buried himself in the earth.

Now Prairie Falcon decided to go to see Sun's daughter himself, for he wanted to see what sort of a woman Coyote was talking about. He arrived at the place, but saw no one, for all the people hid upon his approach. Then he returned and he pondered to himself, "How am I to find these people?" As he was returning he met his brother-in-law Crow, accompanied by his mother's brother, Chipmunk. He asked Crow where they were going. Chipmunk was frightened and ran up a tree crying with fear. "I will make it unpleasant for you if you are afraid of me," said Prairie Falcon to Chipmunk. Then, turning to Crow, he inquired the cause of his uncle's unseemly behavior. Chipmunk thereupon descended to the ground again. After Chipmunk's interruption, Prairie Falcon again inquired of Crow what their destination was. Crow answered, "We are going to see Sun's daughter." Prairie Falcon said he would accompany them. "But," he said, "we will have to do something with Chipmunk, or he will be continually getting in the way." So Crow and Prairie Falcon went to make a seesaw, while Chipmunk took refuge in the tree again. Crow and Prairie Falcon rode the seesaw, but Crow jumped off when Prairie Falcon was on the high end, so that he fell and was killed.

Chipmunk now came down from his tree and suggested to Crow, "Let us skin him and I will put his skin on and pretend that I am Prairie Falcon going to see Sun's daughter." Crow objected, saying,

"No. We will just put him over there in the shade." Crow lay on his back and cried; meanwhile Chipmunk proceeded to pull feathers out of Prairie Falcon, spoiling his appearance. Suddenly Prairie Falcon regained consciousness. He looked himself over and asked, "What has been done to me?" Then they ordered Chipmunk to get on the seesaw. Crow said to Prairie Falcon, "We surely will have to get rid of him somehow." Chipmunk rode the seesaw with Crow, while Prairie Falcon lay on his back pretending to sleep, but in reality watching. Chipmunk was too smart for them, however. Every time his end of the board went up he ran down to the middle of the board. Then Crow and Prairie Falcon said to each other, "If we cannot kill him any other way, we will have to knock him down with a stick." Every time they tried it, Chipmunk ran into his hole in the ground. Finally, they gave up the attempt to get rid of him and set off for the Sun's country with Chipmunk walking behind them. They said to him, "You know the road. You go ahead." Chipmunk, well aware of their intentions, refused to do it.

After a time they came to Eagle's home. One of Eagle's sons caught Chipmunk. Prairie Falcon and Crow rejoiced that they were rid of him. They did not wish Eagle to know their true feelings towards Chipmunk, however. Therefore they asked Eagle why he had caught their uncle and Eagle replied, "Chipmunk came once and stole many feathers from me." After they had killed Chipmunk, they threw his carcass into a deep canyon. Then Eagle inquired of the wayfarers where they were going. They told him that they were going to see Sun's daughter. He warned them that they must be very careful, as it was fiery hot at Sun's abode and that they must take ice along to put under their feet.

After a bit they came to Bear's camp and Prairie Falcon said to Crow, "There is my father's sister over there bending trees and swinging herself and her children on them. Let us go down and see her." Crow objected, "We had better not, for they eat people." Prairie Falcon reassured him, "That will be all right. We will fix them. We will kill them all." Then Prairie Falcon went down to Bear and her children and pulled their ears and hair. Bear growled and almost ate Prairie Falcon, who asked, "My aunt, what are you doing?" "We are making the sun rise," she replied. Then they all laughed and danced and thought that it was great sport to make the sun rise.

"You two get on this tree and we will swing you up and down," Bear invited. Prairie Falcon said to Crow, "You get on the lower end, so that, when they let go, you will not get hurt. I will get on the outer end. When they let go, I may fly over and be dead for a while." When Bear did let go of the tree, Prairie Falcon was thrown over dead, as he had predicted. Crow did not know what to do, for Bear was

going to eat Prairie Falcon. Crow picked him up and carried him off a little distance. There Prairie Falcon came to life. He addressed his aunt, saying, "My aunt, it is great sport. You see the sun rise and you see the moon and the stars." Bear said, "I have never seen those things. I do not know what you could have seen." Then Prairie Falcon invited her to get on the tree. She and her two cubs mounted the tree. Prairie Falcon and Crow told her to get on the further end. Then they started bending the tree. Prairie Falcon said to Crow, "I will bend it first. After I have bent it three or four times, you come over and help me. We will bend it to the ground and then let go." They did as they planned and all three of the bears were killed. They skinned old Bear, and Prairie Falcon donned the skin and walked along with it. He said, "I am going to frighten my mother's brother, Puma." As he walked along, however, Puma caught him and killed him. That was the last of Prairie Falcon. He did not come to life again.

Crow pursued his journey. After a time he encountered Prairie Falcon's younger brother, Kutpadja (a species of "chicken" hawk), who inquired about his older brother, Prairie Falcon. Crow was reluctant to tell of his brother-in-law's fate, but Kutpadja knew very well that something had happened to his older brother. Crow asked him how he knew and Kutpadja replied, "Wild-mushroom was passing when Prairie Falcon was killed. He told me about it." Then Crow gave him his version of the affair. Kutpadja was very angry and said, "I am going to kill Puma for eating my brother."

Puma, however, was aware of Kutpadja's intentions, so he lay in wait for him. Kutpadja invited Crow to accompany him. As he went along Kutpadja cut his own arm off, for he said he was not going rapidly enough to catch Puma. Then he cut off his other arm, next a foot, still saying that he was not going fast enough. Crow did not know what to make of this performance. Not satisfied yet with his speed, Kutpadja cut off his other foot; then each leg close to the body. Lastly he cut his body off at the neck, so that only his head was left. He went along then at a terrific rate, breaking everything he ran against.

Coyote was travelling. He said to himself, "My nephew is coming." Kutpadja said, "No. I am not your nephew," and he ran against Coyote, breaking every bone in his body. He now ran down to Puma's house and killed all of his wives, daughters, and sons. He did not kill Puma, for he was in a tree lying in wait for Kutpadja. Kutpadja ran back to the place where he had left Crow and ran against him and killed him. Then he started for Sun's house, but ran against a great red rock and broke himself all to pieces.

19. PRAIRIE FALCON'S CONTEST WITH MEADOWLARK.<sup>1</sup>

Eagle was chief. He was up on a high smooth rock, looking at the people. "I will take care of you people, now," he said. "I am the chief. I am going to be the greatest chief in the world. I am going to sit here in this bright light and look like the sun all of the time. I will call all of you my children. I will look after you. I will take care of all you children."

Prairie Falcon and Crow came and settled down close to Eagle's place. The two were great friends and they camped together. Eagle said, "You folks must stay right there. You will have to stay there altogether, now." Prairie Falcon and Crow practised shooting each other with bow and arrows. Crow asked Prairie Falcon, "What on earth are you doing?"—"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," responded the latter. Then Prairie Falcon and Crow set out on a journey, but before they started the former sang on the edge of the cliff.

Prairie Falcon made a wooden shinny ball, but every time he tried the ball it broke. He said to himself, "What can I do now? If I cannot get a proper shinny stick, what am I to do?" Every time he struck the ball it broke. He returned home each night and every time he came home, he brought a mountain quail with him. Then he would set out again in the morning for the same place. When he arrived there he made shinny balls.

Two sisters of Prairie Falcon's, both Cormorants (wüsiaye), lived with him. These two girls were playing basket ball one evening when Prairie Falcon brought home a number of mountain quails for supper. Next morning, when he went back to the place where he was making balls, he found an egg presumably laid by one of his sisters. As soon as he struck the egg it gave evidence of being about to hatch, for a chick made a peeping noise within it. Then he tried the egg with his shinny stick and found that it served admirably as a shinny ball. Moreover, it kept going once he struck it. "This is just what I want," he said, very much pleased. He took great care of the egg and, taking it with him, set out on a journey down to the plains. He set out to see that place down on the plains where formerly gambling contests were held. Meadowlark lived at that place and it was he whom Prairie Falcon went to see and with whom he arranged a shinny contest. Upon returning home, Prairie Falcon said to his two sisters, "We are going to Meadowlark's place down on the plains to gamble. Now we will start." So they set out.

Prairie Falcon's people had been worsted by Meadowlark (panowate) in an earlier contest. They had all forfeited their lives and been skinned by Meadowlark and his people. A great swarm of flies infested the place where the killing and skinning had taken place. Coyote came

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono by Chipo, an old man, and translated by Mrs. George Teaford.

to the place. "What is wrong that there are so many flies here?" he thought to himself, as they swarmed about him and hummed in his ears. Just then Coyote heard Prairie Falcon singing as he was passing. "Well," said Coyote, "that must be my sister's son." Then he asked him about the presence of the swarm of flies. "My people," answered Prairie Falcon, "were all killed here, so I am going again to Meadowlark's place on the plains for another contest."

"What can I do alone here?" asked Coyote. "I want to go with you." Prairie Falcon and Coyote travelled until they reached the house of Owl, also the mother's brother of the former. Prairie Falcon said to Owl, "My uncle, I may never return, for I am going down to the plains for another contest with Meadowlark."—"I will be in the contest myself," said Owl. "I shall blind your opponent. That is what I will do." Gopher was the next individual that the travellers encountered; and he said, "I shall go along. I shall make holes for your opponent's ball to roll into." The party rested for a while and Prairie Falcon sang while they rested. Next they came to Skunk's camp. Skunk, too, volunteered to go, saying, "I will go along. I shall fix things for you. I will turn loose my scent bag and they will not be able to bear my odor. I will go along." Swan (horut), another mother's brother of Prairie Falcon's, was the next person whose camp was visited. "My uncle," asked Prairie Falcon, "what are you going to do to help me?"—"I am going along," said Swan, "and I shall trumpet to confuse your opponent." When the party arrived at Meadowlark's place, Prairie Falcon erected his house right beside the ground on which the contest was to take place.

The following morning the game started, Prairie Falcon playing against Meadowlark, a fat man and chief of the plains tribe. Just before the game commenced there was much shouting to the prospective players. "Get ready. Finish your meal. We are going to start now." Girls of Meadowlark's tribe poked fun at Prairie Falcon's people. "See the gambling. See the gambling," they cried. Prairie Falcon's people did not allow this to perturb them but remained quiet.

"You have a pretty good ball," said Meadowlark as he examined Prairie Falcon's. "Let us trade balls." But Prairie Falcon would not do so. The game started in earnest and the players drove their balls as far as the Coast Range (Panakap); then they turned and drove back. "Look at them coming," shouted Meadowlark's daughter, and then to Meadowlark's wife she said, "Look at them coming. Your husband is ahead." Prairie Falcon had been behind him since they had started the game. In fact, he had fallen far behind him. However, when Meadowlark made a turn, Prairie Falcon drove ahead of him. Prairie Falcon looked back and saw Meadowlark behind him.

A crowd of people stood by the hole into which the ball of the winner was to be driven. Prairie Falcon won the game.

"Well, you win already," said Meadowlark. "You had better take my wife. Do not say anything to me any more about playing this game. I will give you my daughter, too. I wish I could give you all of the beads I have."

"You destroyed all of my people, burned them alive," sternly replied Prairie Falcon. "Now give me back their skins. Give them back to me."—"All right, I will return them to you," said Meadowlark, and he did so. Meadowlark's people had started a big fire in anticipation of his winning and of again destroying Prairie Falcon's followers by casting them into the flames. The latter's people now turned the tables and cast Meadowlark's people into the flames alive, burning them all.

After the massacre of Meadowlark's people, Prairie Falcon and his followers returned to their hill homes. As they returned Prairie Falcon left each of his uncles at his proper place. Upon arriving home, he buried all of the skins which he had brought with him. He said to his people, "Lie quiet to-night. I am burying the skins and I want you all to sit still and listen for any sounds that they may make." The skins were then buried where their owners formerly had lived. Towards morning the listeners heard the skins remark, "Is it not cold? Is it not cold?" The Cormorant girls then set fire all around where the skins were buried. After that all of the people came out of the places where their skins had been buried. Then they began to pound acorns that day.

"I think that we people are going to fly from our nest," said Prairie Falcon. "All right," the people said. Then Prairie Falcon told Coyote to get a bucket of water, saying, "You go for the water and when you return you will turn into Eagle and fly." Coyote scratched the dirt in happiness over his prospective transformation. They all started to fly and shouted to Coyote as he was getting the water. Coyote said, "Well, I must climb up the tree. I will get there too just the same. The shadows look pretty close," he continued as he mounted the tree. "I will soon catch up with them, once I have reached the top of this tree." Having reached the top, he tried to fly, but fell to the ground with a thud. Then he went to the camp, seeking a bow and arrows. He went to where they were cooking acorns. "I can eat acorn bread anyway," he said by way of solace. When he tried to eat the acorn bread it turned into stone. Then he scratched around and saw a gopher at work. He sneaked up to the gopher and caught him. "Ah!" he cried, "I shall live anyhow." Then he smacked his lips and laughed all over.

20. COYOTE DECIDES TO CATCH GOPHERS.<sup>1</sup>

They belonged here [North Fork], the people who were hunting at Pakadidikwe, a place near the headwaters of the San Joaquin river. They hunted, hunted deer for five days. After they had hunted five days, they ate the deer meat with acorn soup. After they had eaten, they told Coyote to get water. "When we drink water, we shall fly, all of us," they said.

So Coyote got water in a basket. He went over the hills for it. They flew and they named themselves: eagle, prairie falcon, and all sorts of birds. When Coyote returned, he saw his friends flying. He threw down his basket. He started to fly. He was going to be an eagle, he said. He fell to the ground. Then he climbed a tree and started to fly from the top, but fell again.

He saw a gopher (müi) coming from under some leaves. He thought he would catch that gopher. He said to himself, "This is a very fine life. This is what I shall do all the time. I'll catch all the gophers. I'll never get hungry. This is my meat."

21. MEASURING WORM SAVES PRAIRIE FALCON.<sup>2</sup>

Prairie Falcon went hunting. He and Coyote went together.

They camped. Prairie Falcon picked up a small smooth stone, which he put under his head for a pillow. Next morning he found himself on top of a great, precipitous rock, as tall as a large tree. Coyote became much excited. He bit the rock in his attempt to climb it. He tried every means to reach Prairie Falcon, but in vain.

Then he enlisted the aid of Mockingbird, a great chief. Mockingbird told him to send the Mice up for Prairie Falcon. The Mice tried, but failed. Then they had Flicker try, for they thought he might reach Prairie Falcon with his long tongue. He attempted to climb to where Prairie Falcon lay on his back, but failed. California Woodpecker then made the attempt with similar result. Nuthatch (kabikabina) scaled the rock, but he was too small to bring Prairie Falcon down.

They went after Measuring Worm who lived in the foothills. Coyote went for him first, but he paid no attention to Coyote. Dove went down for him. Dove was a Chukchansi and talked to Measuring Worm in Chukchansi, which was also his native tongue. "All right," said Measuring Worm. "Take your fires off the ground, for I am going up there with the water. I'll go up in the water." He came up into the mountains. He asked where Prairie Falcon was. All the people were dancing around the great rock, making the dust fly.

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono into a graphophone by Singing Jack, a shaman. Translated by Daniel Harris from Univ. Calif. Mus. Anthr. graphophone records 2124 and 2125.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

Measuring Worm wrapped himself about with a milkweed-fiber carrying net, in which he intended to place Prairie Falcon. He scaled the rock in two steps and brought Prairie Falcon down.

Chief Mockingbird said, "Let us all assemble and go out to hunt deer." They hunted and killed some deer and had a great feast. Then all flew, including Coyote.

They sent Coyote down to get a bucket<sup>1</sup> of water. Coyote slid up and down the great smooth rock, when he went for water. All of the people flew over him and made fun of him. Then he thought to himself, "I shall fly." He tried, but he fell, striking the ground hard. He climbed a pine tree. "I am going to be an eagle," he said. He again tried to fly, but fell to the ground.

Then he saw a gopher poking his head out of the ground. He caught the gopher and ate it. "I am going to be a coyote," he said.

## 22. PRAIRIE FALCON, CROW, AND THE ORIOLE SISTERS.<sup>2</sup>

Gopher and Gray Squirrel were brothers. Gray Squirrel was the elder. Their mother was Rock. California Woodpecker was their mother's sister. She had two daughters, both named Oriole. Gopher wanted to marry one of these Oriole sisters, but their father, big Red Ant, said, "No. I have a son-in-law already. He is Prairie Falcon, who is engaged to the Orioles now."

Prairie Falcon, however, never came near Red Ant's house. Red Ant was really deceiving Gopher, for Prairie Falcon had a wife already, Pileated Woopecker. Gopher stormed around, destroying some things and burying others, so great was his rage at not being allowed to marry one of the Oriole sisters. Gray Squirrel climbed a tree and watched. He wanted to marry one of the Oriole girls also.

Mockingbird planned to make a speech. He told everyone to come up close and listen. Prairie Falcon and his wife came. So did the two Oriole girls and their family. Gopher, Gray Squirrel, and various other people came too. Gopher went up to Prairie Falcon and said, "Hello, my nephew." The two Oriole girls were standing about, watching Prairie Falcon, who was a handsome man. His mother, a small brown bird, saw them and said warningly, "They had better keep away and not be hanging around my son, for he has a wife already." Vulture, the mother of Prairie Falcon's brother-in-law, Crow, was there. She was the elder sister of Prairie Falcon's mother.

Prairie Falcon and his brother-in-law, Crow, went to a neighboring spring to bathe. The two Oriole girls followed them. When they arrived at the spring, they addressed Prairie Falcon, but he would not take advantage of their advances, and said instead, "Here is my

<sup>1</sup> Carved oaken vessels of various sizes were used by the Mono.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

brother-in-law, Crow, who has never married." One of the Oriole girls replied, "I do not want a bald-headed mother-in-law," referring to Vulture, Crow's mother. Thereat Prairie Falcon laughed. Crow, on the other hand, became angry. "Why not?" he interrogated. "My mother is just as good as your mother."

Just then a female ghost, with a pitch-lined burden basket, came along and put a stop to the conversation. She chased the two Oriole girls and caught the elder one. Crow hid the younger one. Prairie Falcon told the ghost not to bother him and his brother-in-law, as they were her brother's sons. The ghost wanted to catch both Oriole girls, but Crow told her that the younger one was her nephew's wife (that is, his own wife). Thereupon the ghost desisted in her attempt.

The younger Oriole girl went home and told her father what had happened to her sister and how she herself had been saved by Crow. Red Ant said, "I think you ought to marry Crow for saving your life."—"I do not want that Crow for a son-in-law," objected California Woepecker, Oriole's mother, "because he has black buttocks." Then Red Ant and his wife, California Woodpecker, quarrelled. Woodpecker wanted Prairie Falcon for a son-in-law. The girl finally settled the dispute, by saying that she was going to marry Crow anyhow, because he had saved her from the ghost. She married him, but her mother killed her, so displeased was she. Prairie Falcon then killed her mother and Red Ant also.

Prairie Falcon and Crow went to the east end of the world, where they stayed, damming back the waters that would otherwise overwhelm this world.

### 23. BEAR AND THE FAWNS.<sup>1</sup>

Bear and Deer went out to gather black seed. They went to a place not far from their dwellings. "O sister-in-law, let me look on your head for lice," requested Bear. Then she commenced chewing Deer's head. As she chewed rather vigorously, Deer protested, "Do not chew so hard. You might kill me."—"There are many lice on your head. Do you not hear them cracking?" returned Bear. Then she crushed Deer's head and killed her. She proceeded to make charqui of Deer's flesh. She left some of the meat at the place where she had killed Deer.

Bear repaired to the place where her cubs and Deer's fawns were playing. The little fawns knew well enough that their mother had been killed. Bear now desired to encompass the destruction of the fawns, so she told her cubs, "You two make a sweathouse and smoke those two fawns and suffocate them." Then to the fawns, she said, "Don't you see the fire over there. Your mother is over there yet. She did not return home." So saying, Bear returned to the place

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

where she had killed Deer, in order to finish her repast on Deer's flesh.

The bear cubs erected a sweathouse, in which to smoke the fawns to death. The fawns entered the sweathouse after it was completed and the fire had been kindled. The cubs began to fan the smoke into the sweathouse with cedar-leaf brushes. The house was pretty tight, the fire was large, and the situation looked dubious for the fawns. However, they were resourceful, and one of them said to his brother, "Make a small hole in the wall of the house and stick your nose out, so that you can breathe." They stayed in the sweathouse with their noses protruding through the wall. After a while the cubs said, "They are probably dead now. Let us stop fanning in the smoke." Thereupon the fawns came out of the sweathouse, saying, "It is great fun. You two go in now." The cubs entered the sweathouse and were smoked so vigorously by the fawns that they were both suffocated.

The fawns skinned the cubs, made charqui of their flesh, and cooked it. When they had completed this operation, they stuffed the skins and, in order to deceive the mother, placed them as though they were playing like living bears. They left the meat in a pile where the old Bear would find it upon her return. Then they set out for the high mountains. They travelled all over the mountains, looking for a hole whereby they could enter the underworld. At last, after a vain search, one said, "I think we must go back to where our mother pounded acorns. There we shall be able to enter the underworld."—"All right," the other brother replied. Then they went to that hole in the granite, where their mother had pounded acorns. They entered the underworld through the mortar hole and closed the opening with the pestle. They instructed the pestle, "When Bear comes here, hit her as hard as you can."

Bear returned home and thought she saw her two children playing. She greedily ate the meat which she found piled in her house: in fact, made a glutton of herself, eating the flesh of her own children. Then she thought she perceived that her children were fighting and she went to stop them. When she touched them they fell down, nothing but skin. Then she returned to her house, sick with the knowledge that she had eaten her own offspring. In vain she tried to vomit the flesh.

She set out in pursuit of the fawns, whom she knew to be responsible for the death of her cubs. All along the trail, she attempted to vomit the unpalatable meal, but without success. She followed the tracks of the fawns in all their wanderings, finally arriving at the mortar hole in the granite bedrock, where the tracks ended. She walked around the hole, holding her head with both hands and trying to vomit. She pulled up the pestle and found the hole by which the

cubs had entered the underworld. She tried to enter the hole, but could not, for the pestle came back and blocked her entry every time she tried. She still kept up her attempts to vomit the flesh of her children. She picked up the pestle, intending to throw it far away, but in her efforts to vomit she forgot what she was going to do. Finally, she did throw it a certain distance, but without avail, for although she raced to the hole, the pestle beat her. She seized it again and threw it away and ran as hard as she could to the hole. The pestle outstripped her again. Once more she tried and this time she reached the opening first, but the pestle struck her with such force in the back that she was crippled and could not move for two days. At last she passed through the hole into the underworld. She still tried to disgorge the flesh of her children.

The fawns hid themselves in a hollow tree in the world below. It was raining. Coyote came along and caught the younger fawn, but the elder one escaped. Coming to a river, the elder fawn requested his mother's brother, Measuring Worm, to stretch himself across the river, so that he might cross, as Bear was after him. The fawn said, "Quick! Bear is after me." He crossed safely, but was hardly over when Bear put in an appearance. Measuring Worm cared for his nephew and assured him that he would make short work of Bear. "Where is that fawn that I am pursuing?" shouted the angry Bear. Then she said to Measuring Worm, "Put yourself across the river, for I want to cross over, too." Measuring Worm stretched himself across the river again, at the same time muttering to himself, "I will fix you." Bear started to cross, but Measuring Worm trembled violently. "Look out!" shouted Bear, "you will dump me into the river." Measuring Worm suddenly drew himself up and Bear scratched him all over in her attempt to retain a foothold. Bear fell in and floated down the river. She seized an overhanging willow and climbed into it, calling for help. She received no help, but remained in the tree and starved. Finally she fell into the river.

#### 24. THE WATER SNAKES.<sup>1</sup>

Rainbow Trout and Sucker Fish were going up to the head of the San Joaquin river; at least, so they said, but they could not find water enough to swim in. Whenever they moved their fins and tails, they bruised them against the rocks in their efforts to work upstream.

They encountered an enormous Water Snake, large enough to swallow people. The two fishes were people at that time. Water Snake swallowed Rainbow Trout. Sucker Fish had said to Rainbow Trout, as they approached Water Snake's house, "You have tobacco. If he swallows you, smoke inside of him." Rainbow Trout now did

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

as Sucker Fish had suggested, with the result that Water Snake vomited him, throwing him to the opposite shore. Sucker Fish was now on one side of the river and Rainbow Trout on the other. Sucker Fish did not know what to do. He wished to rejoin Rainbow Trout, but did not know how to cross the river for fear of Water Snake. Therefore he wandered about. Rainbow Trout called to him to dive under Water Snake, but Sucker Fish feared that the snake would catch him if he did. He thought his chances of being ejected, in case he were swallowed, were small, since he had no pipe and tobacco to smoke. The snake was turning over and over, having been made sick by the tobacco smoke in his stomach. Sucker Fish at last summoned courage to dive under him and thus rejoined Rainbow Trout. Water Snake continued to go along rolling from side to side, so very sick was he.

Skunk, passing along, asked Water Snake what the trouble was. He promised Water Snake that he would avenge him and stupefy the two fishes. The two fishes, however, had gone on and called on Prairie Falcon, requesting him to make sufficient water in the river, so that they could swim up without danger of being caught by Water Snake. Prairie Falcon's brother-in-law, Crow, suggested, "We had better kill them and be done with them." But Prairie Falcon objected, saying, "No. They are my mother's brothers." So the two fishes went on upstream, and Skunk followed them. After a time Skunk joined Water Snake and the two travelled together. Skunk said to Water Snake, "Let me marry your daughter or your elder sister." Water Snake's sister, however, did not favor Skunk for a husband and she said threateningly to her brother, "I know what I will do to Skunk, if he marries me." Water Snake inquired, "What will you do to him?" She replied, "I will squeeze him to death." Water Snake's sister was a snake also. Water Snake's daughter was Spider.

Prairie Falcon had been seeking Skunk. He went to Skunk's house, but did not find him there. "I wonder where my mother's brother is," said Prairie Falcon to himself. "I want to get some perfume from my uncle, with which to kill Weasel." Skunk presently returned home, but not yet married. Prairie Falcon had made water for the two fishes, and they were on the trail between Skunk's and Water Snake's houses. When Prairie Falcon encountered his mother's brother, Skunk, he asked him, "Are you going to marry one of Water Snake's relatives?" "Yes," replied Skunk. "Do not do it," urged Prairie Falcon. "Why do you not wish me to marry them?" asked Skunk. "The reason I do not want you to marry them," explained Prairie Falcon, "is that they are planning to kill you. Do not marry either of them."—"But," said Skunk, "I want to kill them too. I am not going really to marry them. I am going to kill them." Then

Skunk proceeded to Water Snake's place, but only after Prairie Falcon had given him directions how to encompass the destruction of Water Snake's elder sister.

Prairie Falcon told Skunk to catch Sucker Fish and Rainbow Trout, by throwing a baited hook into the water for them; and then to take them to Water Snake. Skunk did as Prairie Falcon instructed, threw the hook into the water and caught Sucker Fish. Skunk told Sucker Fish that he was going to take him to Water Snake. "And," continued Skunk, "when Water Snake tries to eat you, stick him with these bone awls," and so saying, Skunk handed Sucker Fish a number of bone awls. "No," objected Sucker Fish, "bone awls will not kill him. Tobacco is the substance to use, and my little pipe." They went along a short distance and Skunk caught Rainbow Trout. Prairie Falcon came down then and told them to use tobacco to accomplish Water Snake's destruction.

Coyote happened along while they were talking. He asked, "What are you people talking about?" Prairie Falcon seized him by the hair and pulled him about, and then said to him, "My mother's brother, you think that you are the most handsome individual. You are always getting in the way and trying to win the woman when a couple wish to marry."—"Yes," said Coyote, "I am pretty hard to beat, for I am the best looking man. The way that I am going to do, when I go to marry that Water Snake woman, is to dance around and around. Nephew, you pinch me now at the end of my tail and I will show you what I am going to do." Prairie Falcon pinched him and Coyote turned around and around and shouted and tried to bite his tail. He sang and danced around, incidentally vomiting and urinating all over himself. This was too much for Prairie Falcon, who kicked him, saying, "You are no good. You are too nasty for that girl." Then they threw him into the river to clean himself, for he had rolled in his mess and was daubed all over from head to foot. They threw him into the river, but he still was boisterous and said that he was coming out to skip on one foot. However, he remained in the water for an hour. Then Water Snake came along and devoured Coyote, as he lay in the river. After he had passed into the snake's stomach, Coyote shouted for Prairie Falcon to come and help him to escape. Prairie Falcon only laughed at his entreaties and went flying about. Coyote vomited in the snake's stomach. This made the snake sick and he ejected Coyote, but his sister swallowed him. Coyote died in female Water Snake's stomach.

Prairie Falcon endeavored to kill female Water Snake, in order to rescue Coyote, but all in vain. Then he said, "I am going to get my mother's brother, King Snake. I know that he can certainly kill this Water Snake." King Snake came, caught Water Snake, wrapped

himself around her, bit her and killed her. Prairie Falcon and Crow skinned Water Snake and made from her skin a tump line for carrying wood. They also said that the rope made of the skin of Water Snake was good to catch Elk with. Water Snake, although skinned, revived. Prairie Falcon said to Crow, "She is alive yet. You had better not handle her." Roadrunner came along, took the snake skin which was suspended, rolled it up, and threw it into the fire. Male Water Snake came along just then and gobbled all of them, except Prairie Falcon. Sucker Fish and Rainbow Trout were among those who were engorged. Sucker Fish and Rainbow Trout proceeded to smoke tobacco in the snake's stomach. Roadrunner said, "I do not know what I am going to do, but I think I shall pick his intestines to pieces." Roadrunner proceeded to do so. Meanwhile, the two fishes puffed away vigorously at their pipes.

Water Snake's daughter, Spider, was busy making rope for a deer-snare. Prairie Falcon came by to see what was happening to his mother's brothers, Roadrunner, Skunk, Sucker Fish, and Rainbow Trout, who were all in Water Snake's stomach. Prairie Falcon was so engrossed with his thoughts that he did not notice where he was stepping and Spider caught him in her web. She seized him and said, "If you marry me I shall not hurt you; but if you refuse, I shall kill you." The captive, however, declined, saying, "No. I do not want to marry you."—"Why not?" questioned Spider, and she proceeded to bite him all over. Then she released him. Prairie Falcon went home to his brother-in-law's (Crow's) house. He told Crow, "I am going to die, for Spider has bitten me all over." Said Crow, "I am going to kill that Spider, brother-in-law, for killing you."

Water Snake remained in one place with the people in his belly. The prisoners stopped up his throat with wild peppermint, so that he could not vomit. Then they danced around and made him very uncomfortable and sick. Finally the snake died with the people within him. Crow came and killed Spider. When he shot her, her poison flew in all directions, some of it striking Crow, so that he became poisoned. Both he and Prairie Falcon died at the hands of Spider.

## 25. THE HORNETS, THE GROUND SQUIRRELS, AND PRAIRIE FALCON.<sup>1</sup>

The ground squirrels had a hole in the ground. Close by was a dancing place owned by hornets. Every hornet that came there danced. They did so in order to obtain ground squirrels for food. The squirrels upon hearing the dancing would come up to the surface of the ground to witness the dancing. Then a waiting hornet would strike with a stick the squirrel that thrust its head above the ground. Thus they secured many squirrels to eat.

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

One day Prairie Falcon came down and put a stop to the squirrel-killing, saying that the ground squirrels were his mother's brothers. The hornets took after him and many settled on him and stung him. He dashed wildly about trying to get rid of his tormentors. He plunged into cold water, ice water, went through snow, and smoked himself, but all in vain. Then he stood in the rain, but still he could not free himself of the hornets. He bethought himself of his mother's brother, Coyote. "I will go to my uncle's house and have him remove them," he said. "I fear that I shall die anyway from the stinging." On the way he came to a hot spring. He jumped into it and thereby rid himself of the hornets.

#### 26. BUCKEYE AND CHAPARRAL.<sup>1</sup>

Buckeye had a younger sister, Manzanita, and Chaparral had a younger sister, Wild "Peach." Prairie Falcon was going to marry Manzanita, because he liked manzanita berries and cider. Chaparral wanted to marry Manzanita also, and there was considerable jealousy between the rival suitors. Buckeye did not want Chaparral for a brother-in-law. He preferred Prairie Falcon. Chaparral killed Manzanita, because he could not marry her. Then Buckeye, Manzanita's brother, killed Wild Peach, Chaparral's sister, in order to even the score. Lastly Prairie Falcon killed his rival, Chaparral.

#### 27. BUTTERFLY AND HUMMINGBIRD.<sup>2</sup>

Hummingbird was about to lay eggs, but Butterfly interrupted her, for she herself wished to lay eggs in Hummingbird's nest. Vulture appeared and carried Butterfly away for his wife, while Prairie Falcon came and killed Hummingbird. Butterfly languished and died, saying, "I left a home that is lonesome for my eggs."

#### 28. RED ANT AND BLACK ANT.<sup>3</sup>

Prairie Falcon asked, "Who is going to fight and win my sister?" He really had no sister, but he wanted to see a fight. Red Ant and Black Ant said that they would contend. Prairie Falcon gave them a piece of meat and told them to pull when he said the word. "Whoever wins gets my sister," he promised. When Prairie Falcon said, "Ready!" Red Ant opened his mouth to say "Yes," and Black Ant pulled the meat away from him, thus winning the contest.

Black Ant threw his willow leaf cap into the air in joy. "Bring out your sister," he said to Prairie Falcon. "My sister is Hummingbird," explained Prairie Falcon. "Let us go to her house and see if

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

<sup>3</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

she is home." They proceeded, but found Hummingbird out. Her children were home, however. Black Ant attacked the children and killed and ate them. Then Prairie Falcon killed Black Ant.

#### 29. HOW GULL BECAME DOVE.<sup>1</sup>

Some people sent Gull over to the Coast Range. "You go over there and get some ground squirrels," they said. "You know the country well." Gull did as he was asked and brought the ground squirrels and roasted them for an old woman. Upon going to present them to the old woman and her people, he found that they had moved. He followed the people to the north, the direction in which they had gone. In the north he turned into an old man. In that guise he carried some mushrooms. The girls there in the north said, "Give us some mushrooms, mother's father."

The people in the north had a fine sweathouse. As the old man, Gull, approached it, he appeared quite decrepit. He took a seat in a corner and the people gave him some acorn bread. When they had finished eating the old men went to sweating in the sweathouse. Gull's companions looked at him and laughed at him as he was sweating. "Where did that old man come from?" they asked one another. After sweating the occupants of the sweathouse went to bathe in the creek. Then they began to dance.

As they were dancing Gull espied his wife's head. The dancers had killed her, beheaded her, and were now dancing over her head. He said to the dancers, "Bring that object close to me. I cannot see well. Dance a little closer to me." When they were quite close to him, he seized the head and flew away with it. The people went for their bows and arrows and set out in pursuit of Gull, a large crowd of people giving chase to him. They overtook him and pulled out his feathers. They seized him by his feathers, but the feathers always pulled out, so that he escaped. Then they seized his feet and made them red and he became Dove. At last he escaped from his enemies. His wife came to life again when he arrived at home with her head. She became a dove. They paired. They had come to Valley Quail's house. The Valley Quail were paired too.

#### 30. WILD "SHRIMP."<sup>2</sup>

Wild "Shrimp" (piag) had Crested Jay for a husband. They were people at that time. Some men, who were covetous of Crested Jay's wife, killed him. Their desire for Wild Shrimp led them to murder her husband. That is why they killed him.

<sup>1</sup> Told in Mono by Chipo, an old man, and translated by Mrs. George Teaford.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Mollie Kinsman Pimona. Wild "shrimp" is, I believe, the chrysalis of a moth or butterfly, which is eaten by the Mono.

In consequence of the murder of her husband, Wild Shrimp forthwith beheaded every man who came to see her. Every time a head was cut off, it flew up in the air and, falling, struck the ground with a thunderous report. Each day Wild Shrimp cut off the head of the admirer who came to pay his addresses. The people sent a man each day to see what had happened to the preceding suitors. None ever returned, for Wild Shrimp decapitated each one who came to her camp.

Finally a body of people went to her camp to see what had become of their fellows. When they arrived they stood about in amazement at the sight of so many heads. When all had arrived they began to sing and dance around the heads. The funeral songs of these birds (people) are employed to-day. While the people were mourning over their decapitated friends, Wild Shrimp was busy pounding obsidian, the small fragments of which she placed in little bags of buckskin. Having made her preparations, she departed, leaving the mourners dancing about the heads.

When the people had finished their mourning ceremony they went to look for Wild Shrimp, intending to devour her in revenge for the killings. They learned that she had departed and set out at once to overtake her. When they were within reach of her and about to seize her, she threw crushed obsidian into their eyes. They all stopped to aid each other to remove the obsidian. Meanwhile Wild Shrimp sped on her way. Having removed the obsidian from their eyes the pursuers took up the chase again. They became so foot-sore that they had to take turns in carrying one another. Their moccasins were worn out completely. Moreover, they had to stop to kill raccoons, from the hides of which they made new moccasins. Again they drew near their quarry and again Wild Shrimp threw crushed obsidian into their eyes. Once more they had to stop and aid each other to remove the obsidian.

It was winter and, as Wild Shrimp sped eastward back into the mountains, the snow became deeper and deeper. The pursuers had to carry one another. Nevertheless, they gained on Wild Shrimp and when they were about to seize her, she again had recourse to the use of broken obsidian. Yet again she left them far behind, while they cured one another's eyes. With her was her mother-in-law, Crested Jay, who was carrying a small Crested Jay boy.

Now Wild Shrimp neared the home of her brother, who lived in a large pine tree at Mammoth on the east side of the Sierra Nevada. Wild Shrimp called to her brother, "Let me in." He opened the door of his house and she entered. None too soon, however, for her pursuers were close behind her. Just as she stepped in, they seized her tail and pulled it off. She has never had a tail since.

**31. SALAMANDER AND FISH.<sup>1</sup>**

Salamander and Fish lived among the rocks and continually quarrelled over the worms which they both ate in the water. One day Fish seized Salamander and ate him. Then Fish went to Salamander's mother, pretending not to know where Salamander was. Salamander's mother said to him, "You and he went out together. I do not understand why you ask me where he is." Then Fish said, "I will eat you too," and he seized her.

Salamander's sister went to her mother's sister's place after her brother and her mother had been eaten by Fish. She did not want to tell her aunt the truth, for she was in love with Fish. Her aunt asked her where her mother and father were. At first the girl replied, "They are home," but her aunt did not believe her. The aunt thought to herself, "She never used to come over to see me. There must be something wrong." Then the girl thought that she had better not lie to her aunt, so she told what had really happened. However, her aunt had known right along what had become of the girl's mother. She then killed the girl, but Fish came along and swallowed the aunt too.

**32. YELLOWJACKET AND BLOW-FLY.<sup>2</sup>**

Yellowjacket killed a deer. That was his favorite meat. Blow-Fly was Yellowjacket's elder brother. He never killed anything. Yellowjacket got tired of having to feed him continually, and beat him. Yellowjacket gave Blow-Fly bones and refuse to eat, keeping the fine meat for himself.

One day, as Yellowjacket was about to set out on a hunt, he said to Blow-Fly, "Do not destroy my meat while I am gone." He went out to hunt for more. No sooner had he departed than Blow-Fly laid eggs all over the good meat, and from these maggots came. He did this, because he wanted Yellowjacket to throw the good meat away. When Yellowjacket returned he brought another deer. Upon perceiving the state of the deer carcass he had left, he killed Blow-Fly. Blow-Fly, however, held his brother's life, so that when he was killed, Yellowjacket died also.

**33. POST OAK AND BULL PINE.<sup>3</sup>**

The trees were once people. Post Oak had a sister, Black Oak, and Bull Pine had a brother, Yellow Pine. Bull Pine wanted to marry Black Oak. Black Oak's mother, Brush Oak, objected; but Black Oak's father, Water Oak, favored the marriage and said, "Yes. Let

<sup>1</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

<sup>3</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

them marry." Still the mother objected, saying, "No. I do not want it." The altercation was summarily cut short, for old Coyote came along burning rotten logs and he burned these trees.

#### 34. SOAP ROOT AND WATER SNAKE.<sup>2</sup>

Water Snake wanted to marry Soaproot, but every time he visited her, she made soap and lathered him, which was not to Water Snake's liking. Finally Water Snake said, "Let me marry you and you cease to make lather." Soaproot objected, saying, "No. I do not care for any man." Then she continued, "Let me pull out one of your toe nails." Water Snake declined, "No. You cannot. I know what you want it for." It was Soaproot's intention to cut him open with the nail. Thereupon Water Snake swallowed Soaproot. Once inside of him, Soaproot nauseated him by producing lather in his stomach.

<sup>2</sup> Told in English by Mrs. Molly Kinsman Pimona.

UNIVERSITY MUSEUM,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## NAVAHO FOLK TALES.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

These tales were heard from Atsitines or Laterro who travelled with me in the mail truck from Nati to Holbrook, on his return from a performance of the Night Chant concluded two nights before at Tewelchedu to his house at Castilalös, nine miles from Crown Point, New Mexico. The old man could not speak English, but he could tell me many tales, *atk'itañ hanöð'*, he said to the young fellow who sat with us interpreting, "lots of them, enough for four days." Had the four days been at our disposal, Atsitines might have gone on to telling another type of tale, the myth type, but as it was, given our interpreter, a stranger to both of us, and given the presence of White people in the hotel room where we had to work after we reached Holbrook, the old man confined himself to the shorter, secular type of tale. Several of the tales are plainly of Spanish origin; but Atsitines asserted that he had heard none of them from the *lak'ai*, the Mexicans, and that he knew no Mexican tales. Nor had Manuelito Lewis, our interpreter, ever heard tales from the Mexicans, although the one tale he prompted the old man into telling, Coyote Plays Dead, and the other tale which was familiar to him, are both of Spanish origin. This was Manuelito's first experience in interpreting, and I incline to think that he abbreviated in interpretation. In the mail truck, moreover, he was at times actively nauseated, as he said, by the smell of the gas, which came to my sense only in whiffs, and which I had at first taken to be the smell of sage.

I. COYOTE SWALLOWS TURTLE.<sup>1</sup>

*K'itañ*, long ago, Coyote (*mai'i*)<sup>2</sup> was going along looking for his food, when he met Turtle (*nashondiliji*). Pretty soon he swallowed Turtle, and then he went and lay down in the sun. Then he heard a sound, "That's me," he heard from inside his stomach. That was Turtle saying "That's me." Along came *ch'a* (Chaparral Cock?).<sup>3</sup> He heard a sound, "That's me," he heard Turtle say inside of Coyote. Turtle had something sharp on his back and he began to cut into Coyote. He cut, he cut until he came to the heart of Coyote. He cut Coyote's heart and Coyote died. *T'aak'ötö'*, that is all.

<sup>1</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 8 n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Manuelito always translated Fox but when I asked for Coyote in Navaho he gave the same word.

<sup>3</sup> *Ch'a* looks like "a little turkey."

2. COYOTE INVITES WILDCAT TO EAT.<sup>1</sup>

Long ago Coyote was up to lots of tricks. After Turtle killed Coyote, Coyote got up again. As he was going along he met Wildcat (*nishloi*) and Wildcat was asleep. While Wildcat was sleeping, Coyote cut out from Wildcat his lights, and made a fire and cooked Wildcat's lights. Then Coyote woke up Wildcat and invited him to eat. As Wildcat was eating, Coyote was laughing, he was just laughing. Finally he said to Wildcat, "You have eaten your own lights," Coyote said to him, and he ran off. Wildcat was angry. He said to himself that he would do just the same to Coyote. So he followed Coyote. Coyote went way off into the hills and lay down, and he was asleep when Wildcat got there. While Coyote was sleeping, Wildcat cut out from him his lights. Besides Wildcat pulled Coyote's nose; that is why Coyote has a long nose. And Wildcat pulled Coyote's tail; that is why Coyote has a long tail.<sup>2</sup> So Wildcat cut out the lights and made a fire and cooked, and then waked up Coyote and invited him to eat. "You have eaten your own lights," said Wildcat to Coyote. And Coyote was angry, and Wildcat ran away. That is all.

3. COYOTE AND WILDCAT SCRATCH EACH OTHER.<sup>3</sup>

Long ago Coyote and Wildcat were walking along together. Pretty soon they halted. Coyote had long claws and he showed them to Wildcat. Wildcat showed his paws to Coyote; but he drew in his claws. Coyote said to Wildcat, "Let's scratch each other." — "All right," said Wildcat to Coyote. Coyote said, "Let me be the first to scratch." — "All right," said Wildcat. So he stood behind, for Coyote to scratch him. So Coyote scratched him, but he did not scratch him very hard. Then it was Wildcat's turn to scratch. Coyote stood behind Wildcat, and Wildcat scratched Coyote, he scratched off all the skin from Coyote. Coyote cried, and Wildcat ran off.

Coyote went on, and pretty soon he met a bird hopping along. Coyote was very hungry, he was trying to get something to eat, he was trying in every way he could to get something to eat. So there was this bird hopping along. Coyote said to himself that he would catch that bird. The bird hopped on to a bush, and he was sitting there. On one side of the bush there was a big hole filled with water. Coyote

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Mathews, Washington, Navaho Legends, pp. 87-8. MAFLS 5(1897); Zufli, JAFL 31 : 459. For bibliography see JAFL 31 : 459 n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Mason, J. Alden. "Myths of the Uintah Utes," JAFL 23 : 301, and p. 301 n. 1 for bibliography.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Mason, J. Alden, Myths of the Uintah Utes. JAFL 23 : 305-6. Lowie, R. H. The Northern Shoshone. PaAM 2 : 258.

wanted very badly to catch that bird, so he jumped at him as high as he could. Up flew the bird and Coyote fell into the hole and was drowned. That was the end of him.

#### 4. COYOTE AT THE RIVER.

Coyote was walking along, he was walking by the river. He saw *ich'a* (Chaparral Cock?)<sup>1</sup> in the wash, close to the water. Chaparral Cock was asleep. Coyote thought that he would carry him a long way off where there was no water. So on his back he carried Chaparral Cock a long way off to where there was no water. Then Coyote woke up Chaparral Cock and said to him, "Nephew, I have never seen you thus far from water before." Chaparral Cock was now awake and he said to Coyote, "Nephew, please take me back to the water." Coyote said, "No, I can not take you back to the water, because I must go back to see my poor little children." Then Coyote ran off, and poor Chaparral Cock crawled around trying to go back to the water. Finally he reached the water. After that he saw Coyote lying down beside the river. Chaparral Cock thought that he would carry Coyote way out into the river. Then he carried him far out into the middle of the river and there he threw him off into the water. He was right under Coyote. Coyote said to him, "Please, Nephew, carry me out of the water." — "No," said Chaparral Cock to Coyote, "You played a trick on me before." So Coyote drowned.

#### 5. COYOTE SETS FIRE TO THE EARTH.

Long ago Coyote was going along and he saw some children. While he was watching them, their mother went out. Coyote went up to the children and asked them where they got their matches to make their fire. He heard that they had a rock to make fire with.<sup>2</sup> So he told the children that he wanted some matches. He told the children to cry so that their mother would come back, and to keep on crying out that Coyote wanted some matches. So the children began to cry, and their mother came back. She told them not to cry. But they kept on crying, saying that Coyote wanted some matches. So she gave some matches to Coyote. Then Coyote ran off and struck the rock on a big rock. There was a big spark. It started a fire, and the fire began to burn up the earth. Lots of people ran out crying, they ran out to the mountains. Coyote ran along and told people that they

<sup>1</sup> Obviously enough Turtle, not Chaparral Cock, should figure here. — One of the stories common to the northern and southern Athapascans. See Boas, *Tsimshian Mythology* RBAE 31 : 724, where Hare, Tsetsaüt, Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Shoshone, Jicarilla Apache versions are referred to. — F. B.

<sup>2</sup> Flint is meant, and the term "matches" was used, I surmise, to get over a difficulty in translation.

were in danger. Some of the people climbed the mountains and there they were safe. That is all.

#### 6. COYOTE MAKES SONGS FOR THE HILLS.

Long ago Coyote said that the mountains had prayers and songs and that all the Indians<sup>1</sup> ought to pray to the big peaks and the little peaks. That is why the Indians pray to the mountains, to mountains like San Francisco mountain. "You must remember what I say," said Coyote to the Indians, "if you don't remember, something will happen to you." So all the Indians prayed to the mountains and to the hills. Coyote made songs for the hills.

All this was not true, Coyote was just saying it, and he was just laughing at them. So they caught Coyote and hung him up. In the morning they turned Coyote loose in the house and he jumped through a little hole and ran off. They followed his tracks. Coyote ran into a rabbit hole where there were four rabbits. He caught them. The men who ran after him started to dig out the hole to get him. The men got tired digging and Coyote let one rabbit out from the hole and the people started to chase it. Then they came back to the hole to dig. Coyote let out another rabbit, and they started after it. Then Coyote jumped out of the hole and ran away. That's all.

#### 7. COYOTE BURNS UP HER CHILDREN.<sup>2</sup>

Long ago Coyote was running through the forests and she met Deer (*ping*) and her little deers. Coyote said to Deer, "What pretty little ones you have got. What makes your little deers so pretty?" she asked. Deer said to her, "I keep them in a hole, and I build a fire right beside the hole, and the fire scorches them and makes them pretty." So Coyote went off and put her little coyotes into a hole and built a fire beside the hole. She thought she could make the little coyotes pretty by scorching them; but she burned up the little coyotes. That is all.

#### 8. COYOTE PLAYS DEAD.<sup>3</sup>

Long ago Coyote was walking along. The sun was hot and Coyote felt lazy as he walked along. He said to himself, "I wish there was a little rain to wet my feet." He said again, "I wish the water would wet my belly as I walk along. I wish my arse would stick out as I walk along. I wish the water would carry me where there are lots of prairie dogs." Then it rained and the water carried him where there

<sup>1</sup> So Manuelito translated *tinne*<sup>1</sup> as the Navaho call themselves.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Keres, JAFL 31 : 227-228; a closer parallel in Laguna; also widely distributed on the Pacific coast.

<sup>3</sup> Cp. Keres, JAFL 31 : 229-231. For bibliography, see JAFL 31 : 230 n. 1; also Apache, Goddard, San Carlos Apache Myths and Tales, PaAM 24 : 72-3.

were lots of prairie dogs. As he was lying there asleep, Wildcat came by and saw him and thought he was dead. Then Coyote woke up and said to Wildcat, "My nephew, I want you to go and tell the prairie dogs that Coyote lies dead by the river." So Wildcat went out into the field and hollered out that Coyote was lying dead over by the river. So the prairie dogs and the rabbits and the jack-rabbits, lots of them, all assembled over where Coyote was lying. And they all danced around Coyote, saying that Coyote had died. Some of them danced on top of him. Up jumped Coyote and killed lots of prairie dogs. And Coyote and Wildcat each got a stick and killed lots of rabbits and jack-rabbits. Some jack-rabbits escaped. Then Coyote and Wildcat dug a hole and built a fire and cooked the prairie dogs in the embers. After they were nearly cooked Coyote said to Wildcat, "Nephew, I want you and me to have a race. The last to come in will have the smallest prairie dogs to eat." Coyote told Wildcat to go on ahead, and Wildcat went on. He came to a big hole [and went into it?]. Coyote was running behind him with a big smoke on the end of his tail.<sup>1</sup> Coyote ran on, and Wildcat went back. Wildcat took out all the largest prairie dogs for himself and left only the smallest prairie dogs for Coyote. Then Wildcat carried the largest prairie dogs up a tree. Finally Coyote came back, he lay down in the shade and said to himself, "Poor Nephew, I wonder where he is by now." And he went to take out the prairie dogs; but there were only the smallest of the prairie dogs. Coyote was angry, he said, "I know who took all of the biggest prairie dogs." He found Wildcat's tracks and followed them up to the tree where Wildcat was eating the prairie dogs. Coyote said to Wildcat, "Please, Nephew, give me some prairie dogs. I have only the smallest ones." — "No," said Wildcat, "I will not give you any of the big prairie dogs." And he ate all the biggest, and Coyote ate all the smallest. And Coyote kept on saying, "Please, Nephew, give me some of the big prairie dogs." He kept on begging for them, but he could not get any from Wildcat. Coyote thought he could fool Wildcat, but he himself was fooled.

#### 9. MOCK PLEA.<sup>2</sup>

One time Coyote wanted to catch Rabbit (*k'a*); but Rabbit was in the brush and Coyote did not know how he was going to catch him. Rabbit ran off, he found a hole through a rock and there he sat in the middle of the hole. Coyote said to him, "I know how I am going to

<sup>1</sup> He had fastened some cedar bark to his tail and set it afire, said Manuelito; but why he did this remained obscure. I suggested that this part of the story belonged in another tale, but Manuelito refuted this suggestion. The suggestion arose from the fact that the day before I had heard the cedar bark tail afire incident in a bungling host tale told by a Tewa of Arizona. It also occurs in a bungling host tale of Laguna.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Keres, JAF 31 : 230. For bibliography see JAF 31 : 229 n. 3.

get you, Rabbit. I am going to get some green wood and build a fire, and the smoke will kill you," Coyote said to Rabbit. "That is just what I would like," Rabbit said to Coyote. "Well," said Coyote, "then I'll get some gum from piñon wood and build a fire in front of your hole and the smoke will kill you." — "That is just what I would not like," Rabbit said to Coyote. Then Coyote went and got some piñon gum and built a fire. Rabbit peeked out and he saw that the gum was hot enough, and he said, "Friend Coyote, blow it a little closer. I am about to die." So Coyote blew it closer and Rabbit kicked the gum right into Coyote's face and Coyote's face and eyes were all burned. And Rabbit ran off.

#### 10. WIND TO FLY.

Long ago a man wanted to find out how the birds flew. He wanted to still the wind and see that if then the birds could fly. So he stilled the wind, and there were but two birds who could fly, all the other birds had to walk. The two birds were *tepeninō'*, sheep bird (*tepe'*, sheep), and *tahetihī*.

#### 11. THE BIRDS RACE.

Before the time the wind was stilled, all the birds had a race, they raced a long way to see which would win. All were hungry and thirsty. Pretty soon Crow found a pitcher. The other birds could not drink from it, their bills were too short, but Crow had a long bill, so he could drink. So Crow came out ahead.

#### 12. GIANT BACKS INTO THE CANYON.

Long ago there was a big giant (*ye'itso*) who killed people. Giant was very tall, as tall as that. (The narrator indicated the stove-pipe which ran through the ceiling). Giant told an Indian (*tinne'*) to build a fire. He dug a little hole. Giant was going to kill that man and cook him in a hot fire. But Turtle had given the man a hat and when Giant was about to kill him, he got out that hat, and Giant was afraid of that hat and began to back away from it. Close by there was a big canyon. Giant was walking backwards. Pretty soon as he was walking backwards he fell down into the canyon, and he died.<sup>1</sup>

#### 13. GIANT IS IMPALED.

There were some little children living in a hogan. As they were playing outside, they saw a giant coming. They ran into the hogan and told their mother a giant was coming. Their mother sharpened some sticks and put them in front of the hogan. At that time they

<sup>1</sup> The incident of backing from fear over the edge of a cliff occurs in a Cape Verde Islands folk-tale.

had no doors to the hogan as they have now; they had a ladder up to the smoke hole. Giant had a big, long stick and he ran the stick through the smoke hole. And the mother and the children seized hold of the stick. Giant pulled back on the stick, and the mother and children let go and Giant fell down backwards.<sup>1</sup> He got angry and he told the children and their mother that in two days he would return. So in two days they began to look for him. Pretty soon they saw him again. The mother of the children sharpened a long stick and placed it beside the hogan so Giant would fall on it. The mother and the children had some rats and some rabbits and they threw the rats and the rabbits out to Giant.<sup>2</sup> Giant ran his big long stick into the hogan and the children seized the stick and then let it go and Giant fell backwards onto the sharp stick. He was badly hurt. He got angry and he said to them that he would return. But they never saw him again.

#### 14. THE FALSE MESSAGE:<sup>3</sup> THE REFLECTION.<sup>4</sup>

There was another Giant, and Turkey (*lasi*). Giant said to Turkey, "Where are you going, Turkey?" Turkey said to Giant, "I am just walking about here." — "Go over to my house," said Giant to Turkey, "and tell my wife to kill you. Tell her that I will be over soon to eat you." And he chased Turkey to his wife's house. Turkey went into the house of Giant's wife and told her that Giant wanted her to kill her youngest son and boil him for dinner, and that Giant would be back soon. She ran out after her youngest son and caught him and killed him to boil for dinner. And Turkey ran off. Soon Giant came back. He was very hungry and he told his wife to hurry up with his dinner. His wife hurried up and got the dinner. Giant began to eat. And his wife told him that she had boiled their youngest son for dinner. Giant stopped eating and began to cry. He was angry with Turkey and he said, "Where the devil did Turkey go? I sent Turkey to you to have him for dinner. I did not tell him to tell you to kill our youngest son. Where the devil did Turkey go?" His wife showed him which way Turkey went, and he started off after Turkey. He came to two trees. Under the trees was some water. Turkey had flown up into the tree and was sitting there. Giant walked around the trees and could find no tracks. Finally he saw Turkey sitting in the water, but it was the shadow [reflection] of Turkey which he saw. Giant

<sup>1</sup> For this incident see Apache, PaAM 24 : 137.

<sup>2</sup> This story was told after I had told part of the Pueblo Indian story of Rabbit Huntress and the Giantess, which proved unfamiliar.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Jicarilla Apache. Goddard, P. E., "Jicarilla Apache Texts," PaAM 8(1911) : 23; American Negroes, MAFLS 13 : 82 n.2.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Reflection of moon on water mistaken for food: Keres. JAFL 33 : 49; Zuni. JAFL 31 : 453; For bibliography see JAFL 31 : 454 n. 1; Reflection in water see RBAE 31 : 741.

took off his clothes and went into the water to get Turkey. He was trying to get Turkey *all* day. He tried and he tried, but he couldn't get Turkey. He was nearly drowned, he got so tired he lay down on his back. Then as he lay on his back he saw Turkey up in the tree. Then Turkey flew down and flew away. Giant went after Turkey, but he could not find him. That is all.

#### 15. LITTLE BOY FILLS THE GIANT'S BASKET WITH ROCKS.<sup>1</sup>

There was another giant. Two little boys were walking along and met this giant. One of the little boys was caught by Giant and was put in his bag. Giant carried him off on his back. Pretty soon the little boy said to Giant, "Grandfather, please stop at the rock pile." So Giant stopped at the rock pile, and the little boy put some rocks in the bag. Whenever Giant stopped at a rock pile, the little boy put rocks in the bag. Finally he had made it heavy enough, and he said to Giant, "Grandfather, carry me under the trees." So Giant did as the little boy told him and carried him under a tree. The little boy tried to catch hold of the tree and hang on to it; but he made a little noise and the Giant said to him, "Little boy, be quiet." Giant walked on and on until he came to another tree. As Giant walked under the tree, the little boy caught hold of it and hung on to it. Giant walked on without him, and the little boy escaped.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Keres, MAAA 6 : 224. For bibliography see MAAA 6 : 225 n. 1; also PaAM 24 : 137. Apparently this was the only incident in the Twin War God cycle of tales known to Atsitinea.

## SONGS FROM KENTUCKY.

COLLECTED BY FLORENCE TRUITT

## I.

(Sung by Julius Vaugh [now living] twenty-five years ago in Mason County.)

1. Jumbo was an elephant  
As large as all creation.  
He sailed across the ocean  
To join the Yankee nation.

*Chorus.*

Jumbo, lumbo, Slombo, Jum,  
Bound to see old Jumbo.

2. His tail was as large as a telegraph-wire,  
And his legs were tremendous.  
He weighed three hundred and seventeen tons,  
Something quite tremendous.
3. Kangaroos sitting on their knees,  
Winking at the foxes,  
And old Jumbo sitting on his tail,  
Eating up dry-good boxes.
4. Ladies feed him on sugar-plums,  
And say he is too beautiful,  
Little children playing around his feet.  
Looking at his tusks.
5. He jars the ground as he turns around,  
Jumbo, elephant Jumbo.  
Biggest animal in this world,  
Barnum's elephant Jumbo.
6. He swallows peanuts by the ton,  
I tell you he's a snorter,  
'Lasses, cake, and gingerbread,  
And gone on soda-water.
7. He humpted his tail and made a growl.  
It was like a clap of thunder.  
When it came, the people stopped and stared,  
And gazed around and wondered.

II.

(Sung by a man by the name of O. Groge about twenty-five years ago in Mason County.)

1. As I was going to Darby on a market day,  
There I saw the finest sheep that was ever fed on hay.

*Chorus.*

Sing a high falda ra,  
Sing a high fal de ra.

2. The sheep was fat before, the sheep was fat behind,  
And every foot the sheep had covered an acre or more of ground.

*(Chorus.)*

3. The wool on the sheep's belly was dragging to the ground,  
And the wool on his tail weighed forty thousand pounds.

*(Chorus.)*

4. The wool on the sheep's back was reaching to the sky,  
Where the eagles built their nests, for I heard the young-uns cry.

*(Chorus.)*

5. The first tooth he had made a hundred horn,  
And the next tooth cribbed thirty barrel of corn.

*(Chorus.)*

6. In one of his nostrils the school-teacher taught,  
And in between his horns the Baptist preacher preached.

*(Chorus.)*

7. The man that stuck the sheep was stifled in the blood,  
And the man that held the basin was washed away in the flood.

*(Chorus.)*

8. The blood from the sheep ran forty miles or more,  
And it turned a water-mill that was never turned before.

*(Chorus.)*

9. Oh, the man that owned the sheep must have been entirely sick,  
Or the man that made this song a lying son of a gun.

*(Chorus.)*

III.

(Sung by Julius Vaughn twenty years ago in Mason County.)

1. Mr. Fox went out hunting one moonshiny night,  
Walking on his hind-feet, just about right.  
Said, "I'm going to have some meat this night  
If there's any meat in townio, in townio, in townio."

2. He marched down to the farmer's gate.  
There he spied an old blue drake.  
"Old blue drake, come gayne 'long with me,  
Prettiest littleman in townio, in townio, in townio!"
3. The drake shook his head, and the word meant "no."  
"If you have no meat 'til you eat a meat o' mine,  
You'll eat no meat in townio, in townio, in townio."
4. He marched on to the farmer's roost,  
There he spied an old gray goose.  
"Old gray goose, come gayne 'long with me,  
Prettiest little man in townio, in townio, in townio."
5. The goose shook her head,  
And the word was "No."  
"If you eat no meat 'til you eat meat o' mine,  
You'll eat no meat in townio, in townio, in townio."
6. He grabbed that old goose by the neck,  
And threw that old goose across his back.  
Her wings went flip-flop around his breast,  
And her feet went jing, jing janglo, jing janglo, jing janglo.
7. Old Mother Hubbard jumped out of bed,  
Said, "Old man, your goose is dead.  
I heard her go quink quankeo, quink quankeo, quink quankeo."
8. Old man jumped out with fife and flute,  
Said, "Mr. Fox, you had better look cute.  
You'll have sweet music all around you, all around you, all around you."
9. He marched on to his den.  
There he had young ones nine or ten.  
"Papa, O papa! when you going back again?"—  
"It must have been a lucky little townio, little townio, little townio."

## IV.

(Sung by Mrs. Duckworth about thirty years ago in Batto County.)

1. The raccoon he's a-chopping wood,  
And the 'possum he's a-hauling,  
And my old coon dog is on the hill,  
Killing himself a-bawling.

*Chorus.*

Hop along, old Miss Lizy!  
Hop along, Liza Jane!  
Hop along, Lizy, poor gal!  
And she died on the train.

2. If I had no hoss to ride,  
    You'd find me crawling  
    Up and down this rocky road,  
    Looking for my darling.  
        *(Chorus.)*
3. Wish I was a bunch of grapes  
    Hanging on the vine,  
    So, when my true-love came along,  
    She'd say, "This bunch is mine."  
        *(Chorus.)*
4. Wish I was an apple  
    Hanging on the tree,  
    So, when my true-love came along,  
    She'd take a bite of me.  
        *(Chorus.)*
5. Higher up the cherry-tree  
    Riper grows the cherry,  
    More a boy courts a gal,  
    The more he wants to marry.  
        *(Chorus.)*
6. You may ride the old gray hoss,  
    And I will ride the roan.  
    You may talk to your sweetheart,  
    But, God! leave mine alone.  
        *(Chorus.)*
7. I would not marry a poor gal,  
    And I'll tell you the reason why:  
    She's got so many poor kin folks,  
    That they would make the biscuits fly.  
        *(Chorus.)*
8. I would not marry an old maid,  
    I will tell you the reason why:  
    Her neck is so long and skinny,  
    I'm afraid she would never die.  
        *(Chorus.)*
9. I would not marry a rich gal,  
    An' I'll tell you the reason why:  
    She blows her nose in the corn-bread,  
    And calls it pumpkin pie.  
        *(Chorus.)*

## STROKES SHARED.

BY JOHN R. REINHARD.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the Middle English *Sir Cleges* is the account of the bargain which the rascally servants forced upon the good knight before they would allow him to pass into the court to present his gift to the king, their discomfiture and punishment, and the reward ultimately bestowed upon the knight. Briefly, the story is this:

1. *English.*

In the time of Uther there lived a knight, Sir Cleges, who, for many years had entertained his fellow-men very lavishly until all his substance was gone. One Christmas eve he lamented the difference between his former proud state and his present poverty. On returning from church that evening, he stopped in his orchard to pray. To aid himself in rising from his knees he grasped the limb of a cherry-tree; this, miraculously, bore fruit at once. On the advice of his wife, Sir Cleges set out for the court to present this wonder to Uther. At the door of the palace the porter demanded a third of the reward which he supposed Sir Cleges would receive. Inside, the usher demanded another third, and the steward exacted the third that remained. Uther was pleased with the gift and offered Sir Cleges a portion of land. The knight, however, asked only for twelve blows. When these were granted, he divided them among the porter, the usher, and the steward. The incident amused the king and his court and led to explanations. When Sir Cleges had told of the bargain he was forced to make with each of the servants, he was richly rewarded for his gift and reinstated in his former position at court.

The elements in this story which form the "strokes shared" motif are clear: a man finds a precious object; he resolves to present it to a lord, expecting to receive a reward therefor; the lord's servants prevent an audience till he has promised them a portion of the reward; instead of accepting money or chattels, the giver asks for strokes; these he pays out to the servants in due proportion; when his debt to the servants is paid, he may accept a proper reward.

Some years ago, while reading a collection of Russian stories, I encountered another tale of the "porter paid." The similarity of the two narratives and the fact that one was localized in England, the other so far away as Russia, induced me to inquire into the history of the motif,—its prevalence in folk-literature, and the nature of the form in which it was found. Professor G. H. McKnight in his edition of *Sir Cleges*<sup>1</sup> refers to a number of analogous stories. These and

<sup>1</sup> *Middle English Humorous Tales in Verse*, Boston, 1913.

others that presented themselves as my investigations advanced have enabled me to trace with some degree of precision the development of the motif from its primitive form through its ideal type to its use as an important element in a more or less sophisticated form of folk-tale. It is hoped that the material presented here may be of some value in illustrating the rise, the growth, and the application of literary motifs. It divides itself into four main sections as follows:

### *I. Primitive Stories*

Component features:

- (a) Entry fee: no reward, no strokes, no gift.
- (b) Reward: no entry fee, no strokes, no gift.
- (c) Gift: no reward, no strokes, no entry fee.
- (d) Strokes shared: no entry fee, no reward, no gift.
- (e) Gift, reward, strokes received: no entry fee.
- (f) Gift, strokes shared, reward: no entry fee.

### *II. The Developed Story*

Component features:

- (a) Giver gets no strokes.
- (b) Lord's servant (s) or giver's companion get (s) strokes
- (c) Giver gets strokes.
- (d) Servant or companion gets no strokes.
- (e) Giver gets reward.
- (f) Servant or companion gets reward also.
- (g) No one gets reward.

Type: A. 1. *adg*, 2. *abg*, 3. *bcb*.

B. 1. *ade*, 2. *abe*, 3. *bce*, 4. *cde*, 5. *bcef*.

### *III. The Stupid Peasant: The story extended.*

### *IV. The Stupid Peasant and the Sad Princess: The developed story combined with a second motif.*

I do not mean to suggest that the very stories recounted below were actually the most primitive, or the most ideal, or the most developed; but I do wish to suggest that they may *stand for* such stories.

#### **I. PRIMITIVE STORIES.**

Those tales which present one or more, but not all, of the elements of the "strokes shared" motif have been grouped under this section. Such primitive stories,—if one excepts the many versions of the covetous and the envious man,—are not very numerous.

(a) Our first story takes us back to the records of Assyro-Babylonian mythology; therein it is related that Ishtar, the goddess of love, made a descent into hell. Though the story does not say so, her purpose

ostensibly was to rescue from the "land of No-Return" the "husband of her youth, Tammuz (Thamuz)." If it was hard to get out of the "region of darkness," it was also not easy to get into it; the Babylonian porter of hell's gates exacted toll for his services.

### 2. *Assyrian.*

The porter went and opened for her his gate . . .

. . .

The first gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the great crown of her head.

"Why, O porter, hast thou taken off the great crown of my head?"

"Enter, my lady, for such is the custom of Allatu."

The second gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the ornaments of her ears.

"Why, O porter . . .," etc.

The third gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the chains about her neck . . .

The fourth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the ornaments of her breast . . .

The fifth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the studded girdle of her waist . . .

The sixth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the bracelets of her hands and the anklets of her feet . . .

The seventh gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the garment covering the shame of her body . . . .<sup>1</sup>

This may not be the earliest recorded case of a porter's cupidity, but it is early enough to illustrate the antiquity of one element of our story. Nor is it exactly an instance of cupidity here: it is the "custom of Allatu." In *Sir Tristrem*, however, it is the porter's lust for gain that exacts a gift as the price of the privilege of entering.

### 3. *English.*

Rohand, Tristem's steward, learned that his master was at Mark's court. When he asked for admittance, the porter would not let him enter because of his poor clothes. But Rohand gave him a ring and was allowed to pass. The usher also barred his way, but when he too had received a ring, he allowed Rohand to enter the court.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Translated by C. D. Gray in R. F. Harper, *Assyrian and Babylonian Literature*, N. Y. 1901, p. 408; cf. S. Reinach, *Orpheus*, chap. I, part ii, sect. 8.

<sup>2</sup> E. Kölbing, *Sir Tristrem*, vv. 619-647. Compare the story in Straparola, *Notti*, IX, 1.

(b) The wide-spread story of the envious and the covetous man illustrates a rather gruesome sharing of reward.

4. One man asked to have his eye out so that the other should lose both his eyes, for the gift to one was doubled to the other.<sup>1</sup>

(c) A third kind of story tells us of a gift to a great man, but there is no entry fee exacted, no reward or sharing thereof.

#### 5. *Breton.*

Four fishermen of Brittany one day caught a very large turbot. It was such a fine fish that they decided to carry it to Paris as a present to the king. When they arrived at the palace, the sentinel admitted them readily enough when he saw they had not the air of trouble-makers. On the waxed floor of the hall, however, their wooden sabots would not hold; the leader of the party slipped and fell, and the others followed his example, for they had been advised to do at court just as they saw others do. The king was amused at their entry. When they had recovered themselves they presented the fish to the sovereign. The latter was much pleased by their devotion, even though the turbot was not now so fresh as it had been in Brittany, and ordered a good meal to be prepared for them in the kitchen. When the fishermen had finished eating, their attention was drawn to a great loaf of tallow above their heads. The leader decided that they should not risk the king's refusal of it, but that they should take it now; so they cut it up and put it in their caps. When the king came in with money to reward them, he noticed that the tallow was not in its accustomed place, and, suspecting the fishermen, ordered a very hot fire to be built. The result was that the secreted fat soon began to run down their faces. Their thievery thus discovered, the king sent them away with no other reward than a severe reprimand. When they reached home, the fishermen replied to their questioners that they had received very bad treatment at court.<sup>2</sup>

(d) Still another type of story is illustrated by Fritz Reuter's "Deruss' chen Rubeln." There is here no object to be gained by entering anywhere and no question of entry fee; but there is the feature of reward (or pay) to one man being shared by another who has claims upon him.

#### 6. *Low German.*

Once upon a time the coach-driver Matz was indebted to a Jew for five dollars and sixteen groschen. He was willing to pay; but the Jew, who thought he should have to wait a long time and get nothing in the end, took his case to court, and Matz was instructed to pay both debt and damages at once. Now this happened during the time that the Russian

<sup>1</sup> Bromyard, *Summa Predicantium*, Nuremberg, 1518, J. vi. 19, first story. See also, Nicole Bozon, *Contes Moralisés*, no. 112; Montaiglon-Raynaud, *Fabliaux*, III, p. 80, V, pp. 211-214; Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, ed. H. Morley, p. 100; Oesterley, *Gesta Romanorum* cap. 73; F. Mason, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, p. 129; Barbazan et Méon, *Fabliaux et Contes*, I, p. 91; J. Klapper, *Erzählungen des Mittelalters*, no. 156; Jacques de Vitry, ed. Crane, p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> "Les Jaguens à la Cour" in P. Sebillot, *Contes des Provinces de France*, p. 290.

soldiers were overrunning the land. As Matz was returning from court, a soldier asked him the whereabouts of coachman Matz; learning his identity, the soldier gave him the commission to drive a party of Russian soldiers the next morning; the fee was to be five rubles. The next morning Matz drove his party along at a good trot; but the street was so dirty and the horses were in such poor state that he had to slow down. One of the officers wanted him to drive faster, but he refused; thereupon the Russian seized the reins himself, belaboring the horses as he drove; when Matz remonstrated, he also received a share of the blows. "There are rubles for you," said the officer; and that was all the pay Matz got. As he was returning home he saw the Jew. "This is a fine mess you've got me into!" said he. "Will it be agreeable to you if I pay you in Russian rubles?"—"Yes, indeed," said Schmuhi. So Matz took out his whip and gave the Jew a good round dozen with it. "I'm giving you the same rubles that the Russian gave me," said Matz, "and if they don't ring, at least they clack."<sup>1</sup>

(e) In "Les Portes des Grands" we have a gift to a great man, the reward,—but not in shares,—and the blows received by the man who makes the gift.

#### 7. *Greek.*

There was once an old man who had an apple tree that bore fruit twice a year. One day as he was sitting under this tree, the king came by in disguise. The king was pleased with the apples and gave the old man a script, telling him to visit him the next day in the largest house in the city. On the appointed day the fruit-grower betook himself to the palace with his note. The first soldier who saw him treated him roughly on account of his shabby and dirty appearance, hoping thus to drive him away. The second and third soldiers gave him the same treatment, so the old man left the palace. When the king asked if there had not been a visitor to see him, he was told that he had been chased away. At last the fruit-grower was induced by prayers to return to the palace and the king gave him an order on his treasurer for a hundred florins. On leaving the king's chamber, the old man became confused by the many corridors and was ill-treated by the guards at each door. At last he arrived at the office of the treasurer and received his money. Thereupon he asked for pen, ink and paper and wrote a recommendation that neither his children, his grandchildren nor his great grandchildren should enter the gates of the mighty.<sup>2</sup>

(f) In the sixth type of story the feature of the entry fee is lacking, and the gift to the lord takes the form of an act or witticism that makes him laugh.

#### 8. *French.*

A nobleman once invited all the people of his demesne to a feast. The envious steward was angry at this, for he did not like to see benefits conferred upon others. Consequently, when he saw a dirty, slovenly peasant approach to take part in the feast, he asked him roughly what he wanted.

<sup>1</sup> Fritz Reuter, *Werke*, IX, p. 168, no. 60.

<sup>2</sup> E. Legrand, *Recueil de Contes Populaires Grecs*, Paris, 1881, p. 53.

"I came to eat," said the peasant. "Where is a place to sit?"—"There is your seat," said the steward, knocking him down with a buffet. In the course of the banquet, the nobleman offered his new mantle as a prize for the best joke. When the peasant heard this, he came forward and gave the steward a thrashing. "Why have you done this?" asked the nobleman. "I am only returning the *buffet* which the steward loaned me to eat on," said the peasant. This reply so amused the nobleman that he gave the prize to the peasant.<sup>1</sup>

In the six groups given above one or more elements of the "strokes shared" motif have been present; in *e* and *f* only one element is lacking, that of the entry fee. In a certain respect *f* shows a more advanced state of development than *e* for in it the strokes are *shared*, whereas in the former they are received only.

We now come to the next section, comprising stories wherein all the elements are present, thus completing the ideal type of story, an example of which has already been given by *Sir Cleges*.

## II. THE DEVELOPED STORY.

Tales representing what may be called the ideal type of the "strokes shared" motif are rather numerous. In many cases one 'folk' has obviously borrowed the tale almost literally from another; such tales I have indicated in the foot-notes, dealing directly with only such stories as present either intrinsic worth or some variations in detail. I have arbitrarily divided these accounts into two groups on the basis of the reward gained by or denied to the gift-giver. I have arranged them, where possible, in an ascending scale, beginning with what seems to be the more popular story, and ending with its sophisticated application. Occasionally one or both of these extremes are lacking.

A. 1. The first story that engages our attention, in which no one gets either strokes or reward, has attached itself to the famous comedian Jodelet. I have not been able to find a primitive tale of this precise type.

### 9. *French*.

One day, when the comedians of Marais were playing at the Palais-Royal, Séguier found their clown Jodelet very amusing and told him to call the next day, for he was minded to make him a present. When Jodelet arrived, one of Séguier's valets said to him: "I have spoken to Monsieur for you; he intends to give you a hundred pistols. You will not forget your friends, will you?" A second, third and fourth valet made the same plea and asked the same question. Jodelet promised a fourth of the reward to each. When the chancellor asked Jodelet what he would have, he replied: "My lord, give me a hundred blows with a stick; then there will be twenty-five for each of your valets-de-chambre." When Jodelet had explained this strange request, he was excused from paying anything to the valets.

<sup>1</sup> Barbazan et Méon, *Fabliaux et Contes*, Paris, 1808, III, p. 264.

The latter were well reprimanded, but continued to play their knavish tricks.<sup>1</sup>

A. 2. In the next example we have a slight advance: no one gets any reward, but the giver's companion receives strokes.

#### 10. Russian.

Once upon a time a peasant found a watch belonging to a gentleman of the district. He intended to return it to him and on his way stopped at an inn and related the matter to a Jew. "Let us go together," said the latter. "I can talk better than you can, and whatever the gentleman gives us we will divide." The owner was much pleased to have his watch again. "Who found it?" asked he. "We found it," said the Jew; "the peasant saw it and I found it."—"Then I shall give you a cow apiece," said the gentleman. But they wouldn't accept that. "Then I shall give you each twenty rubles," said he. "Not enough," said the peasant. "Then I shall give you fifty strokes."—"Thank you," said the peasant, "that's just what I wanted." But when the gentleman learned that the Jew had had no part in finding the watch, he gave the fifty strokes to him.<sup>2</sup>

In this kind of story it is often a fish, or a fish and fox, or a fish and hare, that constitute the gift, as in the "Vertelsel van Keiser Karel."

#### 11. Dutch.

A fisherman of Ghent one day took a great pike and put it down in a dry ditch not far away. In a few minutes along came a hare and sprang into the ditch just in front of the pike; the fish closed its mouth and the hare was taken by the foot. The fisherman laughed till he shook when he saw that, and decided to take this fine catch to the Kaiser. So said, so done. But when the porter of the palace learned his intention, he would not allow him to enter till he had promised him half the reward. The Kaiser was pleased with the gift and asked what the fisherman would have. "Twenty blows with a stick," said the droll fellow. When they were about to beat him he said: "Give the first ten to the porter, for he has demanded half of my *drinkgeld*." The Kaiser now understood what had happened and had

<sup>1</sup> Tallemant des Réaux, *Les Historiettes*, 3d ed. Paris, 1854, III, Ch. CLXI, p. 390, "Le Chancelier Séguier."

<sup>2</sup> P. V. Schejn, *Uzichanie Russkovo Yasika*, St. Petersburg, 1893, II, p. 200, no. 93; cf. also no. 94.—Marchesi, *Per la Storia della nuova Italia*, Roma, 1897, p. 181, cites a similar story from Casalicchio (no. 46): Un contadino, portato un dono al re, gli chiede, in compenso, molte bastonate per darle ai camerieri che, introducendolo alla presenza di lui gli avran chiesto parte del compenso che avrebbe ottenuto.—H. Oesterley's *Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst*, Stuttgart, 1866, p. 339, no. 614 tells the story of a peasant who found some fine pears and thought it would be a good idea to present them to the local lord. But at the palace the porter would not let him in till he had promised him half the reward he expected to get. The nobleman was pleased and asked what the peasant would have. "One blow upon my back," said he. "Why so?" asked the nobleman. So the man told him how it has gone with him and the porter. The latter was summoned and was given 30 stout blows; but the peasant was not injured.

the ten blows given to the porter. "Give him the other ten too," said the fisherman, "for they seem to please him."<sup>1</sup>

In a Polish story it is a fox and not a hare that is caught in the mouth of a fish.

### 12. Polish.

Walek one day saw a fox caught in the mouth of a fish and the fish in that of the fox. He showed this strange sight to a Jew. The latter said: "Let us take it to the lord's palace and we shall get some money for this curious thing." Walek agreed and the Jew said: "Let us go halves." When they had arrived at the mansion, the gentleman said they should ask for what reward they wished. "I give it all to you," said Walek to the Jew. "I'll give you an acre of ground," said the gentleman. "No," said Walek, "a hundred blows." The Jew got them.<sup>2</sup>

A less elementary story, in which the gift to the lord consists only in witty conversation, is recounted by Straparola.

### 13. Italian.

In the city of Brescia lived a witty jester by the name of Cimarosta. In those days the pope at Rome was a man who delighted in jests and witty sayings, so Cimarosta decided to try his luck at his court. As soon as he entered the palace he was accosted by a chamberlain, who refused to let him pass. But Cimarosta so well persuaded him that he had something of weight and importance to impart to the pope that the chamberlain's cupidity was aroused; on being assured that he would receive half of what the pope gave him, he allowed Cimarosta to go in. In an inner room another lackey exacted the same promise from him. Although the pope was busy for the moment, he observed Cimarosta's extravagant conversation with a German bishop and later bade him ask a favor. Cimarosta asked for twenty-five of the sharpest whip-cuts to be had. As the servant was about to lay them on, he commanded him to stop and explained his bargain with the two chamberlains. The pope caused them to be brought before him, and they each received twelve blows; then they were placed side by side and together they received the twenty-fifth. Thus Cimarosta discharged his debt, but he himself received no reward (apparently).<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A. De Cock, *Volkskunde: Tijdschrift voor Nederlandsche Folklore*, VII, p. 147.—C. H. Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, London, 1909, pp. 141-142 relates an analogous tale. Stationed outside a certain Rajah's palace there was once a sentry who would allow no one to enter to sell goods unless he first promised to give him half the price he received. One day a fisherman caught a large fish and wished to sell it to the Rajah, hoping to get a great price for it. The sentry, as was his wont, exacted a promise of half the reward. When asked the price of his fish, the man demanded 100 blows with a stick. When the fisherman explained the meaning of such a request, the Rajah ordered that the sentry should be given 100 stripes and dismissed from his service.—Marchesi, *Per la Storia della nuova Italia*, p. 97, relates from *L'Arcadia in Brenta* (VIII) the following: Un pescatore, costretto a promettere ai servitori del re una parte del compenso che questi gli avrebbe dato per il dono di un pesce, richiesto dal re che cosa volesse, gli chiede tante bastonate.

<sup>2</sup> O. Kolberg, *Lud: Jego Zwyszaje* etc., Krakow, 1881, XIV, p. 298, no. 76.

<sup>3</sup> Straparola, *Tredici Piacevoli Notti*, VII, 3.

A. 3. The first story under this division is defective, the element of the gift being absent. Still, it does not represent the most primitive stage of the tale, for the motif has here become attached to an historical personage.

#### 14. *Arabian.*

Abunawas was much beloved by Harun er-Raschid. One day he wished to buy an ass, but had no money; he thought his master might help him. At the palace the porters refused him admittance; but the head-porter, knowing that Abunawas had some important business forward, said: "I will allow you to go up if you will give me half of what you receive." They made the contract in writing. When Abunawas reached the presence of his master he remained silent. "What ails you?" asked Haroun. "Give me a hundred blows," said Abunawas. Haroun complied with his request, laying them on very gently up to fifty. Then Abunawas said: "The remainder belong to the porter, for we divide all that I receive from you." When the prince saw the contract he summoned the porter and had fifty stout blows given him as punishment. Then the porter went his way and regretted that he had made a contract with Abunawas.<sup>1</sup>

The second story "The Gentleman, Ivan and the Jew," is also somewhat defective, for the gift to a lord is represented by a debt to a lord.

#### 15. *Russian.*

One day a man was playing cards with a lord. He drank and lost his money and had to promise to take a hundred sticks in payment of his debt. He went to a Jew's saloon to nurse his sorrow. "Why are you so sad?" asked the Jew. "I have to get a hundred beeches from the lord," said Ivan. "That is nothing to be sad about," said the Jew. "I don't know what to do with them," said Ivan. "Give me fifty, I can use them" said the saloonkeeper. So Ivan went to the gentleman and said: "I have given fifty to the Jew." "Very well, take yours," said the gentleman. "Let Moshka have his first," said Ivan. Then the Jew came and said that he had not bought such beeches, but such as grew in the wood; but he couldn't avoid getting his fifty. Then said Ivan: "I am not niggardly; he can have them all." But the Jew objected to this. "Don't give me any," said Ivan; "I have a wife and children." "Damnation!" said the Jew, "so have I." Ivan took three strokes and then got up and went away.<sup>2</sup>

The motif seems to have been very popular in the Orient. Here we find it attached to the person of another jester.

<sup>1</sup> C. G. Büttner, *Lieder und Geschichten der Suaheli*, Berlin, 1894, p. 86.— A similar situation is cited by A. Wick, *Tobias in der dramatischen Litteratur Deutschlands*, Heidelberg, 1899, in speaking of the 1632 Marburg edition of *Tobias*. Raphael (Act V, Sc. iii) brings Abel to the wedding; Roeb wants to go in also, and gains admittance only after he has promised the porter a good tip. But when he wishes to go into the house he is beaten by the servants. Hereupon Roeb gives Shoer, the porter, his tip in the shape of half his blows.

<sup>2</sup> *Etnografitschni Zbirnik*, 1899, VI, p. 139, no. 330.

16. *Arabian.*

Nasurreddin once presented to Tamerlane ten early ripe cucumbers and received in return ten pieces of gold. Later in the season, when cucumbers became cheaper and easier to get, Nasurreddin loaded a wagon with them and brought it to Tamerlane. The porter let him into the palace only on condition that he should receive half the reward. When Nasurreddin came to receive his recompense, Tamerlane commanded that he should get as many blows as there were cucumbers in the load. There were five hundred. Nasurreddin received two hundred and fifty strokes very quietly and then cried out that the porter was to receive the other two hundred and fifty. On Tamerlane's inquiry he told of the agreement with the porter; the latter accordingly received the other half of the blows.<sup>1</sup>

In "The Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson the Merry Londoner" the gift is represented by a song.

17. *English.*

A blind man, who was accustomed to sing under the window of Master Hobson, received twelve pence every time he sang. Now one of Hobson's servants was so covetous that he would allow the blind man to come no more unless he shared with him half his winnings. The blind man was forced to agree to the servant's proposition and had shared with him two or three times when Hobson learned of the matter. Thereupon he commanded that the blind man should have for his singing "three-score jeerkes with a good whippe;" these were to be divided equally, as usual. The singer received only "easie strokes," but Master Hobson's man's were "very sound ones, so that every jerke drewe bloud."<sup>2</sup>

B. 1. The primitive version of this division is well illustrated by a Russian tale ascribed to Tolstoi.

18. *Russian.*

A peasant found a precious stone and carried it off to the Tsar. At the palace one of the servants asked him what he wanted to see the Tsar about and he made his object known. Then the servant said: "All right, I'll tell the Tsar, but you'll have to give me half of what he gives you. If you do not promise, I will not let you pass in." The peasant promised. "What sort of reward shall I give you?" asked the Tsar. "Give me fifty lashes with the whip," said the peasant, "I don't wish for other rewards. But there was an agreement between me and your servant that we would go half

<sup>1</sup> K. F. Flögel, *Geschichte der Hofnarren*, Leipzig, 1789, p. 178. See also A. Wesselski, *Der Hodscha Nasreddin*, Weimar, 1911, I, p. 189, no. 328.—T. Wright, *Selections of Latin Stories*, Percy Society, London, 1842, VIII, p. 122, tells a story of a man who presented the Emperor Frederick with a gift of fruit, but whom the porter had not allowed to pass till he had promised him half the reward he should receive. The emperor, who was fond of fruit, was much pleased by the gift and asked what the man would have. "100 blows," said the man. On learning the reason for this request he had the man's blows laid on lightly and the servant's heavily. This story was doubtless taken from Bromyard, *Summa Predicantium*, J. vi. 19, second story.

<sup>2</sup> W. C. Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Jestbooks*, London, 1864, III, p. 40, no. 24.

and half on the recompense. So there are twenty-five (lashes coming) to me and twenty-five (lashes coming) to him." The Tsar laughed and dismissed the servant, but to the peasant he gave a thousand rubles.<sup>1</sup>

In the Orient again, the story has been attached to the person of a retainer of the court. The gift in this case consists merely in offerings to the Shah.

#### 19. *Bengali.*

Suthra was a favorite disciple of Nanak Shah in spite of the fact that he was fond of playing tricks. Once, when he had been ordered out of the monastery, he wandered about till he got a bullock and a cart. With this equipage he drove up to the monastery, feigning that he had come from afar with articles for sale as well as with offerings for Nanak. The porter admitted him only on condition that he should receive half the reward. When Suthra got inside, he saluted the panniers of bricks and débris he had brought instead of saluting his patron, explaining to the latter that it was to the bricks that he owed the honor of coming once more into his presence. Nanak was wroth and ordered him to have a hundred stripes. "Half go to the gate-keeper," said Suthra. At this Nanak was so amused that he pardoned him and reinstated him in his favor.<sup>2</sup>

In western Europe the motif has become imbedded in accounts of royalty's rewards to its subjects as illustrated by Voltaire's "Préface de Catherine Vadé."

#### 20. *Spanish.*

In former days there was a king of Spain who promised great alms to the citizens of Burgos who had been ruined by the war. On learning of the king's bounty the people came to the gates of the palace; but the porters refused to allow them to enter save on the condition that they share with them their gains. A jolly fellow by the name of Cardero was the first to present himself before the king. He said: "I pray your Royal Highness to give each of us a hundred stripes with the stirrup leather." "That's a pleasant request," said the king; "why do you make it?" "Because," said Cardero, "your servants will not have it any other way than that we must give them half of what you give us." The king laughed heartily at this and made a fine present to Cardero. This affair gave rise to the proverb: "Il vaut mieux avoir affaire à Dieu qu'à ses saints."<sup>3</sup>

As the "strokes shared" motif came to form a part of the anecdotes about the comic actor Jodelet, so it was included in the anecdotes about the famous Mezzetin[o].

#### 21. *French.*

The Duke de St. Aignan paid highly for dedications of literary works to himself. Knowing this, Mezzetin decided to dedicate one of his plays to the duke, and in the expectation of receiving a reward, went to visit him one

<sup>1</sup> E. Berneker, *Russisches Lesebuch*, no. 15.

<sup>2</sup> J. Christian, *Behar Proverbs*, London, 1891, p. 130, no. 294.

<sup>3</sup> Voltaire, *Oeuvres Complètes*, Paris 1877, X, pp. 7-8.

morning. The guard at the gate would not let him enter, however. Mezzetin promised him a third of the reward if he would allow him to pass. On the stairs he encountered a truculent lackey and promised him a third also. Then he met the valet and had to promise him the remaining third. When he presented his play to the duke he asked a hundred blows as a reward for the dedication. The duke was astonished; but when Mezzetin explained the situation he severely reprimanded his servants, and to Mezzetin's wife, who had not promised anything to anybody, he sent a present of a hundred louis.<sup>1</sup>

In the greater number of stories of the type I have called ideal, the man who presents a gift is rewarded therefor. It would seem that such stories represent a further development of the use of the motif.

B. 2. The least sophisticated form of the story under this division seems to be that of "La Culbulitta di li Fichi."

## 22. Italian.

An old man filled a basket with figs to take to the king. At the palace, however, the sentinel would not let him pass till he had promised him half the reward he should receive. Soon he met another sentinel; this one demanded of him a quarter of the reward. The king was pleased with the figs and told the man to fill his hamper with money in return for them. "No," said the man, "give me twelve blows with a staff, for the sentinel would not let me pass till I had promised him half, so he gets six, and the second gets three, and I get three myself." So the king gave six blows to the first, three to the second, and in a little while the man returned home with his basket filled full of money.<sup>2</sup>

Sacchetti tells a story in which the "gift" to the great man is the return of his lost falcon.

## 23. Franco-Italian.

The king of France lost a very precious sparrow-hawk and advertised a reward of two hundred francs. A peasant found the hawk and took it to the palace. There the porter tried to induce the peasant to let him take the hawk to the king; failing in this, he demanded, as the price of allowing him to enter, half the reward he should receive. When he came before the king, the peasant asked for fifty blows. On hearing the explanation of this

<sup>1</sup> L. Moland, *Molière et la Comédie Italienne*, Paris, 1867, p. 375.

<sup>2</sup> P. E. Guarnerio in *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, II, p. 499. E. Bevere in *Le Ore Solitarie*, 15 maggio, 1835, recounts how one day King Charles of Naples saw a tree and told the gardener that he would like to eat of its first fruits. Soon after this the king went to Spain. When the tree bore fruit the gardener filled a basket and set out for the Spanish court. There, however, entrance was denied him by two porters, each of whom demanded half the reward they expected he would receive. Charles was greatly pleased with the gift and asked the gardener what recompense he would have. The latter asked for one hundred blows with a stick. When the king heard the explanation of this request he commanded the venial servants to be exiled and sent the gardener home loaded with presents.

request the king reproved the porter for his avarice and gave him twenty-five strokes. The peasant, however, received the reward of two hundred francs.<sup>1</sup>

In a great many stories the gift consists of a fish:

#### 24. *Arabian.*

A certain poor fisherman had nothing to give to his starving wife, so he went out to fish at night. In the palace, the Sultan's favorite wife was with child and craved fish. The Sultan issued an order that in the morning a fish should be brought; each menial passed the order on to his inferior. Towards morning the fisherman caught a very fine fish and resolved to make a present of it to the Sultan, expecting to be handsomely rewarded. When the porter of the palace found out what the man had in his basket, he exacted half the expected reward before he would let him pass. A second porter did likewise. "What do you want for your fish?" asked the Sultan. "Only this," said the man; "give me a soldier who shall do whatever I command him." This was done. The man then ordered the soldier to give the first porter 200 blows and a like number to the second. The Sultan was attracted by their cries and demanded an explanation. When he had heard the fisherman's story the Sultan asked him what he wished. "One thousand dollars [sic]," said he. "Go to my treasurer," said the Sultan; "he will give you that sum; you are an excellent fisher and have a great deal of good sense."<sup>2</sup>

The tale of the fox and the fish occurs again in a Russian story which I give because it is rather amusing.

#### 25. *Russian.*

A peasant was walking along one day when he saw a fox and a pike caught in each other's mouths. "What a fine comedy!" said he, and went to the saloon to order schnapps. "What have you got there?" asked the Jew. "I found it on the grass," said the man. "Take it to the lord," said the Jew, "and I'll have half of what he gives you." "Fair enough," said the peasant, and they went away to the gentleman's house. "What will you give me for this?" asked the peasant. "I'll give you a span of oxen," said the lord. "I don't want it," said he; "give me a hundred blows." "Very well," said the gentleman. "But fifty belong to the Jew; give him his first." The lord's servants did so. "I will even give him the other

<sup>1</sup> F. Sacchetti, *Novelle*, Milano, 1805, novella 195.

<sup>2</sup> B. Meissner, *Neuarabische Geschichten aus Tanger in Mitt. des Seminars für Orient. Sprachen*, VIII, 76, iv.—Compare the following stories: *Nouveaux Contes à Rire*, Cologne, 1702, p. 186, "Le Brochet du Florentin." A citizen of Florence caught a fish of great size and resolved to present it to the Grand Duke, who took pleasure in such unusual things. At the palace one of the guards would not let him pass till he had promised him half of what he should receive from the duke. The nobleman admired the fish and ordered the man to receive one hundred ducats. The latter refused the money and explained the situation, asking for fifty blows for himself and fifty for the guard. "No," said the duke; "you shall have one hundred ducats and the guard one hundred blows."—G. P. Harsdörffer, *Ars Apophthegmatica*, Nürnberg, 1692, I, p. 604, no. 2980, tells the same story, adding only that the servant was discharged.

fifty," said the man. "Very good," said the lord. The servants laid on fifteen more strokes and almost killed the Jew. When the latter had received an additional twenty five strokes he could endure no more and got up and went away. For driving off the Jew the lord gave the peasant a yoke of oxen and made him one of his household.<sup>1</sup>

A more sophisticated tale, in which the motif has become attached to local historical events is found in the story of "Alten-Sattel."

26. *German.*

In the time of Old Fritz there lived a certain peasant whom it grieved very much that the crown estate of Alten Sattel was so badly handled by the nobleman who held it. One day the peasant saw a pike and a fox who had hold of each other. He put them in a sack and took them to Old Fritz in Berlin. But at the palace the sentinel would not let him pass, and the two of them made such a racket that Old Fritz heard it. "Let him come up," said he. On hearing this the sentinel changed his tone and said to the peasant: "Surely, you will give me a quarter of what he bestows on you?"—"Surely," said the man. Now a Jew begged another quarter of him, the master of the watch a quarter, and a lackey the last quarter. When the man showed Old Fritz the present, the latter said: "Go to my treasurer and get some money."—"I don't want money," said the man; "give me a hundred blows on the back."—"You can have them for all I care," said Old Fritz, so the Stockmeister led him to the court-yard. At the door stood the lackey, wanting his quarter. "Come along," said the peasant; and so with the other three. "Now you'll get your hundred," said the Stockmeister. "Too bad they are all given away," said the man; "twenty-five to the sentinel, twenty-five to the Jew, twenty-five to the master of the watch and twenty-five to the lackey." These accordingly received their strokes; but they made such a great noise that Old Fritz hear it. When the peasant had explained the situation, the king was so amused that he offered him money a second time. "Not money," said the man; "but give me Alten Sattel."—"Very good," said Fritz. And the gift was made in writing.<sup>2</sup>

*B. 3.* In the third division we have a number of stories in which the giver, as well as the servant, gets strokes.

27. *Spanish.*

A certain marquis gave a great feast on his saint's day to the persons of his court. While the feast was in progress, servants entered, saying that a peasant refused to bargain with any one but the marquis for the price of a magnificent eel. When the man had been admitted, the marquis asked him what price he wanted for his fish. "I don't want money," said he; "they would have given me that in the kitchen."—"Do you wish some favor at court? Perhaps you have a son whom you wish to get out of the army?" The peasant said he was concerned with none of these

<sup>1</sup> *Etnografitschni Zbirnik*, 1899, VI, p. 141, no. 332.

<sup>2</sup> U. Jahn, *Volksmärchen aus Pommern und Rügen*, Leipzig, 1891, I, p. 145. The same story has been attached to Wallenstein. Cf. U. Niederhöffer, *Mecklenburgs Volkssagen*, Leipzig, 1860, III, p. 196 ff.

things and that he would give the eel only in return for a hundred blows on his buttocks. When the man had received fifty blows he cried halt. He then explained that the remaining fifty belonged to the porter of the principal gate, for he had forced the peasant to promise him half the reward which he should receive for the eel. The porter received his fifty blows, and with such force that he almost died with pain. The peasant, however, was invited to the banquet and assigned an allowance of fifty dollars [sic] a year as a mark of the marquis' favor.<sup>1</sup>

The gift is again a fish in the wide-spread story of "Der Pfarrer von Kalenberg."

#### 28. German.

In the time of Otto there lived in Vienna a very clever student. One day at the market he saw an exceptionally large fish. The desire to buy it seized him, and to that end he borrowed money from the citizen with whom he lived. The student took the fish to the king, but the porter would not let his pass till he had taken an oath that he would share with him half the reward. When the king asked him what recompense he would have, he requested a good beating, and got it. But when Otto understood the reason for this request, the porter also got a good beating and the student was rewarded with the living of Kalenberg.<sup>2</sup>

B. 4. In this group a new element enters the story: the gift consists in the ability to make the great man laugh. We shall see later how it is attached to the story of the "Sad Princess."

#### 29. Arabian.

A chief once told his servant: "Get me some one to make me laugh. If he makes me laugh, I will give him a hundred reals, otherwise, a hundred blows." The servant went out and engaged El'Askalani, saying: "You will have to accept what I give you,—fifty reals; I shall keep the rest for myself." The story-teller failed to make the sheik laugh and so was adjudged a hundred blows. He received fifty of them quietly and then cried out: "Let fifty of them go to the servant who let me in; he forced me to promise him fifty reals in case I should receive money. Let us divide the blows as well." At this the sheik began to laugh so heartily that he almost fell over backwards, and sent El'Askalani away with a reward of a hundred reals.<sup>3</sup>

B. 5. The fifth type of story also has the element of laughter, but in addition tells how the servant shares in the reward.

<sup>1</sup> R. Boira, *Libro de los Cuentos*, Madrid, 1862, I, p. 296. This is apparently the same story as that told by J. G. Saxe, *Clever Stories of Many Nations*, Boston, 1865, p. 21: "The Nobleman, the Fisherman and the Porter: A Legend of Italy."

<sup>2</sup> F. Bobertag, *Narrenbuch*, Berlin, 1885, p. 7. See also, F. W. Ebeling, *Die Kalenberger*, Berlin, 1890, pp. 35 ff.; F. H. von der Hagen, *Narrenbuch*, Halle, 1811, pp. 271 ff.; Ph. Chasles, *Études sur l'Allemagne ancienne et moderne*, Paris, 1854, p. 95. These stories have apparently been developed from one represented by Bebel, *Facetiae*, Amstelodami, 1561, p. 108.

<sup>3</sup> R. Basset, *Nouveaux Contes berbères*, Paris, 1897, p. 168, no. 119.

30. *Arabian.*

There was in Baghdad a story-teller by the name of Ibn el-Magazili. This is the story which he tells of himself. One day as I was telling tales, I happened to see a eunuch and so told a story about one. Some time had passed when this eunuch came to me saying that my tale had pleased the Prince of True Believers and that the latter had ordered him to bring me to him. "But I claim half the reward that he will give you," said the eunuch. I tried to content him with a sixth or a quarter, but he would not agree. When I came before the Kalif, he promised me five hundred dihras if I could make him laugh; if I did not succeed, I should be beaten ten times with a filled sack. I told all my stories without getting a smile from the prince. 'I have but one more,' said I; 'you have promised me ten blows: add ten more thereto.' When I had received my ten strokes, my neck was dislocated, my back bruised, and my ears ringing. Then I cried out: 'Master, a Mussulman should keep his word; I have promised half my reward to the eunuch who introduced me; now let him have his share.' At these words the Kalif fell over backwards with laughing and ordered the eunuch to receive his blows. At this the latter protested. 'That is your half,' said I; 'you would not be content with a sixth or a fourth.' Hereupon the prince redoubled his laughter and gave us five hundred dihras to divide between us.<sup>1</sup>

## III. THE STUPID PEASANT.

In the last two stories of division *B* under section II we have seen the element of the laugh added to the "strokes shared" motif. The stories in this section show how the motif was combined with the tale of the stupid peasant who made a bad bargain. In the last section we shall see how the "strokes shared," the laugh, and the stupid peasant are all combined in one story.

The first story under this section is a rather good example of what the primitive story must have been.

31. *Polish.*

A peasant sold his cow to a dog. [Between this point and the next point there is a lack of continuity]. At the king's palace he promised to divide a certain reward with the king's servants. The reward he asked for was a hundred blows with a stick. These he shared with the king's menials.<sup>2</sup>

32. A certain king's son would not learn at school, so the king turned him away with twenty shillings and a penny. For this sum the prince bought a hamper containing a magnificent fish. At the court of a great man whither

<sup>1</sup> Mas 'oudi (Maçoudi), *Les Prairies d'Or*, ed. tr. C. B. de Meynard, Paris, 1874, VIII, p. 161; see also, Caussin de Perceval, *Grammaire arabe*, pp. 159-163; this is the same story as that recounted in the *Thousand Nights and a Night*; cf. Burton, IV, 71; Hammer, III, 376; Lane, London, 1865, II, 533; Mardrus, VII, 198; Henning, VIII, 69.

<sup>2</sup> S. Ciszewski in *Krakowiacy Monografia Etnograficzna*, I, nos. 148, 149, 150. See also, *Archiv für Slavische Philologie*, XVII, p. 579.

he took his purchase, the porter demanded the head of the fish, as was his custom. The boy promised him half the reward instead, for he did not wish to mutilate his gift. In the hall the usher claimed the body, for that was his custom; but the boy contented him with half the remaining reward. After that, the chamberlain claimed the tail of the fish, for that was his custom; but the boy promised him what remained of the expected reward, and finally gained access to the lord. The latter was pleased with the gift and told the boy to ask wisely for some recompense and he would add his daughter thereto. The courtiers counselled some one thing, some another. The boy replied that he had to share with the porter, the usher, and the chamberlain, so he requested twelve buffets. Of these, six were to go to the porter, three to the usher and three to the chamberlain. The lord granted this request and gave the boy his daughter and his kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

### 33. *Italian.*

A widow had three sons. One of them slept all the time and angered his brothers by his laziness. They married him off, but then it was worse, so they turned him out together with his wife. One day the lazy fellow caught a fine fish. "Sell it," said his wife. "No, I shall take it to the king," said he. At the palace the first porter would not let him pass till he had promised him half the reward. To a second porter he had to promise a quarter, and to a third a half of what remained. The king was much pleased with the fish and asked the queen what he should give the man who brought it. "Give him a hundred scudi," said the queen. "No," said Angiolino, give me a hundred birches instead." This was agreed upon. But when they prepared to give him the blows he cried out: "Bring the first porter, for half of the reward goes to him. Likewise the second gets twenty-five blows and the third twelve. Still twelve birches remain for me unless I can get some one to buy them." Then Angiolino asked a shopkeeper: "How much are birches?" "Twelve pauls," said the latter. "I have some from the king that I will sell for three pauls," said Angiolino. So the shopkeeper paid him three pauls apiece for the remaining twelve birches, and Angiolino and his family had a feast.<sup>2</sup>

#### IV. THE STUPID PEASANT AND THE SAD PRINCESS.

In the last section of the division of our matter, the "strokes shared" motif reaches the culmination of its development and application. We find it present in a type of story which is itself an amalgamation of two distinct types, namely, the account of a stupid yokel's misadventures and the story of the princess who could not or would not laugh.

<sup>1</sup> S. Herrtage, *Gesta Romanorum*, EETS es 33, London, 1879, p. 413, no. XC.

<sup>2</sup> V. Imbriani, *La Novellaja Fiorentina*, Livorno, 1877, p. 581, no. xlvi. See also G. Nerucci, *Sessanta Novelle Popolari Montalesi*, Firenze, 1880, p. 233, no. xxvi; M. Monnier, *Les Contes populaires en Italie*, Paris, 1880, p. 236.

34. *Russian.*

Once upon a time a peasant succeeded in making a sad princess laugh. He asked three hundred blows as a reward for so doing and divided two thirds of them between the servants. The last third he sold to a Jew.<sup>1</sup>

35. *German.*

"Der Einfältige Bauer und die Traurige Prinzessin." A certain peasant was so poor that he had not enough hay for both cow and ass during the winter that was approaching. "That is very simple," said the Jew. "Send the ass to town during the winter when there is nothing to do and put him to study at school." "That is a fine scheme," thought the peasant, so he took the ass to town, leaving him there with the parting advice to study well. When spring had come he returned to town and inquired of a passer-by where it was that the asses studied. The latter, thinking he referred to people of high degree, directed him to the judge. The peasant took the judge to be his ass and secured a thaler for the hay which he had fed him before he had become so changed through study. When the peasant told this to the Jew, the latter told him that if he would send the cow to study he would make more money; he even gave him a powder for the cow, so that she could study without leaving her stall. At the end of two weeks the cow was dead,—from over-study. The peasant thought that the flesh of a learned cow would bring a high price, so he took it to the town, hawking it in the streets. A dog came up to him crying: "Wuff! Wuff!" "All right," said the peasant, "You can have it 'on Buff,' but you must pay me in a year." At the end of this time the dog still cried "Wuff! Wuff" so the man put him in a sack and took him to the judge. When the latter understood the matter, he advised the peasant to go to the king and make the princess laugh. The man did not know just how to act at the palace. He knew he ought to give the king a very high title, so when he saw a woman leaning from a window he called out: "O hochgelobte Himmelskönigin, is not Jesus Christ at home?" "Yes," said she, "the king and his daughter are at home." When the peasant came before the king he recounted his adventures and let the dog out of the sack, causing the princess to laugh heartily. But since she was already married, the king offered him her weight in money as a reward for having made her laugh. "I don't want that," said the peasant; "I would rather have twenty-five Stockprügel." "You can have them," said the king. "I shall sell them," said the man. To a Jew he sold twenty-five hard-wood staves for a hundred Gulden. The Jew went to the king and told him of the purchase. "They are worth it," said the king. The executioner came in and began to measure out the staves. "Not such," said the Jew; "hard-wood! hard-wood!" "Aren't they hard enough?" asked the executioner, and struck harder.<sup>2</sup>

36. *Danish.*

"Tössen:" A woman had a very stupid son. One day he begged her to let him take the newly-churned butter to town. With great misgiving

<sup>1</sup> *Etnografitschni Zbirnik*, III, Pt. 2, p. 145, no. 7.

<sup>2</sup> A. Dörler in *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde*, XVI, p. 281.

she allowed him to take a piece. On his way the lad came to a great stone (*Sten*); he thought it might be the town (*Stad*) and asked if it wanted to buy any butter. "It's good butter," said he; "I'll gladly let you taste it, and he smeared some butter on the stone." The sun soon melted it, and the lad thought that the *Sten*, which he took to be the *Stad*, had eaten the butter. "You can have it all and let the payment go till tomorrow," said he. At home he told his mother that he had sold the butter to the *Stad*. The next day he went to the stone to get his money, but it hadn't a word to say. At this the lad became angry and began to wrestle with the stone. He tugged so much that at last he overturned it; underneath the stone there was a bright iron pot full of money. . . . Shortly after this the woman butchered, and the lad took the meat to town. In the street the dogs barked at him. He thought they wanted to buy the meat, so he gave it to them, saying that he would come the next day for the money. On the following day, when he got nothing but barks from the dogs, he seized one which he deemed to be the most important and went off to complain of him to the king. It happened that the king had a very pretty daughter whose hand he had promised to whoever could make her laugh. When the boy came up to the palace the sentinel would not let him pass till he had promised him half of what the king should adjudge him for the meat. To a second guard he had to promise a quarter and the remaining quarter to a third. "How can I help you get money for the meat you have sold to the dogs?" asked the king. "You should punish the dog," said the boy, taking it out of the sack and shaking it roughly. The king's daughter had heard all and now burst out laughing. "Now you can have enough for your meat," said the king; "you can have my daughter." "I don't want her," said the boy. "I'm just as pleased," said the king. "You can have a good sum of money instead." "I do not want money," said the lad. "What will you then?" "Sixty blows with a cudgel," said he. "You can have them and welcome," said the king. "Hey! wait! the guards shall have them; one half to the first and a quarter apiece to the other two, for I promised to share with them the payment I should receive for the meat." So the soldiers got the strokes. "You are not so stupid as you appear," said the king. "Will you not have my daughter now?" "Yes, indeed, for now the soldiers cannot ask for more than they have received." So the lad married the king's daughter and lived happily from that day on.<sup>1</sup>

37. The wide-spread story of "Der Gute Handel," as told by Grimm, is the last of our illustrations.

A peasant sold a cow at market for seven Thalers. On his way home the frogs cried: "Ak! Ak! Ak!" There are only seven, said the farmer, and took out his money to count it. Still the frogs cried "Ak! Ak! Ak!" At this the man grew angry and threw his money into the pond, saying: "There! count it for yourselves." He waited a long time, but the frogs did not return the money. . . . Another time the man had butchered meat to sell. At the gate of the town a pack of dogs met him and cried: "Was! Was! Was!" The farmer recognized the largest dog as one belonging to a

<sup>1</sup> S. Grundtvig, *Gamle Danske Minder*, p. 206, no. 318.

butcher and gave him the meat, saying: "You must bring me the money in three days." When, at the end of three days the dogs had not brought the money, the peasant went to the butcher to protest, but was driven away with blows. Then he went to the king and made his complaint. On hearing it the princess laughed heartily. "I cannot make reparation," said the king, but you may have my daughter, for I have promised her in marriage to the man who could make her laugh. "I don't want her," said the peasant; "I have a wife at home already, and that seems too much." At this the king was angry. "Well, come again in three days and you will get five hundred well paid out." Outside the door a soldier intercepted the peasant and persuaded him to give him two hundred. A Jew, who overheard the conversation, persuaded the farmer to take the equivalent of three hundred in bad groschen. On the appointed day the peasant made his appearance and the king's servants were about to pay him in blows. "No," said the man, "two hundred belong to the soldier and three hundred to the Jew." The former took his share quietly, but the latter swore vengeance. The king was amused at the incident and gave the man leave to fill his pocket with gold. The Jew followed him to the tavern and heard him use language disrespectful to the king and so reported it to his majesty. The latter sent for the peasant through the Jew. "I haven't a proper coat," said the man. "I'll lend you mine," said the Jew, anxious to bring him before the king. When they were both in his majesty's presence the king asked the man if the Jew's accusation was correct. "You can't believe these Jews," said the peasant. "Why! he would even swear that the coat I have on is his." "So it is," said the Jew. "The Jew has deceived one of us," said the king, and paid him again in hard Thaler. But the peasant went home rejoicing in his coat and his money.<sup>1</sup>

In considering the thirty-seven stories given above we have seen the genesis of "strokes shared" through the amalgamation into one story (no. 1) in the minds and on the tongues of the folk of various separate stories, each of which presented one or more elements thereof (nos. 2-7). Later we saw how this motif was used, imperfectly at first (nos. 8-17), and then in its ideal form (nos. 1, 18-30). After this stage it ceased to be only a simple folk-tale, and was applied in

<sup>1</sup> J. Grimm, *Kinder u. Hausmärchen*, no. 7. See also, C. Lemke, *Volksstümliches in Ostpreussen*, Mohrungen, 1887, p. 251; F. S. Kraus, *Sagen u. Märchen der Südslaven*, Leipzig, 1883, I, p. 245, no. 52; P. O. Bäckström, *Svenska Volksböcker*, Stockholm, 1845, p. 78, no. 30; *Česky Lid*, Praha, 1895, IV, p. 513 ff. In their *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder u. Hausmärchen*, Leipzig, 1913, Bolte and Polívka study (pp. 59-67) the various elements of "Der Gute Handel," citing analogues and parallels to the various motifs therein contained. I have made use of many of the references cited by them pertaining to the "strokes shared" element (pp. 62-65); half of those references I have not been able to consult, and I refer the reader to the above-cited pages. Other works which may contain the "strokes shared" story, which are not cited by Bolte and Polívka, and which I have likewise not been able to consult are the following: Baraton, *Poésies*, p. 239; Ben Sedira, *Cours de Littérature arabe*, pp. 32-34, § 348; Dähnhardt, *Schwänke*, p. 44; Eying, *Proverbiorum Copia*, I, p. 527; Katona, *Temesvári Pelbárti példái*, 1902, p. 39; *Kitab Nozhat el-Djallas*, p. 23; *Lyrum Larum Lyrissimum*, no. 184; Roda Roda, p. 249; Rosen, *Chrestomathie arabe*, pp. 33-34; Tréfal, pp. 7 ff.

anecdotes about various historical personages (nos. 9, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 21, 26, 28). Still later it put forth new shoots of its own (the laugh, nos. 29, 30; selling strokes, 33, 35; discomfiture of a Jew, 6, 10, 15, 25, 26, 35, 37) before combining with other independent motifs (nos. 31-37). But two links of the perfect chain of development are lacking at the end. These would be supplied if we could find a story containing the "strokes shared," the "stupid peasant" and the "sad princess" applied to an historical personage, and if this story then were put into artistic literature in the way in which the simple "strokes shared" motif has been used in *Sir Cleges*. However, the material we have at hand seems to be sufficient for our purpose, namely, to illustrate one of the ways in which literature rises and grows.

UNIVERSITY STATION,  
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,  
AUSTIN, TEXAS.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

A BLACKFOOT VERSION OF THE MAGIC FLIGHT.<sup>1</sup> Once there was a couple in the camps. The woman used to go after firewood and would return late carrying it on her back. Finally her husband discovered that she was accustomed to come back late and thought that he would secretly watch her. Next day when the woman went after wood again, the man followed just far enough behind to watch. After the woman had reached the place where she went to gather wood, she packed up a bundle and went to a standing hollow tree. When she reached it she tapped all around on the bark. The man was watching all the while. Suddenly a large rattlesnake crawled out of the tree and on reaching the ground appeared as a nice looking young man. In this guise it became the woman's lover. When the husband saw this he understood why his wife had been so late in returning. Then he went home unseen and paid no further attention to her. The woman came home late as usual but the husband did not tell her what he had seen.

The next morning the man rose early and went to the hollow tree he had seen in the woods. When he reached it he gave a few taps as a signal as his wife always did and the snake crawled out. When it had come part way out, the man took his knife and cut off its head, thus ending the snake's life. The man then went back to camp, but he did not say that he had killed the snake. His wife asked him why he had gone out so early. He said it was of no importance; he had just gotten up early.

They then ate their breakfast and the woman went out as usual for wood. When she reached the hollow tree and saw that her lover had been killed, she wept bitterly for the snake. She returned to the camp at once and her husband saw that she had been weeping. He then asked her if she had loved this fellow, and she replied, "Yes, certainly I do." Her husband said, "Then you shall die with him," and took his knife to cut off her head. After he had killed her, he left his camp and all the others left theirs.

This woman had seven brothers who were away on the warpath and knew nothing of these happenings. Their sister's lodge was still standing when they returned. They were tired and hungry when they came to the lodge. It was still in the condition the husband had left it, with provisions and bedding still inside. The brothers thought their sister and her husband had gone away on an errand or for a visit. Suddenly as they were sitting there, they heard their sister talking outside the tent. She said, "I am not

<sup>1</sup> This tale was obtained from Walter Mountain Chief in February 1921 by Mr. R. H. Knox, then teacher at the Indian school at Heart Butte, Blackfoot Reservation, Montana. It differs in several particulars from the versions recorded by Wissler and Duvall: *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (Anthropological Papers, American Museum of Natural History II, 1908, 68-70.) A practically identical version is given by J. P. B. De Josselin de Jong: *Blackfoot Texts From the Southern Piegiens, etc.* (Verhandelingen der Koninklijke Akademie van Wetenschappen te Amsterdam, Afdeling Letterkunde, n. r., XIV, no. 4, 1914, 32-37.)—Leslie Spier.

alive now; I have been killed. Help yourselves to the dried bear meat; feed yourselves. Brothers, there is one thing I ask of you; do not watch me to see what I am doing, because I do not look as nice as I used to." These boys did not know of the troubles of their sister.

One day when she was scraping hides outside the tipi, the youngest of the seven brothers told another that he would peep through a hole and see how their sister looked. He peeped through the hole and saw her head flopping about the hide as it worked on it. "Oh, come and see for yourselves how horrible our sister looks," he said to his brothers. So they looked and were all frightened.

One day the seven brothers went hunting and when they had gone some distance, they sent their youngest brother back. His name was Breast-Chief. He went back alone. He was a sort of medicine man himself; when he neared the camp he turned himself into a small black bug. Then he went to the lodge and crawled in. There he saw his sister working on an elk hide. She was painting seven heads of hair on this hide and was talking to herself, saying, "The eldest boy's head will be here, the second eldest will be here, the third will be here"—and so on till she came to Breast-Chief. When she came to him she said, "Breast-Chief's head will be right here on this spot." All the while Breast-Chief was watching and listening to every word his sister said. Then he disappeared. Then his sister said, "Oh, you silly bug. After you heard everything I said, you left. I am pretty sure you are Breast-Chief, Bug."

When he was out of sight he changed to a man again. At this time he met his brothers returning with deer meat. He said to them, "Brothers, our sister is making a robe of elk hide. She will kill all of us; then she will scalp us and put our scalps on the robe she is making." He then told them of what he had seen her doing and what she had said. They all said, "Let us fool our sister. Let us tell her that we have gotten a huge quantity of deer meat and left it packed up far away on the last ridge from camp." When they returned to camp they told her this story.

The sister went after the meat and as soon as she had gone, they all ran away. They were already a long way off when she returned. She knew then that they had run away. Breast-Chief was in disguise at the lodge unseen by her. He heard his sister saying as she came into the lodge, "Oh, my, I miss those boys. I did not think that they would save their lives. Breast-Chief is the one I want to kill most." When he heard this, he followed his brothers and told them what his sister had said.

Before the boys had made their escape they had taken their sister's paint, hide scraper, porcupine quills, and her awl. The woman looked for the boys, finally found their trail and followed them. She overtook them in a short time. The boys were frightened. Their sister said, "Ha, ha, you boys. Who will save your lives now? I shall kill everyone of you." One of the boys had the paint which he spilled on the ground. When the woman reached the spilled paint, she said, "Well, they stole my paint and I must gather it again." It took her a long time to gather it.

Meanwhile the boys had run on again and had gotten a long way off. Then she started after them and overtook them in a short time. She said

FOLK-TALES OF THE SWAMPY CREE OF NORTHERN MANITOBA.—The following tales were collected from pupils in the Indian Boarding School, Norway House, Manitoba.

*The Boy and his Sister*

Long ago there was a little boy who had a sister. These two people lived alone in a little hut where their father and mother had died. One day when this little boy went out, his sister said to him, "Don't shoot at a squirrel when it's near the water." The little boy went out with his bow and arrow. While he was walking along, he heard a squirrel chattering away. The little boy shot the squirrel but did not kill him. He heard a splash in the water and there he saw his arrow. He at once took off his clothes and jumped into the water. As he was nearing the arrow, he said, "Big fish, big fish, swallow me." All at once a great big fish swallowed him. The little boy said to the fish, "Don't bite me, but just swallow me." Now the girl did not know where her brother was. She was very lonesome. One day she thought she would go and fish. She threw the hook into the water. The little boy saw the hook and said to the fish, "Go after that thing." The fish rushed at the hook and was caught. As the woman was cutting it open she heard a voice inside say, "Don't cut me, don't cut me, sister." The girl was so glad that she had found her brother that she fell on his neck and kissed him. The boy went home to have his meal.

After he had had his meal he went out into the bush and the sun burned his moose-skin coat. Now this little boy was very angry and he went to his sister and asked for some hair. He set a snare for the sun. In the morning the sun did not rise. The sister said, "I guess you have done something wrong." The little boy said, "I only set a snare in the bush yesterday. I will go and see it." The boy went out and saw the sun in his snare. He tried to take him off but he was too hot. Then he tried by using insects to bite the hair but he could not do it. He even put mice in the hair, but it was no use. At last he put a mole in it and the mole bit the hair. The sun rose high in the sky. From that time the mole has never been able to see because the sun burned his eyes.

Another time he said to his sister, "What is that noise?" She said, "Don't go there. That is a bear that killed our father and mother." The little boy, when he heard this, wondered about the death of his father and mother. He thought so much about it that he went into the bush to see the bear. He came to a place where there were lots of rocks. He saw the bear sitting up near his hole. The bear said, "If you cannot break that tree with your arrow, you will not be able to kill me." The boy shot at the tree and smashed it to pieces. The bear again said, "If you are not able to break that stone, you will not be able to kill me." The boy shot the rock and smashed it to pieces. The bear was so afraid that he jumped into his hole. Just as he was going in, the boy shot the bear and killed him. He pulled some hair off the bear and wrapped them in a little birch bark and hung them in the lodge. He told his sister not to look at it. The next day, the boy and the girl heard shouts in the bush. They ran where they heard the noise but they did not see anyone. Again they heard the



to them, "There is no hope that you will save your lives: I shall kill everyone of you." The boy who had the scraper threw it back to his sister, saying, "Here is your scraper, sister." The woman saw where it dropped, but she had a hard time to find it. By this time the boys were a long way off again. Then the woman started after her brothers. In a little while she overtook them. The boy who had her awl threw it back to her, saying, "Here, sister, is your awl." She stopped to pick it up but had a task to find it, and by that time the boys were far off again. She then started to pursue them and overtook them again, saying, "Now, brothers, I shall kill everyone of you." One of the boys had her quills which he scattered all over the ground. When the woman saw them scattered about, she was very angry and began to pick them up. When she had finished gathering them, she started after her brothers again. They were now far away as there had been many quills and it had taken a long time to gather them, but at last she overtook them.

One of the boys said to his brothers, "I will tell you now, Brothers. Let us try to save our lives before she comes." The eldest said, "All right; what shall we do?" One of the boys said, "Let us turn ourselves into water." But the others did not agree to this. They all said, "If we turn into water, people will drink us up." Then the second brother said, "It would be better to turn ourselves into trees." But the others did not think so, for they said the people would chop them down. The third said, "Let us turn into grass," but the others did not like that, for they said people would burn them up. The fourth said, "It would be better to turn into rocks," but the others said, "No, the people will gather us and heat us to use in their sweat houses; the women will also break us to make scrapers out of us." The fifth said, "Let us turn into animals of some sort. We can then live, eat, walk, and see." The others objected, "No, the Indians will kill and eat us." The sixth said, "Let us turn into birds of some sort. Then we can fly about." The others said, "No, the Indians will kill us just the same." The seventh said, "I have the best idea. Let us leave the earth completely. We will go up into the sky and remain there for the rest of our lives; there we can show ourselves at night. The people will then see us. Those that now see us and those that see us a thousand years from now may die, but we shall be seen forever. The people will look up at night and say, 'Look in the sky and see the seven,' and we shall be talked about forever." When he said this, the brothers all liked it.

Then they said, "The next thing is, how can we get up to the sky?" One of these boys had magic power; he said to his brothers, "There is no doubt that we can get up to the sky; we shall be there in a little while." He took out a plume which he carried and held it up in both hands, telling his brothers to look at the plume. When they did so, he told them to close their eyes. He blew on the plume and it rose through the air. And as it went up, they all went up with it. While they were going up, their sister arrived at the place where they had been. She said, "It is too bad that Breast-Chief saved his life."

When the brothers arrived in the sky they sat in separate places as you see them now. Breast-Chief, the youngest, sits at the lowest place of the seven stars (the Great Dipper).

ROBERT H. KNOX

USK, WASHINGTON



shouts and they ran into the bush to look for the one that shouted, but saw no one. Again they heard some one shout and they ran to the woods but the same thing happened. The boy went out to his sister and said, "You looked at those things too much." And he cried.

#### *The Four Brothers.*

A long time ago, there lived an old man who had four sons. The father and mother were very old and soon died. One of the sons was a very small boy; the others were big men.

The small boy used to keep the wigwam while the three others went out hunting. One day he sat inside the wigwam and felt lonely. So he got up and walked away to the bush. When he was about to come home he heard some people laughing and talking in the wigwam. He was frightened. He stayed where he was until he heard them going off again. When he came in, he saw the wood cut and the meat cooked and everything just neat and tidy. In the afternoon the three men came home and saw things put away nicely. One of them asked the boy if he had done this. He said, "Yes." He never said a word to his brothers of what had happened. Night came on; they went to sleep. The boy stayed awake all night. Then he heard footsteps and laughing and talking. He knew that the same women who had been there were coming again. He did not wake his brothers. He heard the women outside of their wigwam. The brothers woke up and heard them. The women went back to the bush. In the morning the brothers were to go out hunting again. They changed their brother into a little feather and hung him under the cover of their wigwam.

The women came again. One was chopping wood, one was cooking meat, and one went to get branches for the wigwam. The boy saw all that was happening. He heard them say that they were going to kill his brothers. He felt very sad. The woman who was cutting wood was very clever. She knew anything without looking at it. She said, "I believe someone is looking at us." She saw the feather and said to the others, "Let us take that feather down, and throw it in the fire." So they took it down and threw it into the fire. The feather went up to the cover of the wigwam and did not fall into the fire. The women went home. The brothers came in and asked their small brother what he had seen. He told them the whole story. Then as they were going to bed they dug a hole near the fire. It was like a grave. They hid the boy there. The boy cried and cried; he knew he would never see his brothers again. About midnight the women came. The men went out and had a long fight but were all killed. The boy in the hole died.

#### *The Dancing Birds.*

One day, long, long ago, Whiskey Jack<sup>1</sup> was walking in the woods when he saw a flock of geese and one loon. He got a bag and filled it with moss. Then he threw it over his shoulder. When the geese saw him they called out to him, "Whiskey Jack, what are you carrying?" Whiskey Jack replied, "These are my songs." The geese then said, "Come and play for

<sup>1</sup> Wisahke, the culture hero.



us, then." He answered, "I never play them for nothing. I only play them when someone dances."—"Well, we will dance," said the geese. Whiskey Jack started to play while the geese danced around him. Then he said, "Dance with your eyes shut." The geese did what they were told, but the loon did not. The loon had one of his eyes open. Suddenly he cried, "Whiskey Jack is killing us." Whiskey Jack had got a stick and was striking the geese on the head. Whiskey Jack was very angry with the loon so he gave him a kick on the back, and from that time the loon has a flat back.

*The Robin.*

Once upon a time, there was only one fire in the world and it was kept burning by an old man. He lived in a big forest. Now there was a bear in that forest who hated the fire very much and he watched his chance to get at it. He wouldn't dare go near it when the old hunter was there. He feared his arrows too much for that. All the birds liked the fire because it was warm. One day the old man fell ill and couldn't keep the fire going. When the bear saw that the fire was getting low he was glad and trampled it down until he thought it was all out. Now there was a little bird up in the tree and he saw what was going on and was sorry to see the fire destroyed. He flew down to it and saw that there was a spark left in the fireplace. He beat his wings so hard that at last, the fire burned up once more. He did not notice that his feathers were being burned. He flew away and wherever he rested a fire burned up. So there came to be lots of fires; and that's why robin has a red breast.

J. R. CRESSWELL.

ITHACA, N. Y.



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